

THE 992.23  
ART  
OF  
*English* POETRY.

CONTAINING,

I. RULES for making  
VERSES.

II. A COLLECTION of  
the most Natural, A-  
greeable and Sublime  
THOUGHTS, viz.  
*Allusions, Similes, De-*

*scriptions and Characters*  
of *Persons and Things*,  
that are to be found  
in the best *English*  
POETS.

III. A DICTIONARY  
of RHYMES.

By *EDWARD BYSSHE*, Gent.

The SEVENTH EDITION Corrected  
and Enlarged.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH, J. OSBORN, F. FAYRAM,  
W. MEARS, J. PEMBERTON, C. RIVINGTON, J.  
HOOKE, F. CLAY, J. BATLEY and E. SYMON.  
MDCCXXV.



226



The Secretary of the Institution

LONDON  
Printed for A. BATHURST, J. OSBORN, R. BAYNE,  
W. HARRIS, J. PEARSON, G. RICHARDSON,  
MOORE, T. CLAY, J. HATLEY and E. FRYMAN.  
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# THE PREFACE.

**S**O many are the Qualifications, as well natural as acquir'd, that are essentially requisite to the making of a good Poet, that 'tis in vain for any Man to aim at a great Reputation on account of his Poetical Performances, by barely following the Rules of others, and reducing their Speculations into Practice. It may not be impossible indeed for Men, even of indifferent Parts, by making Examples to the Rules hereafter given, to compose Verses smooth and well-sounding to the Ear; yet if such Verses want strong Sense, Propriety, and Elevation of Thoughts, or Purity of Diction, they will be at best but what Horace calls them, Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ; and the Writers of them are Poets, but versifying Scriblers. I pretend not therefore by the following Sheets to teach a Man to be a Poet in Spight of Fate and Nature, but only to be of Help to the few are born to be so, and whom audit vocatus Apollo.

To this End I give in the first Place Rules for making English Verse. And these Rules I have, according to the best of my Judgment, endeavour'd to extract from the Practice, and to frame after the Examples of the Poets that are most celebrated for a fluent and numerous Turn of Verse.

Another Part of this Treatise, is A Dictionary of Rhymes: which having prefix'd a large Preface shewing the Method and Design of it, I shall trouble the Reader in this Place no farther, but acquaint him, that if it be as useful and acceptable to the

## The PREFACE.

Publick, as the composing of it was tedious and painful to me, shall never repent me of the Labour.

What I shall chiefly speak of here, is the largest Part of the Treatise, which I call A Collection of the most natural and sublime Thoughts that are in the best English Poets. And to be ingenuous in the Discovery, this was the Part of it that principally induc'd me to undertake the Whole: The Task was indeed laborious, but pleasing; and the sole Praise I expected from it was, that I made a judicious Choice and proper Disposition of the Passages I extracted. A Mixture of so many different Subjects and such a Variety of Thoughts upon them, may possibly not satisfy the Reader so well, as a Composition perfect in its Kind on one single Subject; but certainly it will divert and amuse him better for here is no Thread of Story, nor Connexion of one Part with another, to keep his Mind intent, and constrain him to any Length of Reading. I detain him therefore only to acquaint him, why it is made a Part of this Book, and how serviceable it may be to the main Design of it.

Having drawn up Rules for making Verses, and a Dictionary of Rhymes, which are the Mechanick Tools of a Poet; I came to the next Place to consider, what other human Aid could be offered him, a Genius and Judgment not being mine to give. Now imagin'd that a Man might have both these, and yet sometimes for the sake of a Syllable or two, more or less, to give a Verse true Measure, be at a Stand for Epithets and Synonyma's, with which I have seen Books of this Nature in several Languages plentifully furnish'd.

Now, tho' I have differ'd from them in Method, yet I am of Opinion this Collection may serve to the same End, with equal Profit and greater Pleasure to the Reader. For, what are Epithets, but Adjectives that denote and express the Qualities of the Substantives to which they are join'd? as Purple, Rosie, Smiling, Dewy, Morning: Dim, Gloomy, Silent, Night. And Synonyma's, but Words of a like Signification? as Fear, Dread, Terrour, Consternation, Affright, Dismay, &c. Are not then naturally to be sought for in the Descriptions of Persons and Things? And can we not better judge by a Piece of Painting how beautifully Colours may be dispos'd; than by seeing the several Colours scatter'd without Design on a Table?

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you are at a Loss therefore for proper Epithets or Synonyma's, look  
to this Alphabetical Collection for any Word under which the  
subject of your Thoughts may most probably be rang'd, and you  
will find what have been employ'd by our best Writers, and in what  
manner.

It would have been as easy a Task for me, as it has been to  
others before me, to have threaded tedious Bed-rolls of Sy-  
nonyma's and Epithets together, and put them by themselves: But  
when they stand alone they appear bald, insipid, uncouth, and  
offensive both to the Eye and Ear. In that Disposition they may  
indeed help the Memory, but cannot direct the Judgment in the  
choice.

But besides, to confess a Secret, I am very unwilling it should  
be laid to my Charge, that I have furnish'd Tools and given a  
temptation of Versifying, to such as in spite of Art and Nature  
undertake to be Poets; and who mistake their Fondness to Rhyme,  
the Necessity of Writing, for a true Genius of Poetry, and lawful  
Call from Apollo. Such Debasers of Rhyme and Dablers in Poe-  
try would do well to consider, that a Man would justly de-  
serve a higher Esteem in the World, by being a good Mason or  
Shoe-Maker, or by excelling in any other Art that his Talent inclines  
him to, and that is useful to mankind, than by being an indis-  
tinct or second-Rate Poet. Such have no Claim to that Divine  
Appellation:

Neque enim concludere Versum  
Dixeris esse satis: Neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,  
Sermoni propria, putes hunc esse Poetam.  
Ingenium cui sit, cui Mens divini, atque Os  
Magna sonaturum, des Nominis hujus Honorem. *Horat.*

resolved therefore to place these, the principal Materials, under  
a careful Guard of the immortal Shakespear, Milton, Dry-  
den, &c.

Procul & procul este Profani! *Virg.*

let Men of better Minds be excited to a generous Emula-



## The PREFACE.

I have inserted not only Similes, Allusions, Characters, and Descriptions, but also the most Natural and Sublime Thoughts of our Modern Poets on all Subjects whatever. I say, of our Modern; for tho' some of the Ancient, as Chaucer, Spencer, and others, have not been excell'd, perhaps not equall'd, by any that have succeeded them, either in Justness of Description, or in Propriety and Greatness of Thought; yet their Language is now become so antiquated and obsolete, that most Readers of our Age have no Ear for them: And this is the Reason that the good Shakespear himself is not so frequently cited in this Collection, as he would otherwise deserve to be.

I have endeavour'd to give the Passages as naked and stript of Superfluities and foreign Matter, as possibly I could: But often found my self oblig'd, for the sake of the Connexion of the Sense, which else would have been interrupted, and consequently obscure, to insert some of them under Heads, to which every Part or Line of them may be thought not properly to belong: Nay, I sometimes even found it difficult to chuse under what Head to place several of the best Thoughts; but the Reader may be assur'd, that if he find them not where he expects, he will not wholly lose his Labour; for

The Search it self rewards his Pains;  
And if like Chymists his great End he miss,  
Yet Things well worth his Toil he gains;  
And does his Charge and Labour pay  
With good unfought Experiments by the way.

Cowley

That the Reader may judge of every Passage with due DefERENCE for each Author, he will find their Names at the End of the last Line; and as the late Versions of the Greek and Roman Poets have not a little contributed to this Collection, Homer, Anacreon, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, &c. are cited with their Translators: And after each Author's Name are quoted their Plays and other Poems, from whence the Passages are extracted.

The Reader will likewise observe, that I have sometimes ascrib'd to several Authors the Quotations taken from one and the same Play. Thus to those from the first and third Act of

Oedipus

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Oedipus, I have put Dryden; to those from the three other, Lee? because the first and third Act of that Play were written by Dryden, the three other by Lee. To those from Troilus and Cressida I have sometimes put Shakespear, sometimes Dryden; because having alter'd that Play, whatever I found not in the Edition of Shakespear, ought to be ascrib'd to him. And in like manner of several other Plays.

As no Thought can be justly said to be fine, unless it be true, have all along had a great regard for Truth; except only in passages that are purely Satirical, where some Allowance must be given: For Satire may be fine and true Satire, tho' it be not directly and according to the Letter, true: 'Tis enough that it carry with it a Probability or Semblance of Truth. Let it not here be objected, that I have from the Translators of the Greek and Roman Poets, taken some Descriptions meerly fabulous: For the well-invented Fables of the Ancients were design'd only to inculcate the Truth with more Delight, and to make it shine with greater Splendour.

Rien n'est beau que le Vrai. Le Vrai seul est Aimable;  
Il doit regner par tout; & meme dans la Fable.  
De toute Fiction l'adroite Fausseté  
Ne tend qu' à faire aux yeux briller la Verité. Boileau.

I have upon every Subject given both Pro and Con whenever I met with them, or that I judg'd them worth giving: And if both are not always found, let none imagine that I wilfully suppress'd either; or that what is here uncontradicted must be unanswerable.

If any take Offence at the Looseness of some of the Thoughts, particularly upon Love, where I have given the different Sentiments which Mankind, according to their several Temperaments, ever had, and ever will have of it; such may observe, that I have strictly avoided all manner of Obscenity throughout the whole Collection: And tho' here and there a Thought may perhaps have a Cast of Wantonness, yet the cleanly Metaphors palliate the looseness of the Meaning, and the Chasteness of the Words qualifies the Lasciviousness of the Images they represent. And let them farther know, that I have not always chosen what I most approv'd, but what carries with it the best Strokes for Imitation:

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For, upon the whole Matter, it was not my Business to judge any farther, than of the Vigour and Force of Thought, of the Purity of Language, of the Aptness and Propriety of Expression; and above all, of the Beauty of Colouring, in which the Poet's Art chiefly consists. Nor, in short, would I take upon me to determine what things should have been said; but have shewn only what are said, and in what Manner.

## RULES



# RULES

For making

## ENGLISH VERSE.

**I**N the *English* Versification there are two Things chiefly to be consider'd;

I. The Verses.

2. The several sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

But because in the Verses there are also two Things to be observ'd, The Structure of the Verse, and the Rhyme; this Treatise shall be divided into three Chapters;

I. Of the Structure of *English* Verses.

II. Of Rhyme.

III. Of the several Sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

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### CHAP. I.

#### *Of the Structure of English Verses.*

**T**HE Structure of our Verses, whether Blank, or in Rhyme, consists in a certain Number of Syllables; not in Feet compos'd of long and short Syllables, as the Verses of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. And though some ingenious Persons formerly puzzl'd themselves in prescribing Rules for the Quantity of *English* Syllables, and, in Imitation of the *Latins*, compos'd Verses by the Measure of *Spondees*, *Dactyls*, &c. yet the Success of their Undertaking has fully convinc'd the Vainness of their Attempt, and given ground to suspect they had not thoroughly weigh'd what the Genius of our Language would bear; nor reflected that each Tongue has its peculiar Beauties, and that what is agreeable and natural to one, is very often disagreeable, nay, inconsistent with



another. But that Design being now wholly exploded, it is sufficient to have mention'd it.

Our Verses then consist in a certain Number of Syllables; but the Verses of double Rhyme require a Syllable more than those of single Rhyme. Thus in a Poem whose Verses consist of ten Syllables, those of the same Poem that are accented on the last save one, which we call Verses of double Rhyme, must have eleven; as may be seen by these Verses.

*A Man so various that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome:  
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong;  
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;  
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,  
Was Fidler, Chymist, Statesman and Buffoon:  
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,  
Besides Ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking,  
Praising and Railing were his usual Themes,  
And both, to shew his Judgement, in Extreams;  
So over-violent, or over-civil,  
That every Man with him was God or Devil.* Dryd.

Where the 4 Verses that are accented on the last save one have 11 Syllables; the others, accented on the last, but 10.

In a Poem whose Verses consist of 8, the double Rhymes require 9; as,

*When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,  
Set Folks together by the Ears;  
And made 'em fight, like mad, or drunk,  
For Dame Religion, as for Punk;  
Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,  
Tho' not a Man of 'em knew wherefore;  
Then did Sir Knight abandon Dwelling,  
And out he rode a Colonelling.*

In a Poem whose Verses consist of 7, the double Rhymes require 8; as,

*All thy Verse is softer far  
Than the downy Feathers are  
Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,  
Of my Mother's Doves or Sparrows.* Cowl.  
This must also be observ'd in Blank Verse; as,

*Welcome, thou worthy Partner of my Laurels;  
Thou Brother of my Choice! A Band more sacred*

*Thou*

*Than Nature's brittle Tye. By holy Friendship?  
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival:  
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,  
And languish'd for thy Absence like a Prophet,  
Who waits the Inspiration of his God.*

Rowe

And this Verse of Milton,

*Void of all Succour and needful Comfort.*

wants a Syllable; for, being accented on the last save one, it ought to have 11, as all the Verses but Two of the preceding Example have: But if we transpose the Words thus,

*Of Succour and all needful Comfort void.*

It then wants nothing of its due Measure, because it is accented on the last Syllable.

## SECT. I.

*Of the several sorts of Verses; and, first, of those of Ten Syllables: Of the due Observation of the Accents, and of the Pause.*

OUR Poetry admits for the most part but of Three sorts of Verses; that is to say, of Verses of 10, 8, or 7 Syllables: Those of 4, 6, 9, 11, 12, and 14, are generally employ'd in Masks and Operas, and in the Stanzas of Lyrick and Pindarick Odes, and we have few intire Poems compos'd in any of those sorts of Verses. Those of 12 and 14 Syllables are frequently inserted in our Poems in Heroick Verse, and when rightly made use of, carry a peculiar Grace with them. See the next Section towards the End.

The Verses of 10 Syllables, which are our Heroick, are us'd in Heroick Poems, in Tragedies, Comedies, Pastorals, Elegies, and sometimes in Burlesque.

In these Verses Two things are chiefly to be consider'd;

1. The Seat of the Accent;

2. The Pause.

For 'tis not enough that Verses have their just Number of Syllables; the true Harmony of them depends on a due Observation of the Accent and Pause.

The Accent is an Elevation or a falling of the Voice on a certain Syllable of a Word.

The Pause is a Rest or Stop that is made in pronouncing the Verse, and that divides it, as it were, into Two Parts; each of which is call'd an Hemistich, or Half-Verse.

But this Division is not always equal, that is to say, one of the Half-Verses does not always contain the same Number of Syllables as the other: And this Inequality proceeds from the Seat of the Accent that is strongest, and prevails most in the first Half-Verse. For the Pause must be observ'd at the End of the Word where such Accents happen to be, or at the End of the following Word.

Now in a Verse of 10 Syllables this Accent must be either on the 2<sup>d</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, or 6<sup>th</sup>; which produces 5 several Pauses, that is to say, at the 3<sup>d</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, or 7<sup>th</sup> Syllable of the Verse: For,

When it happens to be on the 2<sup>d</sup>, the Pause will be either at the 3<sup>d</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup>.

At the 3<sup>d</sup>, in Two Manners:

1. When the Syllable accented happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,

*As busy--as intensitive Emmets are;*

*Or Cities--whom unlook'd-for Sieges scare.*

Dav.

2. Or when the Accent is on the last of a Word, and the next a Monosyllable, whose Construction is govern'd by that on which the Accent is; as

*Despise it,--and more noble Thoughts pursue.*

Dryd.

When the Accent falls on the 2<sup>d</sup> Syllable of the Verse, and the last save Two of a Word, the Pause will be at the 4<sup>th</sup>; as,

*He meditates--his absent Enemy.*

Dryd.

When the Accent is on the 4<sup>th</sup> of a Verse, the Pause will be either at the same Syllable, or at the 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup>.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word; as,

*Such huge Extreames--inhabit thy great Mind,*

*God-like, unmov'd,--and yet, like Woman, kind.*

Wall.

At the 5<sup>th</sup> in 2 Manners:

1. When

# ENGLISH VERSE.

5. When it happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,

*Like bright Aurora--whose resurgent Ray  
Foretells the Fearour--of ensuing Days;  
And warns the Shepherd--with his Flocks, retreat  
To leafy Shadows--from the threatn'd Heat.* Wall.

1. Or the last of the Word, if the next be a Monosyllable govern'd by it; as,

*So fresh the Wound is--and the Grief so vast.* Wall.

At the 6<sup>th</sup>, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last save Two of a Word; as,

*Those Seeds of Luxury--Debate, and Pride.* Wall.

Lastly, When the Accent is on the 6<sup>th</sup> Syllable of the Verse, the pause will be either at the same Syllable or at the 7<sup>th</sup>.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word; as,

*She meditates Revenge--resolv'd to die.* Wall.

At the 7<sup>th</sup> in two manners:

1. When it happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,

*Nor when the War is over,--is it Peace.* Dryd.  
*Mirrors are taught to flatter,--but our Springs.* Wall.

2. Or the last of a Word, if the following one be a Monosyllable whose Construction depends on the preceding Word in which the Accent is; as,

*And since he could not save her--with her dy'd.* Dryd.

From all this it appears, that the Pause is determin'd by the Seat of the Accent; but if the Accents happen to be equally strong on the 2<sup>d</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, and 6<sup>th</sup> Syllable of a Verse, the Sense and Construction of the Words must then guide to the Observation of the Pause. For Example; In one of the Verses I have cited as an Instance of it at the 7<sup>th</sup> Syllable,

*Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our Springs.*

The Accent is as strong on *Taught*, as on the first Syllable of *flatter*; and if the Pause were observ'd at the 4<sup>th</sup> Syllable of the



the Verse, it would have nothing disagreeable in its Sound as,

*Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our Springs  
Present th' impartial Images of things.*

Which tho' it be no Violence to the Ear, yet it is to the Sense, and that ought always carefully to be avoided in reading or in repeating of Verses.

For this Reason it is, that the Construction or Sense should never end at a Syllable where the Pause ought not to be made, as at the 8<sup>th</sup> and 2<sup>d</sup> in the Two following Verses:

*Bright Hesper twinkles from afar:-- Away  
My Kids!--for you have had a Feast to Day.*

Staff.

Which Verses have nothing disagreeable in their Structure but the Pause, which in the first of them must be observ'd at the 8<sup>th</sup> Syllable, in the 2<sup>d</sup> at the 2<sup>d</sup>; and so unequal a Division can produce no true Harmony. And for this Reason too, the Pauses at the 3<sup>d</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> Syllables, tho' not wholly to be condemn'd, ought to be but sparingly practis'd.

The foregoing Rules ought indispensibly to be follow'd in all our Verses of 10 Syllables; and the Observation of them, like that of right Time in Musick, will produce Harmony; the Neglect of them Harshness and Discord; as appears by the following Verses:

*None think Rewards render'd worthy their Worth.  
And both Lovers, both thy Disciples were.*

Day.

In which, tho' the true Number of Syllables be observ'd, yet neither of them have so much as the Sound of a Verse. Now their Disagreeableness proceeds from the undue Seat of the Accent: For Example, The first of them is accented on the 5<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> Syllables; but if we change the Words, and remove the Accent to the 4<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup>, the Verse will become smooth and easy; as,

*None think Rewards are equal to their Worth.*

The Harshness of the last of them proceeds from its being accented on the 3<sup>d</sup> Syllable, which may be mended thus, by transposing only one Word;

*And Lovers both, both thy Disciples were.*

In like manner the following Verses,

# ENGLISH VERSE

*To be massacred, not in Battel slain.  
But forc'd, harsh, and uneasy unto all.  
Against the Insults of the Wind and Tide,  
A second Essay will the Pow'rs appease.  
With Scythians expert in the Dart and Bow.*

Blac.  
Cowl.  
Blac.  
Blac.  
Dryd.

is rough, because the foregoing Rules are not observ'd in their Structure; For Example, The first where the Pause is on the 5<sup>th</sup> Syllable, and the Accent on the 3<sup>d</sup>, is contrary to the Rule, which says, that the Accent that determines the Pause must be on the 2<sup>d</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, or 6<sup>th</sup> Syllable of the Verse; and to mend that Verse we need only place the Accent on the 4<sup>th</sup>, and then the Pause at the 5<sup>th</sup> will have nothing disagreeable; as,

*Thus to be murder'd, not in Battel slain.*

The second Verse is accented on the 3<sup>d</sup> Syllable, and the Pause is there too; which makes it indeed the thing it expresses, forc'd, harsh, and uneasy; it may be mended thus;

*But forc'd and harsh, uneasy unto all.*

The 3<sup>d</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, and 5<sup>th</sup> of those Verses have like Faults; for the Pauses are at the 5<sup>th</sup>, and the Accent there too; which is likewise contrary to the foregoing Rules. Now they will be made smooth and flowing, by taking the Accent from the 5<sup>th</sup>, and removing the Seat of the Pause; as,

*Against the Insults both of the Wind and Tide.*

*A second Trial will the Pow'rs appease.*

*With Scythians skillful in the Dart and Bow.*

From whence we conclude, that in all Verses of 10 Syllables, the most prevailing Accents ought to be on the 2<sup>d</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, or 6<sup>th</sup> Syllables; for if they are on the 3<sup>d</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, or 7<sup>th</sup>, the Verses will be rough and disagreeable, as has been prov'd by the preceding Instances.

In short, the wrong placing of the Accent is as great a Fault in our Versification, as false Quantity was in that of the Antients; and therefore we ought to take equal care to avoid it, and endeavour so to dispose the Words, that they may create a certain Melody in the Ear, without Labour to the Tongue, or Violence to the Sense.

S E C T.

# RULES for making

## SECT. II.

*Of the other sorts of Verses that are us'd in our Poetry.*

**A**FTER the Verses of 10 Syllables, those of 8 are most frequent, and we have many intire Poems compos'd in them.

In the Structure of these Verses, as well as of those of 10 Syllables, we must take Care that the most prevailing Accent be neither on the 3<sup>d</sup> nor 5<sup>th</sup> Syllables of them.

They also require a Pause to be observ'd in pronouncing them, which is generally at the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> Syllable; as,

*I'll sing of Heroes,--and of Kings,  
In mighty Numbers--mighty things;  
Begin, my Muse,--but lo the Strings,  
To my great Song--rebellious prove,  
The Strings will sound--of nought but Love.*

Cow.

The Verses of 7 Syllables, which are called *Anacreonticks*, are most beautiful when the strongest Accent is on the 3<sup>d</sup>, and the Pause either there or at the 4<sup>th</sup>; as,

*Fill the Bowl--with rosy Wine,  
Round our Temples--Roses twine;  
Crown'd with Roses--we condemn  
Gyges' wealthy--Diadem.*

Cow.

The Verses of 9 and of 11 Syllables, are of Two Sorts: one is those that are accented upon the last save one, which are only the Verses of double Rhyme that belong to those of 8 and 10 Syllables, of which Examples have already been given: The other of those that are accented on the last Syllable, which are employ'd only in Compositions for Musick, and in the lowest sort of Burlesque Poetry; the Disagreeableness of their Measure having wholly excluded them from grave and serious Subjects. They who desire to see Examples of them, may find some scatter'd here and there in our Masks and Operas, and in our Burlesque Writers. I will give but Two.

*Hylas, O Hylas, why sit we mute?*

*Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring.*

*Apart let me view then each Heavenly Fair,*

*For three at a time there's no Moral can bear.*

Wall.

Cong.

Th.

The Verses of 12 Syllables are truly heroick both in their Measure and Sound, tho' we have no entire Works compos'd of them; and they are so far from being a Blemish to the Poems they are in, that on the contrary, when rightly employ'd, they conduce not a little to the Ornament of them; particularly in the following Rencounters.

1. When they conclude an Episode in an Heroick Poem; thus *Stafford* ends his Translation of that of *Camilla* from the 11<sup>th</sup> *Æneid* with a Verse of 12 Syllables.

*The ling'ring Soul th' unwelcome Doom receives,*  
*And, murm'ring with Disdain, the beauteous Body leaves.*

2. When they conclude a Triplet and full Sense together; as;

*Millions of op'ning Mouths to Fame belong;*  
*And every Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue;* (Dryd.)  
*And round with list'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung.*

And here we may observe by the way, that whenever a Triplet is made use of in an Heroick Poem, it is a Fault not to close the Sense at the End of the Triplet, but to continue into the next Line; as *Dryden* has done in his Translation of the 11<sup>th</sup> *Æneid* in these Lines.

*With Olives crown'd, the Presents they shall bear,*  
*A Purple Robe, a Royal Ivory Chair,*  
*And all the Marks of Sway that Latian Monarchs wear,*  
*And Sums of Gold, &c.*

And in the 7<sup>th</sup> *Æneid* he has committed the like Fault.

*Then they, whose Mothers, frantick with their Fear,*  
*In Woods and Wilds the Flags of Bacchus bear,*  
*And lead his Dances with dishevel'd Hair,*  
*Increase thy Claimours, &c.*

But the Sense is not confined to the Couplet, for the Close it may fall into the Middle of the next Verse, that is, the third, and sometimes farther off: Provided the last Verse of the Couplet exceed not the Number of Ten Syllables; for then the Sense ought always to conclude with it. Examples of this are so frequent, that 'tis needless to give any.

3. When they conclude the Stanza's of Lyrick or Pindarick Verses; Examples of which are often seen in *Dryden*, and others.

In



In these Verses the Pause ought to be at the 6<sup>th</sup> Syllable, as may be seen in the foregoing Examples.

We sometimes find it, tho' very rarely, at the 7<sup>th</sup>; as,

*That such a cursed Creature---lives so long a Space.*

When it is at the 4<sup>th</sup>, the Verse will be rough and hobbling; as,

*And Midwife Time--the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought.* Dryd.

*The Prince pursu'd,--and march'd along with equal Pace.* Dryd.

In the last of which it is very apparent, that if the Sense and Construction would allow us to make the Pause at the 6<sup>th</sup> Syllable,

*The Prince pursu'd, and march'd--along with equal Pace.*

the Verse would be much more flowing and easy.

The Verses of 14 Syllables are less frequent than those of 12; they are likewise inserted in Heroick Poems, &c. and are agreeable enough when they conclude a Triplet and Sense, and follow a Verse of 12; as,

*For thee the Land in fragrant Flowers, is dress'd.*

*For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy Breast.*

*And Heav'n is self with more serene and purer Lights* }  
blest. Dryd.

But if they follow one of 10 Syllables, the Inequality of the Measure renders them less agreeable; as,

*While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,*

*And sing to Memmius an immortal Lay*

*Of Heav'n and Earth; and every where thy wondrous Pow'r* }  
display. Dryd.

Especially if it be the last of a Couplet only; as,

*With Court-Informers Haunts, and Royal Spies,*

*Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles Truth*  
with Lies. Dryd.

But this is only in Heroicks; for in their Pindaricks and Lyricks, Verses of 12 or 14 Syllables are frequently and gracefully plac'd, not only after those of 12 or 10, but of any other Number of Syllables whatsoever.

The Verses of 4 and 6 Syllables have nothing worth observing, and therefore I shall content my self with having made mention of them. They are, as I said before, us'd only in Opera's and Masks, and in Lyrick and Pindarick Odes. Take one Example of them.

To rule by Love,  
To shed no Blood,  
May be extoll'd above;  
But here below,  
Let Princes know,  
'Tis fatal to be good. Dryd.

S E C T. III.

Several Rules conducing to the Beauty of our Ver-  
sification.

OUR Poetry being very much polish'd and refin'd since the Days of Chaucer, Spencer, and the other antient Poets, some Rules which they neglected, and that conduce very much to the Ornaments of it, have been practis'd by the best of the Moderns.

The First is to avoid as much as possible the Concourse of Vowels, which occasions a certain ill-sounding Gaping, call'd by the Latins *Hiatu*; and which they thought so disagreeable to the Ear, that, to avoid it, whenever a Word ended in a Vowel, and the next began with one, they never, even in Prose, sounded the Vowel of the first Word, but lost it in the Pronunciation; and it is a Fault in our Poets not to do the like, whenever our Language will admit of it.

For this Reason the *e* of the Particle *The* ought always to be cut off before the Words that begin with a Vowel; as;

*With weeping Eyes she heard th' unwelcome News.* Dryd.

And it is a Fault to make *The* and the first Syllable of the following Word Two distinct Syllables, as in this,

*Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night.* Wall.

A Second sort of *Hiatu*; and that ought no less to be avoided, is, when a Word that ends in a Vowel that cannot be cut off, is plac'd before one that begins with the same Vowel, or one that has the like Sound; as,

*Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book.* Wall.

The Second Rule is, to contract the Two last Syllables of the Preterperfect Tenses of all the Verbs that will admit of it; which are all the Regular Verbs whatsoever, except only those ending in *D* or *T*, and *DE* or *TE*. And it is a Fault to make *Amaz'd* of Three Syllables, and *Lov'd* of Two, instead of *Amaz'd* of Two, and *Lov'd* of One.

And

And the Second Person of the Present and Preterperfect Tenses of all Verbs ought to be contracted in like manner; as *thou lov'st*, for *thou lovest*, &c.

The Third Rule is, not to make use of several Words in a Verse that begin with the same Letter; as,

*The Court he knew to steer in Storms of State.  
He in these Miracles Design discern'd.*

Yet we find an Instance of such a Verse in Dryden's Translation of the first Pastoral of Virgil;

*'Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain.*

Which I am persuaded he left not thus through Negligence or Inadvertency, but with design to paint in the Number and Sound of the Words the thing he described, a Shepherd in whom

*Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi.*

Now how far the Sound of the H Aspirate, with which Three Feet of that Verse begin, expresses the Despair of the Swain, let the judicious Judge: I have taken notice of it only to say, that 'tis a great Beauty in Poetry, when the Words and Numbers are so dispos'd, as by Their Order and Sound to represent the things describ'd.

The Fourth is, to avoid ending a Verse by an Adjective whose Substantive begins the following; as,

*Some lost their quiet Rivals, some their kind  
Parents, &c.*

DAV.

Or, by a Preposition when the Case it governs begins the Verse that follows; as,

*The daily less'ning of our Life, shews by  
A little dying, how outright so dye.*

The Fifth is, to avoid the frequent Use of Words of many Syllables, which are proper enough in Prose, but come not into Verse without a certain Violence altogether disagreeable; particularly those whose Accent is on the Fourth Syllable from the last, as *Undutifulness*.

## S E C T. IV.

*Doubts concerning the Number of Syllables of certain Words.*

**T**H E R E is no Language whatsoever that so often joins several Vowels together to make Diphthongs of them,

as ours; this appears in our having several compos'd of Three different Vowels, as EAU and EOU in *Beauteous*, IOU in *Glorious*, UAI in *Acquaint*, &c.

Now from hence may arise some Difficulties concerning the true Pronunciation of those Vowels, whether they ought to be sounded separately in Two Syllables, or jointly in one.

The ancient Poets made them sometimes of Two Syllables, sometimes but of one, as the Measure of their Verse requir'd; but they are now become to be but of One, and it is a Fault to make them of Two: From whence we may draw this general Rule;

That whenever one Syllable of a Word ends in a Vowel, and the next begins with one, provided the first of those Syllables be not that on which the word is accented, those Two Syllables ought in Verse to be contracted and made but one.

Thus *Beauteous* is but Two Syllables, *Victorious* but Three; and it is a Fault in *Dryden* to make it Four, as he has done in this Verse:

*Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious.*

To prove that this Verse wants a Syllable of its due Measure, we need but add one to it; as,

*Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious now.*

Where, tho' the Syllable *now* be added to the Verse, it has no more than its due Number of Syllables; which plainly proves it wanted it.

But if the Accent be upon the first of these Syllables, they cannot be contracted to make a Diphthong, but must be computed as Two distinct Syllables: Thus *Poet*, *Lion*, *Quiet*, and the like, must always be us'd as Two Syllables; *Poetry*, and the like, as Three.

And it is a Fault to make *Riot*, for Example, one Syllable, as *Milton* has done in this Verse,

*Their Riot ascends above the lofty Tow'rs.*

The same Poet has in another Place made use of a like Word twice in one Verse, and made it two Syllables each time;

*With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout.*

And any Ear may discover that this last Verse has its true Measure, the other not.

But



But there are some Words that may be excepted; as *Diamond*, *Violes*, *Violent*, *Diadem*, *Hyacinth*, and perhaps some others which, though they are accented upon the first Vowel, are sometimes us'd but as Two Syllables; as in the following Verses

*From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of Gold,* Milt  
*With Poppies, Daffadils, and Violets join'd.* Tate  
*With vain, but violent Force their Darts they flung.* Cowl  
*His Ephod, Mitre, well-cut Diadem on.* Cowl  
*My blushing Hyacinths, and my Bays I keep.* Dryd  
 Sometimes as three; as,

*A Mount of Rocky Diamond did rise,* Blac.  
*Hence the blue Violet and blushing Rose.* Blac.  
*And set soft Hyacinths of Iron Blue.* Dryd.

When they are us'd but as Two Syllables they suffer an Elision of one of their Vowels, and are generally written thus, *Di'mond*, *Violet*, &c.

This Contraction is not always made of Syllables of the same Word only; for the Particle *a* being plac'd after a Word that ends in a Vowel, will sometimes admit of the like Contraction; for Example, after the Word *many*, as,

*Tho' many a Victim from my Folds was bought,*  
*And many a Cheefe to Country Markers brought.* Dryd.  
*They many a Trophy gain'd with many a Wound.* Dav.

After *to*, as,  
*Can he to a Friend, to a Son so bloody grow?* Cowl.

After *They*, as,  
*From thee, their long-known King, they a King desire.* Cowl.

After *By*, as,  
*When one by a foolish Figure say,* Cowl.

And perhaps after some others.

There are also other Words whose Syllables are sometimes contracted, sometimes not; as *Bower*, *Heaven*, *Prayer*, *Nigher*, *Towards*, and many more of the like Nature: But they generally ought to be us'd but as one Syllable; and then they suffer an Elision of the Vowel that precedes their final Consonant, and ought to be written thus, *Pow'r*, *Heav'n*, *Pray'r*, *Nigh'r*, *Tow'rds*.

The Termination *IS M* is always us'd but as one Syllable, as,  
 Where

*Where grisly Schism and raging Strife appear,*

Cowl.

*And Rheumatism I send to rack the Joints.*

Dryd.

And indeed, considering that it has but one Vowel, it may seem absurd to assert that it ought to be reckon'd two Syllables; yet in my Opinion those Verses seem to have a Syllable more than their due Measure, and would run better if we took one from them; as,

*Where grisly Schism, raging Strife appear,*

*I Rheumatism send to rack the Joints.*

Yet this Opinion being contrary to the constant Practice of our Poets, I shall not presume to advance it as a Rule for others to follow, but leave it to be decided by such as are better Judges of poetical Numbers.

The like may be said of the Terminations *ASM* and *OSM*.

SECT. V.

*Of the Elisions that are allow'd in our Versification.*

OUR Verses consisting only of a certain Number of Syllables, nothing can be of more Ease, or greater Use to Poets, than the retaining or cutting off a Syllable from a Verse, according as the Measure of it requires; and therefore it is requisite to treat of the Elisions that are allowable in our Poetry, some of which have been already taken Notice of in the preceding Section.

By Elision I mean the cutting off one or more Letters from a Word, whereby Two Syllables come to be contracted into One; or the taking away an intire Syllable. Now when in a Word of more than two Syllables, which is accented on the last save Two, the Liquid R happens to be between two Vowels, that which precedes the Liquid admits of an Elision. Of this Nature are many Words in *ANCE*, *ENCE*, *ENT*, *ER*, *OUS*, and *RY*; as *Temperance*, *Preferance*, *Different*, *Flatterer*, *Amorous*, *Victory*; Which are Words of Three Syllables, and often us'd as such in Verse; but they may be also contracted into Two, by cutting off the Vowel that precedes the Liquid, as *Temprance*, *Preference*, *Diff'rent*, *Flatt'ner*, *Am'rous*, *Vict'ry*. The like Elision is sometimes us'd when any of the other Liquids L, M or N, happen to be between Two Vowels in Words accented like the former; as *Fabulous*, *Enemy*, *Mariner*, which may be contracted *Fab'lous*, *En'my*, *Mar'ner*. But this is not so frequent.

Observe,

Observe, that I said accented on the last save Two; for the Word be accented on the last save one, that is to say, on the Vowel that precedes the Liquid, that Vowel may not be cut off. And therefore it is a Fault to make, for Example *Sonorous Two Syllables*, as in this Verse;

*With Son'rous Metals wak'd the drowsy Day.*

Which always ought to be Three, as in this,

*Sonorous Metals blowing martial Sounds.*

In like manner, whenever the Letter S happens to be between Two Vowels in Words of Three Syllables, accented on the first, one of the Vowels may be cut off; as *Pris'ner*, *Bus'ness*, &c.

Or the Letter C when 'tis sounded like S; that is to say, whenever it precedes the Vowel E or I; as *Med'cine*, for *Medicine*.

Or V Consonant; as *Cov'nant*, for *Covenant*.

To these may be added the Gerunds of all Verbs whose Infinitives end in any of the Liquids, preceded by a Vowel or Diphthong, and that are accented on the last save one: For the Gerunds being form'd by adding the Syllable ING to the Infinitive, the Liquid that was their final Letter comes thereby to be between Two Vowels; and the Accent that was on the last save one of the Infinitive, comes to be on the last save Two of the Gerund: And therefore the Vowel or Diphthong that precedes the Liquid, may be cut off; by Means whereof the Gerund of three Syllables comes to be but of two; as from *Travel*, *Travelling*, or *Trav'ling*; from *Endeavour*, *Endeavouring*, or *Endeav'ring*, &c.

But if the Accent be on the last Syllable of such a Verb, its Gerund will not suffer such an Elision: Thus the Gerund of *Devour*, must always be three Syllables, *Devouring*, not *Dev'ring*; because all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is, on the same Syllable: And the Accent always obliges the Syllable on which it is to remain entire.

The Gerunds of the Verbs in OW, accented on the last save two, suffer an Elision of the O that precedes the W; as *Foll'wing*, *Wall'wing*.

The Particle *It* admits of an Elision of its Vowel before *Is*, *Was*, *Were*, *Will*, *Would*; as *'Tis*, *'Twas*, *'Twere*, *'Twill*, *'Twould*, for *It is*, *It was*, &c.

likewise sometimes suffers the like Elision when plac'd  
er a Word that ends in a Vowel; as *By't* for *By it*, *Do's*  
*Do it*; Or that ends in a Consonant after which the Let-  
T can be pronounc'd; as *Was't* for *Was it*, *In't* for *In it*,  
the like: But this is not so frequent in heroick Verse.

The Particle *Is* may lose its *I* after any Word that ends in  
Vowel, or in any of the Consonants after which the Letter  
may be found; as *she's* for *she is*: The *Air's* for the *Air*  
&c.

To (Sign of the Infinitive Mood) may lose its *O* before any  
Word that begins with a Vowel; as *'amaze*, *'undo*, &c.

To (Sign of the Dative Case) may likewise lose its *O* before  
Noun that begins with a Vowel; as *'Air*, *'every*, &c.  
this Elision is not so allowable as the former.

*Are* may lose its *A* after the Pronouns Personal, *We*, *You*,  
*ay*; as *We're*, *You're*, *They're*: And thus it is that this Elision  
ought to be made, and not, as some do, by cutting off the  
all Vowels of the Pronouns Personal, *W'are*, *T'are*, *Th'are*.

*Will* and *Would* may lose all their first Letters, and retain  
only their final one, after any of the Pronouns Personal; as  
for *I will*, *He'd* for *He would*; or after *Who*, *who'll* for *who*  
*will*, *who'd* for *who would*.

*Have* may lose its two first Letters after *I*, *You*, *We*, *They*;  
*I've*, *You've*, *We've*, *They've*.

*Not*, its Two first Letters after *can*; as *Can't* for *Can not*.  
*Am*, its *A* after *I*; *I'm* for *I am*.

*Us*, its *U* after *Let*: *Let's* for *Let us*.

*Taken*, its *K*, *Ta'en*: For so it ought to be written, not  
*Take*.

as *Heaven*, *Seven*, *Even*, *Eleven*, and the Participles *Driven*,  
*en*, *Thrive'n*, and their Compounds, may lose their last  
Vowel; as *Heav'n*, *Forgiv'n*, &c. See the foregoing Section,  
its 3.

To these may be added *Bow'r*, *Pow'r*, *Flow'r*, *Tow'r*, *Show'r*  
*Bower*, *Tower*, &c.

*Never*, *Ever*, *Over*, may lose their *V*, and are contracted  
to *Ne'er*, *E'er*, *O'er*.

Some Words admit of an Elision of their first Syllable; as  
*'een*, *'Twixt*, *'Mong*, *'Mongst*, *'Gainst*, *'Bove*, *'Cause*, *'Fore*,  
as *Between*, *Betwixt*, *Among*, *Amongst*, *Against*, *Above*, *Be-*  
*fore*, *Before*. And some others, that may be observ'd in read-  
our Poets.

have already, in the 3<sup>d</sup> Section of this Chapter, spoken of  
Elision of the *E* of the Particle *The* before Vowels: But it



is requisite likewise to take Notice, that it sometimes loses its Vowel before a Word that begins with a Consonant, and the its two remaining Letters are joyn'd to the preceding Word as *To th'Wall* for *To the Wall*; *By th'Wall* for *By the Wall*, &c. But this is scarce allowable in Heroick Poetry.

The Particles *In*, *Of*, and *On*, sometimes lose their Consonants, and are joyn'd to the Particle *The* in like manner; *i'th'*, *o'th'*, for *in thee*, *of the*.

In some of our Poets we find the Pronoun *His* loses its two first Letters after any Word that ends in a Vowel; as *to's*, *by's*, &c. for *to his*, *by his*, &c. Or after many Words that end a Consonant, after which the Letter *S* can be pronounc'd; *in's*, *for's*, for *in his*, *for his*, &c. This is frequent in Comedy who often takes too great Liberty in his Contractions; *i'your* for *to your*, *i'which* for *to which*, and many others; which we must be cautious in following his Example: But the contracting of the Pronoun *His* in the Manner I mention'd, is not wholly to be condemn'd.

We sometimes find the Word *Who* contracted before Words that begin with a Vowel; as,

*Wh' expose to Scorn and Hate both them and it.*

And the Proposition *By* in like Manner; as,

*B' unequal Fate and Providence's Crime.*

*Well did he know how Palms b' Oppression speed.*

And the Pronouns Personal, *He*, *She*, *They*, *We*; as,

*Timely h' obeys her wise Advice, and strait*

*To unjust Force sh' opposes just Deceit.*

*Themselves at first against themselves th' excite.*

*Shame and Woe to us, if w' our Wealth obey.*

But these and the like Contractions are very rare in most correct Poets, and indeed ought wholly to be avoided. For 'tis a general Rule, that no Vowel can be cut off before another, when it cannot be sunk in the Pronunciation of the Word. And therefore we ought to take Care never to place a Word that begins with a Vowel, after a Word that ends in a Vowel (mute *E* only excepted) unless the final Vowel of the former can be lost in its Pronunciation: For, to leave two Vowels opening on each other, causes a very disagreeable Harshness. Whenever therefore a Vowel ends a Word, the next ought

gin with a Consonant, or what is equivalent to it; as our  
, and H Aspirate, plainly are.

For which Reason 'tis a Fault in some of our Poets to cut  
the *e* of the Particle *The*; for Example, before a Word  
that begins by an H Aspirate; as,

*And th'hasty Troops march'd loud and chearful down.* Cowl.

But if the H Aspirate be follow'd by another E, that of the  
article *The* may be cut off; as,

*Th'Heroick Prince's Courage or his Love.*

Wall.

*Th'Hesperian Fruit, and made the Dragon sleep.*

Wall.

## CHAP. II.

### Of Rhyme.

#### SECT. I.

*What Rhyme is, and the several Sorts of it.*

**R**HYME is a Likeness or Uniformity of Sound in the  
Terminations of two Words; I say of Sound, not of  
Letters; for the Office of Rhyme being to content and please  
the Ear, and not the Eye, the Sound only is to be regarded,  
not the Writing: Thus *Maid* and *Persuade*, *Laugh* and *Quaff*,  
though they differ in Writing, rhyme very well: But *Plough*  
and *Cough*, tho' their Terminations are written alike, rhyme  
not at all.

In our Versification we may observe three several Sorts of  
rhyme; Single, Double, and Treble.

The single Rhyme is of two Sorts; One of the Words that  
are accented on the last Syllable: Another, of those that have  
their Accent on the last save two.

The Words accented on the last Syllable, if they end in a  
consonant, or mute E, oblige the Rhyme to begin at the  
vowel that precedes their last Consonant, and to continue to  
the End of the Word: In a Consonant; as,

*Here might be seen, that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,  
And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit.*

Dryd.

In mute E; as,

*A Spark of Virtue, by the deepest Shade  
Of sad Adversity, is fairer made.*

But if a Diphthong precede the last Consonant, the Rhyme must begin at that Vowel of it whose Sound most prevails as,

*Next to the Pow'r of making Tempest cease,  
Was in that Storm to have so calm a Peace.*

If the Words accented on the last Syllable end in any of the Vowels, except mute E, or in a Diphthong, the Rhyme made only to that Vowel or Diphthong. To the Vowel as,

*So wing'd with Praise we penetrate the Sky,  
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly.*

To the Diphthong; as,

*So hungry Wolves, tho' greedy of their Prey,  
Stop when they find a Lion in the Way.*

The other Sort of single Rhyme is of the Words that have their Accent on the last Syllable save two. And these rhyme to the other in the same Manner as the former; that is to say, if they end in any of the Vowels, except mute E, the Rhyme is made only to that Vowel; as,

*So seems to speak the youthful Deity;  
Voice, Colour, Hair, and all like Mercury.*

But if they end in a Consonant or mute E, the Rhyme must begin at the Vowel that precedes that Consonant, and continue to the End of the Word; as has been shewn by the former Examples.

But we must take Notice, that all the Words that are accented on the last save two, will rhyme not only to one another, but also to all the Words whose Terminations have the same Sound, tho' they are accented on the last Syllable. Thus *Tenderness* rhymes not only to *Poetess*, *Wretchedness*, and the like, that are accented on the last save two, but also to *Confess*, *Excess*, &c. that are accented on the last; as,

*Thou art my Father now these Words confess  
That Name, and that indulgent Tendernefs.* Dryd.

S E C T. III.

*Of Double and Treble Rhyme.*

**A**LL Words that are accented on the last save one, require Rhyme to begin at the Vowel of that Syllable, and to continue to the End of the Word; and this is what we call double Rhyme; as,

*Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,  
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.* Dryd.

But it is convenient to take Notice, that the ancient Poets did not always observe this Rule, and took Care only that the last Syllables of the Words should be alike in Sound without any Regard to the Seat of the Accent. Thus *Nation* and *Affection*, *Tendernefs* and *Hapless*, *Villany* and *Gentry*, *Follow* and *Willow*, and the like, were allow'd as Rhymes to each other, in the Days of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and the rest of the Ancients; but this is now become a Fault in our Versification; and these two Verses of *Cowley* rhyme not at all.

*A clear and lively Brown was Merab's Dye;  
Such as the proudest Colours might envy.*

For these of *Dryden*.

*Thus Air was void of Light, and Earth unstable,  
And Waters dark Abyss unnavigable.*

Because we may not place an Accent on the last Syllable of *unnavigable*, nor on the last save one of *unnavigable*; which nevertheless we must be oblig'd to do, if we make the first of them rhyme to *Dye*, the last to *Unstable*.

But we may observe, that in Burlesque Poetry it is permitted to place an Accent upon a Syllable that naturally has none; as,

*When Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick.*



where, unless we pronounce the Particle *A* with a strong Accent upon it, and make it sound like the Vowel *a* in the last Syllable but one of *Ecclesiastick*, the Verse will lose its Beauty and Rhyme. But this is allowable in Burlesque Poetry only.

Observe that these double Rhymes may be compos'd of two several Words, provided the Accent be on the last Syllable of the first of them; as these Verses of *Cowley*, speaking of Gold;

*A Curse on him who did refine it,*  
*A Curse on him who first did coin it.*

Or some of the Verses may end in an entire Word, and the Rhyme to it be compos'd of several; as,

*Tho' stor'd with Deletary Med'cines,*  
*Which whosoever took is dead since.* Hu

The Treble Rhyme is, when in Words accented on the last save two, we begin the Rhyme at the Vowel of the Syllable, and continue it to the End of the Word: Thus *Charity* and *Parity*, *Tendernefs* and *Slendernefs*, &c. are Treble Rhymes; and these too, as well as the Double, may be compos'd of several Words; as,

*There was an ancient sage Philosopher,*  
*That had read Alexander Ross over.*

The Treble Rhyme is very seldom us'd, and ought wholly to be exploded from serious Subjects; for it has a certain Flatness unworthy the Gravity requir'd in Heroick Verse. which *Dryden* was of Opinion, that even the Double Rhyme ought very cautiously to find Place; and in all his Translations of *Virgil* he has made Use of none, except only in such Words as admit of a Contraction, and therefore cannot properly be said to be Double Rhymes; as *Giv'n*, *Driv'n*, *Tow*, *Pow'r*, and the like. And indeed, considering their Measure is indifferent from that of an Heroick Verse, which consists but of ten Syllables, they ought not to be too frequently us'd in Heroick Poems; but they are very graceful in the Lyrick, to which, as well as to the Burlesque, those Rhymes more properly belong.

SECT. III.

*Farther Instructions concerning Rhyme.*

THE Consonants that precede the Vowels where the Rhyme begins, must be different in Sound, and not the same; for then the Rhyme will be too perfect; as *Light, Delight; Vice, Advice*, and the like; for tho' such Rhymes were allowable in the Days of *Spencer*, and the other old poets, they are not so now, nor can there be any Musick in the single Note. *Cowley* himself owns, that they ought not to be allow'd except in *Pindarick Odes*, which is a Sort of free Poetry, and there too, very sparingly, and not without Third Rhyme to answer to both; as,

*In barren Age wild and inglorious-lye,  
And boast of past Fertility,  
The poor Relief of present Poverty.*

Cowl.

Where the Words *Fertility* and *Poverty* rhyme very well to the last Word of the first Verse, *Lye*; but cannot rhyme to each other, because the Consonants that precede the last Vowels are the same, both in Writing and Sound. But this is yet less allowable, if the Accent be on the last syllable of the Rhyme; as,

*Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests  
His Hand, and thence the vengeful Light'ning wrests.* Blac.

From hence it follows, that a Word cannot rhyme to itself, tho' the Signification be different; as, *He leaves to the leaves, &c.*

Nor the Words that differ both in Writing and Sense, if they have the same Sound, as *Maid and made, Prey and pray, bow and a Bough*; as,

*How gawdy Fate may be in Presents sent,  
And creep insensible by Touch or Scent.*

Oldh.

Nor a Compound to its Simple; as *Move to Remove, Taught Untaught, &c.*

Nor the Compounds of the same Words to one another, as *disprove to Approve*, and the like. All which proceeds from what I said before, viz. That the Consonants that precede the Vowels where the Rhyme begins, must not be the same

in Sound, but different. In all which we vary from our Neighbours; for neither the *French, Italians, nor Spaniards* will allow, that a Rhyme can be too perfect: And we meet with frequent Examples in their Poetry, where not only the Compounds rhyme to their Simples, and to themselves but even where Words written and pronounc'd exactly alike provided they have a different Signification, are made Use of as Rhymes to another: But this is not permitted in our Poetry.

We must take Care not to place a Word at the Middle of a Verse that rhymes to the last Word of it; as,

*So young in show, as if he still should grow.*

But this Fault is still more inexcusable, if the Second Verse rhyme to the Middle and End of the First; as,

*Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,  
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought.*

*Here Passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise  
Eternal Monuments of louder Praise.*

Or both the Middle and End of the Second to the last Word of the First; as,

*Farewell, she cry'd, my Sister, thou dear Part,  
Thou sweetest Part of my divided Heart.*

Where the Tenderness of Expression will not atone for the Jingle.

### CH A P. III.

#### *Of the several Sorts of Poems, or Composition in Verse.*

**A**LL our Poems may be divided into two Sorts; the First are those compos'd in Couplers; the Second, those that are compos'd in Stanza's, consisting of several Verses.

SECT. I.

*Of the Poems compos'd in Couplets.*

IN the Poems compos'd in Couplets, the Rhymes follow one another, and end at each Couplet; that is to say, the Verse rhymes to the 1<sup>st</sup>, the 4<sup>th</sup> to the 3<sup>d</sup>, the 6<sup>th</sup> to the 5<sup>th</sup>, and in like Manner to the End of the Poem.

The Verses employ'd in this Sort of Poems, are either Verses of 10 Syllables; as,

*Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream  
My great Example, as it is my Theme;  
Tho' dark yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong without Rage; without o'erflowing full.* Denh.

Or of 8; as,

*O fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,  
Why urge you thus your haughty Birth?  
The Pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies  
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.  
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn  
Henceforth to be of Princes born:  
I can describe the shady Grove,  
Where your lov'd Mother slept with Jove;  
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,  
Caught with her Spouse's Shape and Name;  
Thy matchless Form will credit bring,  
To all the Wonders I shall sing.* Wall.

Or of 7; as,

*Phillis, why should we delay  
Pleasures shorter than the Day?  
Could we, which we never can,  
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span,  
Beauty like a Shadow flies,  
And our Youth before us dies:  
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,  
Love has Wings, and will away.  
Love has swifter Wings than Time.*



But the second Verse of the Couplet does not always contain a like Number of Syllables with the First; as,

*What shall I do to be for ever known,  
And make the Age to come my own?  
I shall like Beasts and common People die,  
Unless you write my Elegy.*

## S E C T. II.

*Of the Poems compos'd in Stanzas: And first of the Stanzas consisting of three, and of four Verses.*

**I**N the Poems compos'd of Stanzas, each Stanza contains certain Number of Verses, consisting for the most Part a different Number of Syllables: And a Poem that consists several Stanzas, we generally call an Ode; and this is Lyric Poetry.

But we must not forget to observe, that our ancient Poets frequently made Use of intermix'd Rhyme in their Heroic Poems, which they dispos'd into Stanzas and Cantos. Thus the *Troilus* and *Cressida* of *Chaucer* is compos'd in Stanzas consisting of 7 Verses; the *Fairy-Queen* of *Spencer* in Stanzas of 9, &c. And this they took from the *Italians*, whose Heroic Poems generally consist in Stanzas of 8. But this is now wholly laid aside, and *Davenant*, who compos'd his *Gondibert* in Stanzas of 4 Verses in alternate Rhyme, was the last that follow'd their Example of intermingling Rhymes in Heroic Poetry.

The Stanzas employ'd in our Poetry, cannot consist of less than three, and are seldom of more than 12 Verses, except in Pindarick Odes, where the Stanzas are different from one another in Number of Verses, as shall be shewn.

But to treat of all the different Stanzas that are employ'd or may be admitted in our Poetry, would be a Labour as needless tedious than useless; it being easy to demonstrate, that they may be vary'd almost to an Infinity, that would be different from one another, either in the Number of the Verses of each Stanza, or in the Number of the Syllables of each Verse; or lastly, in the various intermingling of the Rhymes. I shall therefore confine my self to mention only such as are

most frequently us'd by the best of our modern Poets. And  
first of the Stanzas consisting of three Verses.

In the Stanzas of three Verses, or Triplets, the Verses of  
each Stanza rhyme to one another, and are either Heroick; as,

*Nothing, thou elder Brother even to Shade!  
Thou hadst a Being ere the World was made.  
And (well-fix'd) art alone of ending not afraid.* Roch. }

Or else they consist of 8 Syllables; as these of Waller, Of  
fair Lady playing with a Snake.

*Strange that such Horror and such Grace  
Should dwell together in one Place,  
A Fury's Arm, an Angel's Face.* }

Nor do the Verses of these Stanzas always contain a like  
Number of Syllables; for the First and Third may have Ten,  
the Second but Eight: as,

*Men without Love have oft so cunning grown,  
That something like it they have shown,  
But none who had it, ever seem'd to have none.* }

*Love's of a strangely open, simple Kind,  
Can no Arts or Disguises find;  
But thinks none sees it, 'cause it self is blind.* Cowl. }

In the Stanzas of four Verses, the Rhyme may be inter-  
mix'd in two different Manners; for either the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>d</sup>  
Verse may rhyme to each other, and by consequence the 2<sup>d</sup>  
and 4<sup>th</sup>, and this is call'd Alternate Rhyme; or the 1<sup>st</sup> and  
2<sup>d</sup> may rhyme, and by Consequence the 3<sup>d</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup>.

But there are some Poems in Stanzas of four Verses, where  
the Rhymes follow one another, and the Verses differ in  
Number of Syllables only; as in Cowley's Hymn to the Light,  
which begins thus,

*First-born of Chaos! who so fair didst come  
From the old Negro's darksome Womb;  
Which, when it saw the lovely Child,  
The melancholy Mops put on kind Looks and smil'd.*

But these Stanzas are generally in Alternate Rhyme, and  
the Verses consist either of 10 Syllables; as,

She

*She ne'r saw Courts, but Courts could have undone  
 With untaught Looks and an unpractis'd Heart:  
 Her Nets the most prepar'd could never shun;  
 For Nature spread them in the Scorn of Art.*

Or of 8; as,

*Had Echo wish so sweet a Grace,  
 Narcissus' loud Complaints return'd:  
 Not for Reflexion of his Face,  
 But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.*

Or of 10 and 8, that is to say, the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> of 10; the 2<sup>d</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> of 8; as,

*Love from Time's Wings has stol'n the Feathers sure,  
 He has, and put them to his own:  
 For Hours of late as long as Days endure,  
 And very Minutes Hours are grown.*

Or of 8 and 6 in the like Manner; as,

*Then ask not Bodies doom'd to die,  
 To what Abode they go:  
 Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy,  
 'Tis better not to know.*

Or of 7; as,

*Not the Silver Doves that fly,  
 Tied in Cytherea's Car;  
 Nor the Wings that lift so high,  
 And convey her Son so far,*

*Are so lovely sweet and fair,  
 Or do more ennoble Love;  
 Are so choicely match'd a Pair,  
 Or with more Consent do move.*

Note, That it is absolutely necessary, that both the Construction and Sense should end with the Stanza, and not fall into the Beginning of the following one, as it does in the last Example, which is a Fault wholly to be avoided.

S E C T. III.

Of the Stanzas of six Verses.

THE Stanzas of six Verses, are generally only one of the before-mention'd Quadrans or Stanzas of Four Verses, with Two Verses at the End, that rhyme to one other; as,

*A rural Judge dispos'd of Beauty's Prize,  
A simple Shepherd was preferr'd to Jove;  
Down at the Mountains from the partial Skies,  
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,  
To plead for that which was so justly giv'n,  
To the bright Carlisle of the Courts of Heav'n.*

Where the four first Verses are only a Quadran, and consist of 10 Syllables each in Alternate Rhyme.

The following Stanza in like Manner, is compos'd of a Quadran, whose Verses consist of 8 Syllables; and to which two Verses that rhyme to one another, are added to the End; as,

*Hope waits upon the flow'ry Prime,  
And Summer, tho' it be left gay,  
Yet is not look'd on as a Time  
Of Declination and Decay;*

*For with a full Hand that does bring  
All that was promis'd by the Spring.*

Wall.

Sometimes the Quadran ends the Stanza, and the two Verses of the same Rhyme begin it; as,

*Here's to thee, Dick; this whining Love despise:  
Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou be'st wise.*

*It sparkles brighter far than she;*

*'Tis pure and right without Deceit;*

*And such no Woman e'er can be;*

*No; they are all sophisticate.*

Cowl.

Or as in these, where the first and last Verses of the Stanza consist of 10 Syllables;

*When Chance or cruel Bus'ness parts us two,*

*What do our Souls, I wonder, do?*

*While Sleep does our dull Bodies tie,*

*Methinks at Home they should not stay,*

*Content with Dreams, but boldly fly*

*Abroad, and meet each other half the Way.*

Cowl.

Or



Or as in the following Stanza, where the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Verses rhyme to each other, and the 3<sup>d</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup>;

*While what I write I do not see,  
I dare thus ev'n to you write Poetry.  
Ah! foolish Muse! that dost so high aspire,  
And know'st her Judgment well,  
How much it does thy Pow'r excel;  
Yet dar'st be read by thy just Doom the Fire.*  
(Written in Juice of Lemons)

But in some of these Stanzas the Rhymes follow one another; as,

*Take Heed, take Heed, thou lovely Maid,  
Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd:  
Thy self for Money! Oh! let no Man know  
The Price of Beauty fall'n so low.  
What Dangers ought'st thou not to dread,  
When Love that's blind is by blind Fortune led?*

Lastly, some of these Stanzas are compos'd of 2 Triplets, as,

*The Lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,  
To strike sometimes does not disdain  
The humble Furzes of the Plain.  
She being so high, and I so low,  
Her Pow'r, by this, does greater show,  
Who at such Distance gives so sure a Blow.*

## S E C T. IV.

### Of the Stanzas of eight Verses.

I Have already said, that the *Italians* compose their Heroick Poems in Stanzas of 8 Verses, where the Rhyme is dispos'd as follows: The 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>d</sup>, and 5<sup>th</sup> Verses rhyme to one another, and the 2<sup>d</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, and 6<sup>th</sup>; the two last always rhyme to each other. Now our Translators of their Heroick Poems have observ'd the same Stanza and Disposition of Rhyme; which, take the following Example from *Fairfax's Translation of Tasso's Goffredo, Cant. 1. Stan. 3.*

Thither thou know'st the World is best inclin'd,  
 Where luring Parnass most his Beams imparts;  
 And Truth, convey'd in Verse of gentlest Kind,  
 To read sometimes will move the dullest Hearts;  
 So we, if Children young diseas'd we find,  
 Anoint with Sweets the Vessel's foremost Parts,  
 To make them taste the Potions sharp we give;  
 They drink deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd they live.

But our Poets seldom imploy this Stanza in Compositions  
 their own; where the following Stanzas of 8 Verses are  
 most frequent.

Some others may with Safety tell  
 The mod'rate Flames which in them dwell;  
 And either find some Med'cine there,  
 Or cure themselves ev'n by Despair:  
 My Love's so great, that it might prove  
 Dang'rous to tell her that I love.  
 So tender is my Wound, it cannot bear  
 Any Salute, tho' of the kindest Air.

Cowl.

Where the Rhymes follow one another, and the 6 first Verses  
 consist of 8 Syllables each, the two last of 10.

We have another Sort of Stanza of 8 Verses, where the  
 rhymes to the 1<sup>st</sup>, the 3<sup>d</sup> to the 2<sup>d</sup>, and the 4 last are two  
 couplets; and where the 1<sup>st</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup>, are of 10 Syl-  
 lables each, the 4 others but of 8; as,

I've often wish'd to love: What shall I do?

Me still the cruel Boy does spare;

And I a double Task must bear,

First to woo him, and then a Mistress too.

Come at last, and strike for shame,

If thou art any Thing besides a Name;

I'll think thee else no God to be,

But Poets rather Gods, who first created thee.

Cowl.

Another, when the two first and two last Verses consist of 10  
 syllables each, and rhyme to one another, the 4 other but of  
 in Alternate Rhyme.

Tho' you be absent hence, I needs must say,

The Trees as beauteous are, and Flow'rs as gay,

*As ever they were wont to be;  
 Nay the Birds rural Musick too  
 Is as melodious and free,  
 As if they sung to please you;  
 I saw a Rose-bud open this Morn; I'll swear  
 The blushing Morning open'd not more fair.*

Another, where the 4. first Verses are two Couplets, & 4 last in Alternate Rhyme; as in Cowley's Ode Of a Lady made Posies for Rings.

*I little thought the Time would ever be,  
 That I should Wit in dwarfish Posies see.*

*As all Words in few Letters live,  
 Thou too few Words all Sense dost give.  
 'Twas Nature taught you this rare Art,  
 In such a Little, Much to shew;  
 Who all the Good she did impart  
 To Womankind, epitomiz'd in you.*

## SECT. V.

### *Of the Stanzas of ten and of twelve Verses.*

**T**HE Stanzas of 10 and 12 Verses are seldom employ'd in our Poetry, it being very difficult to confine ourselves to a certain Disposition of Rhyme, and Measure of Verse, for so many Lines together; for which Reason those of 4, 6, and 8 Verses are the most frequent. However we sometimes find some of 10 and 12; as in Cowley's Ode, which he calls *Verses lost upon a Wager*, where the Rhymes follow one another; but the Verses differ in number of Syllables.

*As soon hereafter will I Wagers lay  
 'Gainst what an Oracle shall say;  
 Fool that I was to venture so deny*

*A Tongue so us'd to Victory;*

*A Tongue so blest by Nature and by Art,  
 That never yet it spoke, but gain'd a Heart.*

*Tho' what you said had not been true,*

*If spoke by any else but you;*

*Your Speech will govern Destiny,*

*And Fate will change rather than you shall lye.*

The same Poet furnishes us with an Example of a Stanza of 12 Verses in the Ode he calls *The Prophet*, where the ymes are observ'd in the same Manner as in the former examples.

*Teach me to love ! Go teach thy self Wit :*

*I chief Professor am of it.*

*Teach Craft to Scots, and Thrift to Jews,*

*Teach Boldness to the Stews.*

*In Tyrants Courts teach supple Flattery,*

*Teach Jesuits that have travell'd far too lie,*

*Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,*

*Teach restless Fountains how to flow,*

*Teach the dull Earth fixt to abide,*

*Teach Womankind Inconstancy and Pride.*

*See if your Diligence there will useful prove ;*

*But priethee teach not me to love.*

## S E C T. VI.

*Of the Stanzas that consist of an odd Number of Verses.*

WE have also Stanzas that consist of odd Numbers of Verses, as of 5, 7, 9, and 11; in all which it of necessity follows, that three Verses of the Stanza rhyme to one other, or that one of them be a blank Verse. In the Stanzas of 5 Verses the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> may rhyme, and 2<sup>d</sup> and two last; as,

*Sees not my Love how Time resumes*

*The Beauty which he lent these Flow'rs :*

*Tho' none should taste of their Perfumes,*

*Yet they must live but some few Hours :*

*Time what we forbear devours.*

Walk

Which is only a Stanza of 4 Verses in Alternate Rhyme, which a 5<sup>th</sup> Verse is added, that rhymes to the 2<sup>d</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup>. See also an Instance of a Stanza of 5 Verses, where the ymes are intermix'd in the same Manner as the former; the 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Verses are compos'd but of 4 Syllables.

Go,



*Go, lovely Rose,  
Tell her that wastes her Time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.*

In the following Example the two first Verses rhyme, the three last.

*'Tis well, 'tis well with them, said I,  
Whose short-liv'd Passions with themselves can die.  
For none can be unhappy, who  
'Midst all his Ills a Time does know,  
Tho' ne'er so long, when he shall not be so.* Cowl

In this Stanza the two first and the last, and the 3<sup>d</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> rhyme to one another.

*It is enough, enough of Time and Pain  
Hast thou consum'd in vain;  
Leave, wretched Cowley, leave,  
Thy self with Shadows to deceive.  
Think that already lost which thou must never gain.* Co

The Stanzas of 7 Verses are frequent enough in our Poets especially among the Antients, who compos'd many of the Poems in this Sort of Stanza: See the Example of one them taken from *Spencer* in *The Ruins of Time*, where 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>d</sup> Verses rhyme to one another, the 2<sup>d</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, and and the two last.

*But Fame with golden Wings aloft does fly  
Above the Reach of ruinous Decay,  
And with brave Plumes does beat the Azure Sky.  
Admir'd of base-born Men from far away:  
Then who so will with virtuous Deeds assay,  
To mount to Heaven, on Pegasus must ride,  
And in sweet Poets Verse be glorify'd.*

I have rather chosen to take Notice of this Stanza, because that Poet and *Chaucer* have made Use of it in many of the Poems, tho' they have not been follow'd in it by any of the Moderns, whose Stanzas of 7 Verses are generally compos'd as follows.

Either the four first Verses are a *Quadrain* in *Alternate Rhyme*, and the three last rhyme to one another; as,

Now by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,  
None loves you half so well as I;  
I do not ask your Love for this,  
But for Heaven's sake believe me or I die.  
No servant sure but did deserve  
His Master should believe that he did serve;  
And I'll ask no more Wages tho' I starve.

the four first are two Couplets, and the three last a Triplet,  
as,

Indeed I must confess  
When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,  
But not compleat 'till Bodies too combine,  
And closely as our Minds together join.  
But half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste;  
'Till by Love in Heav'n at last  
Their Bodies too are plac'd.

on the contrary, the three first may rhyme, and the four  
be in Rhymes that follow one another; as,

From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,  
And all the Passions else that be,  
In vain I boast of Liberty:  
In vain this State a Freedom call,  
Since I have Love; and Love is all.  
Not that I am! who think it fit to brag  
That I have no Disease besides the Plague.

the 1<sup>st</sup> may rhyme to the two last, the 2<sup>d</sup> to the 5<sup>th</sup>, and  
3<sup>d</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> to one another; as,

In vain thou drowsty God I thee invoke,  
For thou who dost from Fumes arise,  
Thou who Man's Soul dost overshadow  
With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,  
Canst have no Pow'r to shut his Eyes,  
Or Passage of his Spirits to choak,  
Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smoak.

lastly, the four first and two last may be in the following  
yme, and the 5<sup>th</sup> a Blank Verse; as,

Thou

*Thou robb'st my Days of Bus'ness and Delights,  
Of Sleep thou robb'st my Nights.*

*Ah lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?*

*What, rob me of Heav'n too!*

*Thou ev'n my Prayers dost from me steal,*

*And I with wild Idolatry*

*Begin to God, and end them all in thee.*

The Stanzas of 9 and of 11 Syllables are not so frequent as those of 5 and of 7. *Spencer* has compos'd his *Fairy* in Stanzas of 9 Verses, where the first rhymes to the 3<sup>d</sup>, 2<sup>d</sup> to the 4<sup>th</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, and 7<sup>th</sup>, and the 6<sup>th</sup> to the two last: this Stanza is very difficult to maintain, and the unlikeliest Choice of it reduc'd him often to the Necessity of making Use of many exploded Words: Nor has he, I think, been follow'd in it by any of the Moderns, whose 6 first Verses of the Stanzas that consist of 9, are generally in Rhymes that follow one another, and the three last a Triplet; as,

*Beauty, Love's Scene and Masquerade,*

*So well by well-plac'd Lights, and Distance made;*

*False Coin! with which the Impostor cheats us still,*

*The Stamp and Colour good, but Metal ill:*

*Which light or base we find, when we*

*Weigh by Enjoyment, and examine thee.*

*For tho' thy Being be but Show,*

*'Tis chiefly Night which Men to thee allow,*

*And chuse to enjoy thee, when thou least art thou.*

In the following Example the like Rhyme is observ'd, the Verses differ in Measure from the former.

*Beneath this gloomy Shade,*

*By Nature only for my Sorrows made,*

*I'll spend this Voice in Cries;*

*In Tears I'll waste these Eyes,*

*By Love so vainly fed:*

*So Lust of old the Deluge punished.*

*Ah wretched Youth! said I,*

*Ah wretched Youth! twice did I sadly cry;*

*Ah wretched Youth! the Fields and Floods reply.*

The Stanzas consisting of 11 Verses are yet less frequent than those of 9, and have nothing particular to be observ'd in them. Take an Example of one of them, where the 6 first Couplets, the three next a Triplet, the two last a Couplet, and where the 4<sup>th</sup>, the 7<sup>th</sup>, and the last Verses are of 8 Syllables each, the others of 8.

No, to what purpose should I speak?  
 No, wretched Heart, swell till you break:  
 She cannot love me if she would.  
 And, to say Truth, 'twere Pity that she should.  
 No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,  
 As silent as they will be there;  
 Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give,  
 So handsomely the Thing contrive,  
 That she may guiltless of it live:  
 So perish, that her killing thee  
 May a Chance-Medley, and no Murder be. Cowl.

## S E C T. VII.

### *f Pindarick Odes, and Poems in Blank Verse.*

THE Stanzas of Pindarick Odes are neither confin'd to a certain Number of Verses, nor the Verses to a certain Number of Syllables, nor the Rhymes to a certain Distance. Some Stanzas contain 50 Verses or more, others not above 10, and sometimes not so many: Some Verses 14, 16 Syllables, others not above 4: Sometimes the Rhymes follow one another for several Couplets together, sometimes are remov'd 6 Verses from each other; and all this in the same Stanza. Cowley was the first who introduc'd this Sort of Poetry into our Language: Nor can the Nature of it be better describ'd than as he himself has done it, in one of his Stanzas of his Ode upon *Liberty*, which I will transcribe, as an Example, for none can properly be given where none can be prescrib'd, but to give an Idea of the Nature of this Sort of Poetry.



If Life should a well-order'd Poem be,  
 In which he only hits the White,  
 Who joins true Profit with the best Delight;  
 The more heroick Strain let others take,  
 Mine the Pindarick Way I'll make:  
 The Matter shall be grave, the Numbers loose and free;  
 It shall not keep one settled Pace of Time,  
 In the same Tune it shall not always chime,  
 Nor shall each Day just to his Neighbour rhyme.  
 A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,  
 And yet shall manage all without Offence,  
 Or to the Sweetness of the Sound, or Greatness of the Sense.  
 Nor shall it ever from one Subject start,  
 Nor seek Transitions to depart;  
 Nor its set Way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,  
 Nor thro' Lanes a compass take,  
 As if it fear'd some Trespass to commit,  
 When the wide Air's a Road for it.  
 So the Imperial Eagle does not stay  
 'Till the whole Carcass he devour,  
 That's fall'n into his Pow'r,  
 As if his gen'rous Hunger understood,  
 That he can never want Plenty of Food;  
 He only sucks the tasteful Blood,  
 And to fresh Game flies chearfully away,  
 To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

This Sort of Poetry is employ'd in all Manner of Subject  
 in Pleasant, in Grave, in Amorous, in Heroick, in Philo-  
 sophical, in Moral, and in Divine.

Blank Verse is where the Measure is exactly kept with-  
 out Rhyme; *Shakespeare*, to avoid the troublesome Constric-  
 tion of Rhyme, was the first who invented it; our Poets  
 since him have made Use of it in many of their Tragedies  
 and Comedies: But the most celebrated Poem in this Kind  
 of Verse is *Milton's Paradise lost*; from the 5<sup>th</sup> Book of which  
 I have taken the following Lines for an Example of Blank  
 Verse.

these are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good !  
 glory ! thine this universal Frame,  
 wondrous fair ! thy self how wondrous then !  
 you, who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,  
 ! for you behold him, and with Songs,  
 Choral Symphonies, Day without Night,  
 his Throne rejoicing, you in Heaven  
 arth, join all ye Creatures, to extol  
 first, him last, him midst, and without End !  
 st of Stars ! last in the Train of Night,  
 ter thou belong not to the Dawn,  
 Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn  
 the bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphere,  
 Day arises, that sweet Hour of Prime !  
 Son ! of this great World both Eye and Soul,  
 owledge him thy Creator, sound his Praise  
 y eternal Course, both when thou climb'st,  
 when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 ! that now meet'st the Orient Sun, now fly'st  
 the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies,  
 ye five other wand'ring Fires ! that move  
 ystlick Dance, not without Song, resound  
 Praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.  
 and ye Elements ! the eldest Birth  
 Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run  
 tual Circle multiform and mix  
 nourish all Things ; let your ceaseless Change  
 to our great Maker still new Praise,  
 fests and Exhalations ! that now rise  
 Hill or standing Lake, dusky or gray,  
 the Sun paints your fleecy Skirts with Gold,  
 honour to the World's great Author rise ;  
 ther to deck with Clouds th'uncolour'd Sky,  
 wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs,  
 ng or falling, still advance his Praise.  
 Praise, ye Winds ! that from four Quarters blow,  
 the soft or loud ; and wave your Tops, ye Pines !  
 b ev'ry Plant, in Sign of Worship, wave.  
 ntains ! and ye that warble as you flow  
 odious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.  
 a Voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds !  
 t singing, up to Heav'n's high Gate ascend,  
 on your Wings, and in your Notes his Praise.  
 hat in Waters glide ! and ye that walk

The Earth! and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, Ev'n on Morn,  
 To Hill or Valley, Fountain, or fresh Shade,  
 Made Vocal by my Song, and taught his Praise.

Thus I have given a short Account of all the Sorts  
 Poems that are most us'd in our Language. The Acrostic  
 Anagrams, &c. deserve not to be mention'd, and we  
 say of them what an antient Poet said long ago.

*Stultum est difficile habere nugas;  
 Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.*

## F I N I S.



A

# COLLECTION

OF THE

*Most Natural and Sublime*

# THOUGHTS;

VIZ.

Illusions, Similes, Descriptions and  
Characters, of *Persons* and *Things*, that  
are in the best *English* P O E T S.

---

*positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis Odores.* Virg.

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Printed in the Year MDCCXXV.



# COLLECTION

The NAMES of the AUTHORS  
that are cited by their Abbreviations in  
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*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Plinius ac melius Chysippo et Crantore dicunt.* Hor.



# COLLECTION

## OF THE

### Most Natural and Sublime THOUGHTS of the best ENGLISH POETS.

#### A B S E N C E. See *Parting*.

Mourn in Absence, Love's eternal Night. *Dr. Pal. & Arc.*

It was not kind,

To leave me, like a Turtle, here alone,  
droop, and mourn the Absence of my Mate.

When thou art from me, ev'ry Place is desert,

and I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.

My Presence only 'tis can make me blest'd,

and my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

We reckon Hours for Months, and Days for Years;

and ev'ry little Absence is an Age.

The tedious Hours move heavily away,

and each long Minute seems a lazy Day.

*Otm. Orph.*

*Dryd. Amphit.*

*Otm. Cai. Mar.*

For thee the bubbling Springs appear'd to mourn,  
 And whisp'ring Pines made Vows for thy Return. *Dryd.*  
 Night must involve the World till she appear;  
 The Flow'rs in painted Meadows hang their Heads;  
 The Birds awake not to their Morning Songs,  
 Nor early Hinds renew their constant Labour:  
 Ev'n Nature seems to slumber till her Call,  
 Regardless of th' Approach of any other Day. *Rowe*

Winds murmur'd thro' the Leaves your short Delay,  
 And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your Stay:  
 But, with your Presence chear'd, they cease to mourn!  
 And Walks wear fresher Green at your Return. *Dryd. Sta*

The Joys of Meeting pay the Pangs of Absence,  
 Else who could bear it? —

When thy lov'd Sight shall bless my Eyes again,  
 Then will I own I ought not to complain, *(Tan*  
 Since that sweet Hour is worth whole Years of Pain. *Row*

I charge thee loiter not, but haste to bless me;  
 Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage, I burn;  
 For every tedious Minute how I mourn!

Think how I call thee cruel for thy Stay,  
 And break my Heart with Grief for thy unkind Delay! *(D*

Fly swift, ye Hours, you measure Time for me in vain  
 Till you bring back *Leonidas* again: *Had edit 70*

Be swifter now; and, to redeem that Wrong,  
 When he and I are met, be twice as long. *Dr. Mar. A-la-*

While in divine *Panthea's* charming Eyes,  
 I view the naked Boy that basking lies,  
 I grow a God! so blest, so blest am I,  
 With sacred Rapture, and immortal Joy!

But, absent, if she shines no more,

And hides the Sun that I adore,

Strait, like a Wretch despairing, I

Sigh, languish in the Shade, and die.

Oh! I were lost in endless Night,

If her bright Presence brought not Light;

Then I revive, blest as before,

The Gods themselves cannot be more!

For Passion by long Absence does improve,  
 And makes that Rapture which before was Love.

#### A D V I C E.

When Things go ill, each Fool presumes t'advise,  
 And, if more happy, thinks himself more wise:

*Ægeon. Æolus.* 50

wretchedly deplore the present State, (*Cleop.*  
that Advice seems best which comes too late. *Sedl. Ant.*  
like sound Advice proceeding from a Heart  
erely yours, and free from fraudulent Art. *Dryd. Virg.*

*ÆGEON.*

*Ægeon*, when with Heav'n he strove,  
opposite in Arms to mighty *Jove*;  
d all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War;  
d the forky Lightning from afar:  
fty Mouths his flaming Breath expires,  
Flash for Flash returns, and Fires for Fires:  
s right Hand as many Swords he wields,  
akes the Thunder on as many Shields. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Monster *Titan* came:

wand'ring Skies enormous stalk'd along,  
he that shakes the solid Earth so strong:  
Giant Pride at *Jove's* high Throne he stands,  
brandish'd round him all his hundred Hands. *Pope Hom.*  
areus call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below  
s terrestrial Name *Ægeon* know. *Dryd. Hom.*

*ÆOLUS.* See *Winds, Storm.*

God who does in Caves constrain the Winds,  
with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appease,  
fear his Whistle, and forsake the Seas.

Yet once indulg'd, they sweep the Main,  
to the Call, or hearing, hear in vain.  
bent on Mischief, bear the Waves before,  
not content with Seas, insult the Shore;  
Ocean, Air and Earth, at once engage,  
rooted Forests fly before their Rage,  
ee the clashing Clouds to Battel move,  
Lightnings run across the Fields above.  
nes of Tempest they command alone,  
he but sits precarious on the Throne. *Dryd. Ovid.*

*Æolus*, to whom the King of Heav'n,  
Power of Tempests and of Winds has giv'n;  
e Force alone their Fury can restrain,  
smooth the Waves, or swell their troubled Main. *Dryd. Virg.*  
Pow'r to hollow Caverns is confin'd;  
let him rage the Jailor of the Wind;  
hoarse Command his breathing Subjects call,  
boast and bluster in his empty Hall, *Dryd. Virg.*

*Æ T N A*



6 *Ætna. The four Ages of the World.*

*Æ T N A.*

Mount *Ætna* thence we spy,  
Known by the smoaky Flames which cloud the Sky:  
By turns a pitchy Cloud she rowls on high;  
By turns hot Embers from her Entrails fly,  
And Flakes of Mounting Flames that lick the Sky,  
Oft from her Bowels massy Rocks are thrown,  
And, shiver'd by the Force, come piecemeal down:  
Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,  
Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below.  
*Enceladus*, they say, transfix'd by *Jove*,  
With blasted Wings came tumbling from above;  
And where he fell th' avenging Father drew  
This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw:  
As often as he turns his weary Sides,  
He shakes the solid Isle, and Smoke the Heavens hides. *Dr.*  
Here press'd *Enceladus*, with mighty Loads,  
Vomits Revenge in Flames against the Gods:  
Thro' *Ætna's* Jaws he impudently threatens,  
And thund'ring Heaven with equal Thunder beats. *Cr. L.*

So Contraries on *Ætna's* Top conspire,  
Here hoary Frosts, and by them breaks out Fire:  
A Peace secure the faithful Neighbours keep,  
Th' imbolden'd Snow next to the Flame does sleep. *Cr.*

As when the Force  
Of subterranean Wind transports a Hill,  
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd Side  
Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible  
And fuel'd Entrails thence conceiving Fire,  
Sublim'd with min'ral Fury, aid the Winds,  
And leave a singed Bottom all invol'd  
With Stench and Smoke.

*The Four AGES of the World.*

*GOLDEN AGE.*

The *Golden Age* was first, when Man, yet new,  
No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew;  
And with a native Bent did Good pursue.  
Unforc'd by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear,  
His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere:  
Needless was written Law, where none oppress'd;  
The Law of Man was written in his Breast.

## The four Ages of the World

37

o suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,  
 o Court erected yet, nor Cause was heard;  
 at all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard,  
 he Mountain Trees in distant Prospect please,  
 er yet the Pine descended to the Seas;  
 er Sails were spread new Oceans to explore,  
 nd happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,  
 onfin'd their Wishes to their native Shore;  
 o Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Moat, nor Mound;  
 er Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound;  
 or Swords were forg'd: But, void of Care and Crime,  
 he soft Creation slept away their Time.  
 he teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,  
 nd unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow  
 ontent with Food, which Nature freely bred,  
 n Wildings and on Strawberries they fed,  
 ornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,  
 nd falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.  
 he Flow'rs unsown in Fields and Meadows reign'd,  
 nd Western Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.  
 following Years the bearded Corn enfold'd  
 om Earth (unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd)  
 om Veins of Vallies Milk and Nectar broke,  
 nd Honey sweated thro' the Pores of Oak.

### SILVER AGE

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,  
 as driv'n to Hell, the World was under Jove's  
 eceeding Times a Silver Age behold,  
 xcelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold:  
 hen Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear,  
 nd Spring was but a Season of the Year;  
 he Sun his annual Course, obliquely, made,  
 ood Days contracted, and enlarg'd the Bad.  
 he Air with sultry Heats began to glow;  
 he Wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow;  
 nd shiv'ring Mortals, into Houses driv'n,  
 ight Shelter from th' Inclemency of Heav'n.  
 heir Houses then were Caves, or homely Steds,  
 ith twining Oziers, fenc'd, and Moss their Beds.  
 hen Ploughs, for Seed, the fruitful Furrows broke,  
 nd Oxen labour'd first beneath the Yoke.

**BRAZEN AGE.**

To this came next in Course the *Brazen Age*;  
A warlike Offspring prompt to bloody Rage,  
Not impious yet.

**IRON AGE.**

Hard Steel succeeded then,  
And stubborn as the Metal were the Men.  
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the World forsook;  
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their Places took:  
Then Sails were spread to ev'ry Wind that blew;  
Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new.  
Trees rudely hollow'd did the Waves sustain,  
E'er Ships in Triumph plough'd the watry Main,  
Then Land-marks limited to each his Right;  
For all before was common as the Light:  
Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear  
Her annual Income to the crooked Share:  
But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,  
Dig'd from her Entrails first the precious Ore;  
(Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid.)  
And that alluring Ill to Sight display'd:  
Thus cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold,  
Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold;  
And double Death did wretched Man invade,  
By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.  
Now brandish'd Weapons glitt'ring in their Hands,  
Mankind is broken loose from mortal Bands.  
No Rights of Hospitality remain;  
The Guest, by him that harbour'd him, is slain:  
The Son-in-Law pursues the Father's Life;  
The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife:  
The Stepdame Poison for the Son prepares;  
The Son enquires into his Father's Years:  
*Faith* flies, and *Piety* in Exile mourns:  
And *Justice*, here oppress'd, to Heav'n returns. *Dryd. Ovid.*

**SILVER AGE.**

E'er this no *Peasant* vex'd the peaceful Ground,  
Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found:  
No Fences parted Fields; nor Marks, nor Bounds  
Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Grounds:

all was common, and the fruitful Earth  
 was free to give her unexacted Birth.  
 He added Venom to the Viper's Brood,  
 and swell'd with raging Storms the peaceful Flood;  
 commission'd hungry Wolves t'infest the Fold,  
 and shook from oaken Leafs the liquid Gold:  
 remov'd from human Reach the chearful Fire,  
 and from the Rivers bade the Wine retire;  
 that studious Need might useful Arts explore  
 from furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store,  
 and force the Veins of clashing Flints t'expire  
 the lurking Seeds of their celestial Fire.  
 When first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam:  
 When Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name  
 to ev'ry fixt, and ev'ry wand'ring Star,  
 the Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.  
 When Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,  
 and deep-mouth'd Dogs did Forest-Walks surround;  
 and Casting Nets were spread in hollow Brooks,  
 and Hooks in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks;  
 When Saws were tooth'd. and sounding Axes made,  
 and various Arts in Order did succeed.

*Dryd. Virg.*

*Future GOLDEN AGE.*

Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,  
 and fragrant Herbs, the Promises of Spring:  
 the Goats with strutting Duggs shall homeward speed,  
 and lowing Herds secure from Lions feed.  
 The Serpent's Brood shall die: the sacred Ground  
 all Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,  
 the common Bush shall Syrian Roses wear:  
 labour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,  
 and cluster'd Grapes shall blush on ev'ry Thorn.  
 The knotted Oak shall Show'rs of Honey weep,  
 and thro' the matted Grass the liquid Gold shall creep.  
 The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego;  
 the Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware,  
 and ev'ry Soil shall ev'ry Product bear.  
 The lab'ring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin,  
 the Plough shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the Vine,  
 the Wool shall in dissembled Colours shine:  
 the luxurious Father of the Fold,  
 with native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,

}



Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat,  
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat. *Dryd. Virg.*

## A L E C T O.

The Virgin Daughter of eternal Night:  
She still delights in War and human Woes.  
Ev'n *Pluto* hates his own mis-shapen Race,  
Her Sister *Furies* fly her hideous Face,  
So frightful are the Forms the Monster takes,  
So fierce the Hissing of her speckled Snakes.  
'Tis hers, to ruin Realms, o'erturn a State,  
Betwixt the dearest Friends to raise Debate,  
And kindle kindred Blood to mutual Hate.  
Her Hand o'er Towns the fun'ral Torch displays,  
And forms a thousand Ills ten thousand Ways.  
She shakes from out her fruitful Breast the Seeds  
Of Envy, Discord, and of cruel Deeds:  
Confounds establish'd Peace, and does prepare  
Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Fates infernal Minister!

War, Death, Destruction, in her Hand she bears;  
Her curling Snakes with Hissings fill the Place,  
And open all the Furies of her Face.  
Her Chain she rattles, and her Whips she shakes,  
Churning her bloody Foam. *Dryd. Virg.*

## A L P S.

So, pleas'd at first, the tow'ring *Alps* we try,  
Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky:  
Th'eternal Snows appear already past,  
And the first Clouds and Mountains seem the last:  
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way:  
Th'increasing Prospect tires our wandering Eyes;  
Hills peep o'er Hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise. *Pope*

## A M A Z O N.

So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old,  
When *Thermodon* with bloody Billows rould:  
Such Troops as these in shining Arms were seen,  
When *Theseus* met in Fight their Maiden Queen,  
Such to the Field *Penthesilea* led,  
From the fierce Virgin when the *Grecians* fled:  
With such return'd triumphant from the War;  
Her Maids with Cries attend the lofty Car: *The*

they clash with manly Force their moony Shields;  
 with female Shouts resound the *Phrygian* Fields. *Dryd, Virg.*  
 Resistless thro' the War *Camilla* rode,  
 Danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with Blood.  
 Her side was bare for her exerted Breast,  
 Her Shoulder with her painted Quiver press'd.  
 Now from afar her fatal Jav'lin's play;  
 Now with her Ax's Edge she hews her way.  
 Her Arms upon her Shoulders sound;  
 And when too closely press'd, she quits the Ground, *(Virg.*  
 From her bent Bow she sends a backward Wound. *Dryd.* }  
*Penthesilea* there, with haughty Grace,  
 Leads to the War an *Amazonian* Race:  
 Their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield;  
 Their left, for Ward, sustains the lunar Shield.  
 Forward her Breast a golden Belt she throws;  
 Amidst the Press, alone, provokes a thousand Foes, *(Virg.*  
 And dares her maiden Arms to manly Force oppose. *Dryd.* }  
 The little *Amazon* could hardly go,  
 Loads her with a Quiver and a Bow,  
 And, that she might her staggering Steps command,  
 With a slender Jav'lin fills her Hand:  
 Her flowing Hair no golden Fillets bound,  
 Her sweep her trailing Robe the dusty Ground.  
 Instead of these a Tiger's Hide o'erspread  
 Her Back and Shoulders, fasten'd to her Head.  
 Her flying Dart she first attempts to sling,  
 And round her tender Temples toss'd the Sling.  
 Then, as her Strength with Years increas'd began  
 To pierce aloft in Air the soaring Swan,  
 From the Clouds to fetch the Heron and the Crane. }  
*Dryd. Virg.*

**A M B I T I O N.** See *Greatness*.

Ambition is a Lust that's never quench'd, *(Cai. Mar.*  
 Which grows more inflam'd, and madder by Enjoyment. *Osw,*  
 Ambition is at Distance  
 A goodly Prospect, tempting to the View:  
 Her Height delights us, and the Mountain Top  
 Seems beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heav'n;  
 We ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation, *(Ven. Pres.*  
 That Storms will batter, and what Tempests shake us! *Osw.*  
 At lowest Ebb of Fortune when you lay  
 Contented, then how happy was the Day!

But oh! the Curse of aiming to be great!  
 Dazled with Hope we cannot see the Cheat.  
 When wild Ambition in the Heart we find,  
 Farewel Content and Quiet of the Mind:  
 For glitt'ring Clouds we leave the solid Shore,  
 And wonted Happiness returns no more. *Har. Ju*

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;  
 And Fortune's Ice prefers to Vertue's Land. *Dr. Abs. & A*

Yet true Renown is still with Vertue join'd,  
 But Lust of Pow'r lets loose th'unbridled Mind. *Dryd. Aur*

Ambition! the Desire of active Souls,  
 That pushes them beyond the Bounds of Nature,  
 And elevates the Hero to the Gods. *Row. Amb. S*

O Energy divine of great Ambition!  
 That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,  
 And ripen 'em to Men in spite of Nature. *Row. Amb. S*

Ambition is like Love, impatient  
 Both of Delays and Rivals. *Denb. S*

Ambition's never safe, till Pow'r be past:  
 As Men, till impotent, are seldom chaste. *Sedl. Ant. & C*

Ambition is the Dropsy of the Soul,  
 Whose Thirst we must not yield to, but controul. *Sedl. A*

If Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow'd,  
 How then should Souls, ally'd to Sense, resist it? *Dryd. Sec. L*

One World suffic'd not *Alexander's* Mind,  
 Coop'd up, he seem'd, in Earth and Seas confin'd:  
 And, struggling, stretch'd his restless Limbs about  
 The narrow Globe to find a Passage out:  
 Yet enter'd in the Brick-built Town, he try'd  
 The Tomb, and found the freight Dimensions wide.  
 Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,  
 The mighty Soul how small a Body holds! *Dryd. J*

The Blast which his ambitious Spirit swell'd,  
 See by how weak a Tenure it was held! *Dryd. Am*

Ambition's like a Circle on the Water  
 Which never ceases to enlarge it self,  
 Till by broad spreading, it disperse to nought. *Shak. Hen*

For Kings oft lose the Conquests gain'd before,  
 By vain Ambition still to make them more.

Vaulting Ambition still o'erleaps it self. *Shak. M*

# ANGEL.

Then *Gabriel*  
 Bodies and cloaths himself, with thicken'd Air,

like a comely Youth in Life's fresh Bloom,  
 ere Workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly Loom;  
 he took for Skin a Cloud most soft and bright,  
 at e'er the mid-day Sun pierc'd thro' with Light.  
 on his Cheeks a lively Blush he spread,  
 wash'd from the Morning Beauties deepest red.  
 harmless flaming Meteor shone for Hair,  
 and fell adown his Shoulders with loose Care.  
 he cut out a silk Mantle from the Skies,  
 where the most sprightly Azure please the Eyes:  
 his he with starry Vapours spangles, all  
 when in their Prime, e'er they grow ripe and fall.  
 of a new Rainbow, e'er it fret or fade,  
 the choicest Piece ta'en out, a Scarf is made.  
 small streaming Clouds he does for Wings display;  
 for virtuous Lovers sigh more soft than they:  
 these he gilds o'er with the Sun's richest Rays,  
 caught gliding o'er pure Streams, on which he plays.

Thus dress'd he posts away,  
 and carries with him his own glorious Day,  
 thro' the thick Woods: The gloomy Shades awhile  
 put on fresh Looks, and wonder why they smile.  
 the trembling Serpents close and silent lie;  
 the Birds obscene far from his Passage fly.  
 a sudden Spring waits on him as he goes,  
 sudden as that which by Creation rose.

Down thither prone in Flight,  
 he speeds, and thro' the vast etherial Sky,  
 sails between Worlds and Worlds with steady Wings;  
 now on the Polar Winds, then with quick Fan  
 winnows the buxom Air.  
 Of beaming sunny Rays a golden Tiar  
 circled his Head; nor less his Locks behind  
 illustrious on his Shoulders, hedg'd with Wings,  
 lay waving round.

Six Wings he wore to shade  
 his Liniments divine: The Pair that clad  
 each Shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breast  
 with regal Ornament; the middle Pair  
 girt, like a starry Zone, his Waste, and round  
 skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,  
 and Colours d'pt in Heaven: The third his Feet  
 shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail,  
 sky-tinctur'd Grain. Like Maia's Son he stood,

And



And shook his Plumes, that heav'nly Fragrance fill'd  
The Circuit wide.

*A N G E R.*

*See Rage.*

Black Choler fill'd his Breast, that boil'd with Ire,  
And from his Eyeballs flash'd the living Fire.

*Pope Hom.*

His troubled Looks reveal'd his inward Wound,  
And Storms of Fury on his Forehead frown'd.

Enormous Rage distended ev'ry Vein,  
And all Hell's Furies o'er his Breast did reign.

Swoln with Revenge, his blood-shot Eyes did glare,  
Like ruddy Meteors blazing in the Air.

And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Looks.

He swells with Wrath, he makes outrageous Moan,

He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the Ground.

Rage flash'd like Lightning from his livid Eyes.

*Talbot* had long suppress'd

Enflamed Rage in glowing Breast;

Which now began to rage and burn as if

Implacably, as Flame in Furnace.

He trembled and look'd pale with Ire,

Like Ashes first, then red as Fire.

At this the Knight grew high in Wrath,

And lifting Hands and Eyes up both,

Three times he smote on Stomach stout.

With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,

He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp,

And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake.

He heav'd for Vent, and burst, like bellowing *Aetna*,

In Sounds scarce human.

There is a fatal Fury in your Visage;

It blazes fierce, and menaces Destruction.

Oh! I burn inward; my Blood's all o'fire;

*Alcides*, when the poison'd Shirt sat closest;

Had but an Ague Fit to this my Fever.

Mad with her Anguish; impotent to bear

The mighty Grief, she loaths the vital Air;

She raves against the Gods, she beats her Breast,

And tears with both her Hands her purple Vest.

Anger is like

A full-hot Horse; allow him but his way,

Self-Mettle tires him.

Anger, like Madness, is appeas'd by Rest.

ANT. See Creation.

Thus in Battalia march embodied Ants,  
 arful of Winter and of future Wants,  
 invade the Corn; and to their Cells convey  
 the plunder'd Forage of their yellow Prey.  
 The sable Troops, along the narrow Tracts,  
 force bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs:  
 Some set their Shoulders to the pondrous Grain,  
 Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging Train:  
 They ply their sev'ral Tasks, and equal Toil sustain. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 The little Drudge does trot about and sweat,  
 Nor will he strait devour all he can get:  
 In his temp'rate Mouth carries it home;  
 Stock for Winter, which he knows must come. *Cowh. Hor.*

ANTIQUARY and ANTIQUITY.

It was a Question whether he  
 Or's Horse were of a Family  
 More worshipful; till Antiquaries  
 (After they'd almost por'd out their Eyes)  
 Did very learnedly decide  
 The Bus'ness on the Horse's Side;  
 And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,  
 Nay Pigs, were of the elder House:  
 For Beasts, when Man was but a Piece  
 Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess. *Hud.*  
 'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author,  
 That makes Truth Truth, altho' Time's Daughter,  
 'Twas he that put her in the Pit,  
 Before he pull'd her out of it.  
 And as he eats his Sons, just so  
 He feeds upon his Daughters too.  
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a Herald  
 Can make a Gentleman, scarce a Year old;  
 To be descended from a Race  
 Of ancient Kings, in a small Space:  
 That we should all Opinions hold  
 Authentick, that we can make old. *Hud.*

APOLLO.

Like fair Apollo when he leaves the Frost  
 Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian Coast;

When

When to his native *Delos* he resorts,  
 Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports:  
 Where painted *Scythians*, mix'd with *Cretan* Bands,  
 Before the joyful Altar join their Hands;  
 Himself, on *Cynthus* walking, sees below  
 The merry Madness of the sacred Show,  
 Green Wreaths of Bays his Length of Hair inclose,  
 A golden Fillet binds his awful Brows;  
 His Quiver sounds,

*Dryd. Virg.*

*Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos* obey,  
 These Hands the *Patereian* Sceptre sway;  
 The King of Gods begot me: What shall be,  
 Or is, or ever was in Fate I see.

Mine is th'Invention of the charming Lyre,  
 Sweet Notes and heav'nly Numbers I inspire:  
 Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart:  
 Med'cine is mine; what Herbs and Simples grow  
 In Fields or Forests all their Powers I know;  
 And am the *Great Physician* call'd below.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

    O Source of sacred Light,  
 God with the silver Bow, and golden Hair;  
 Whom *Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos* obeys,  
 And whose broad Eye their happy Soils surveys!

*Dryd. Hom.**A P O T H E C A R Y and his Shop.*

I do remember an Apothecary,  
 In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,  
 Culling of Simples: meagre were his Looks,  
 Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;  
 And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,  
 An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins  
 Of ill shap'd Fishes, and about his Shelves  
 A beggarly Account of empty Boxes,  
 Green earthen Pots, Bladders and musty Seeds,  
 Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses,  
 Were thinly scattered to make up a Show. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*  
 His Shop the gazing *Vulgar's* Eyes employs  
 With foreign Trinkets, and domestick Toys:  
 Here Mummies lay, most reverently stale,  
 And there the Tortoise hung her Coat of Mail,  
 Not far from some huge Shark's devouring Head,  
 The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread;  
 Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were strung,  
 And near a scaly Alligator hung:

his Place Drugs, in musty Heaps, decay'd;  
 bat, dry'd Bladders and drawn Teeth are laid. *Gar.*

APPARITION.

Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears,  
 In it many winged Warriors bears:  
 For Glory shoots upon my aching Sense: *(of Inn.*  
 Thou, stronger, may'st endure the Flood of Light. *Dryd. State*  
 The broken Cloud pours out pure Floods of Light,  
 Rivers of celestial Rays, transcendent bright:  
 Storms of Splendour, dazzling mortal Sight.  
 Illustrious Tempest does on *Hoel* beat,  
 Who falls astonish'd headlong from his Seat;  
 Foundered with unsufferable Day,  
 Dying in Glory on the shining Way,  
 With bright Ruin overwhelm'd he lay. *Black.*

APPLAUSE. See Popular.

The Monarch spoke, and strait a Murmur rose,  
 And as the Surges when the Tempest blows,  
 At dash'd on broken Rocks, tumultuous roar,  
 Foam and thunder on the stony Shore. *Pope Hom.*

His Army's just Applauses rise,  
 The loud Shout runs echoing thro' the Skies. *Pop. Hom.*  
 The Heav'n's around with Acclamations rung,  
 Loud Applauses of the shouting Throng. *Blac.*  
 Shouts of Applause ran ringing thro' the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Skies, *Shak. Haml.*

The shouting Cries

The pleas'd People rend the vaulted Skies.  
 The Fields around with *Jo Peans* ring,  
 Peals of Shouts applaud the conqu'ring King. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Shouts from the fav'ring Multitude arise,  
 Prauding *Echo* to the Shouts replies: *(Dryd. Virg.)*  
 Huts, Wishes, and Applause run rattling thro' the Skies. *S.*

The hollow Abyss

And far and wide, and all the Host of Hell  
 With deaf'ning Shout return them loud Acclaim. *Milt.*

Such Murmur fill'd

Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain  
 The Sound of blustering Winds, which all Night long  
 Rowz'd the Sea, now with hoarse Cadence lull  
 Sailing Men o'er-watch'd; whose Bark by Chance



Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay  
 After the Tempest: Such Applause was heard  
 Such a Noise arose

As the Shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,  
 As loud, and to as many Tunes: Hats, Cloaks, most Hon-  
 Doublers, I think, flew up; and had their Faces  
 Been loose, this Day they had been lost. *Shaks. Hen. V.*  
 As the Sound of Waters deep,  
 Hoarse Murmur echo'd to his Words Applause.

ARCHER. See Arrow, Bow.

A flutt'ring Dove to the Mast's Top they tie:  
 The living Mark at which their Arrows fly:  
 The rival Archers in a Line advance;  
 Then all with Vigour bend their trusty Bows,  
 And from the Quiver each his Arrow chose.  
*Hippocoon's* was the first; with forceful Sway  
 It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid Way.  
 Fix'd in the Mast, the feather'd Weapon stands;  
 The fearful Pigeon flutters in her Bands,  
 And the Tree trembled.  
 Then *Maestheus* to the Head his Arrow drove,  
 With lifted Eyes, and took his Aim above;  
 But made a glancing Shot, and miss'd the Dove:  
 Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the Cord,  
 Which fasten'd by the Foot the sitting Bird.  
 The Captive thus releas'd, away she flies,  
 And beats, with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.  
 His Bow already bent, *Euryalus* stood;  
 His winged Shaft with eager Haste he sped;  
 The fatal Message reach'd her as she fled:  
 She leaves her Life aloft, she strikes the Ground,  
 And renders back the Weapon in the Wound.  
*Acestus*, grudging at his Lot, remains  
 Without a Prize to gratify his Pains;  
 Yet, shooting upwards, sends his Shaft to show  
 An Archer's Art, and boast his twanging Bow.  
 Chaf'd by the Speed, it fir'd, and as it flew,  
 A Trail of foll'wing Flames ascending drew.  
 Kindling they mount; and mark the shiny Way,  
 Across the Sky, as falling Meteors play,  
 And vanish into Wind, or in a Blaze decay.

*Dryden King.*

ARGU

ARGUS.

He Head of *Argus*, as with Stars the Skies,  
compass'd round, and wore a hundred Eyes;  
two by Turns their Lids in Slumber steep;  
rest, on Duty still, their Station keep:  
could the total Constellation sleep.

*Hermes* flew;  
all his hundred Eyes, with all their Light,  
clos'd at once in one perpetual Night.  
He *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,  
spreads them in her Peacock's gaudy Tail. *Dryd. Ovid.*

ARMOUR. See *Battel, Fighting, General, Soldier, War.*

He sheath'd his Limbs in Arms, a temper'd Mass  
Golden Metal those, and Mountain Brass.

He admires  
the crested Helm that vomits radiant Fires:  
Hands the fatal Sword and Corset Hold;  
keen with temper'd Steel, one stiff with Gold,  
ample, flaming both, and beamy bright;  
shines a Cloud, when edg'd with adverse Light. *Dryd. Virg.*

Refulgent Arms appear  
d'ning the Skies, and glittering all around;  
temper'd Metals clash, and yield a silver Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Panther's speckled Hide  
w'd o'er his Armour with an easy Pride. *Pop. Hom.*  
High on his Helm celestial Lightnings play;  
beamy Shield emits a living Ray:

unweary'd Blaze incessant Streams supplies,  
the red Star, that fires th' autumnal Skies,  
then, fresh, he tears his radiant Orb to Sight,  
d bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener Light:  
th from his Arms the bright Effulgence flow'd. *Pope Hom.*

The *Briton's* Arms thus shone excessive bright,  
ted keen Glances, and uneasy Light;  
d tho' their Glory pleas'd, it pain'd the Sight. *Blac.*  
All arm'd in Brass, the richest Dress of War;  
frightful glorious Sight he shone from far. *Cow.*

His solid Arms, refulgent, flame with Gold:  
mortal Shoulders suit the glorious Load;  
estial Panoply, to grace a God! *Pope Hom.*  
Wolf grinn'd horribly upon his Head,  
d o'er his brawny Back a Leopard's Hide was spread.

He

He girt his mighty Fauchion to his Side,  
Which hung across his Thigh with fearful Pride.

Shields, Arms and Spears flash horribly from far,  
And the Fields glitter with a waving War. *Dryd. Virg.*

Spears, Helmets, Muskets with the Sunbeams play,  
Their flashing Glances thro' the Field convey,  
And bandy to and fro reverberated Day. *Blac.*

Their Swords, their Armour, and their Eyes shot Flame.

He on the Plain in radiant Armour shone; *(Creech Luc.)*

His polish'd Helm oppress'd the dazzled Sight,

And shone on high like a huge Globe of Light.

His Coat of Mail was on his Shoulders cast,

And golden Cuirasses his vast Thighs encas'd.

The Pieces round his Legs Gold Buttons ty'd,

And his broad Sword hung dreadful by his Side;

Which, when drawn out, like a destructive Flame

Of Lightning from the ample Scabbard came. *Blac.*

Like a huge Beacon lighted in the Air,

His Buckler flam'd, denouncing horrid War.

In his right Hand he shakes his pond'rous Lance; *Blac.*

His Back and Breast

Well temper'd Steel and scaly Brass invest.

The Cuirasses which his brawny Thighs infold,

Were mingled Metal damask'd o'er with Gold.

His faithful Fauchion sits upon his Side,

Nor Casque nor Crest his manly Features hide. *Dryd. Virg.*

O'er his broad Breast an Ox's Hide was thrown,

His Helm a Wolf, whose gaping Jaws were spread

A Cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grin'd around his Head.

He clench'd within his Hand an Iron Prong, *(Virg.)*

And tow'rd above the rest, conspicuous in the Throng. *Dryd.*

Himself before the rest

His mighty Limbs in radiant Armour drest:

And first he cas'd his manly Legs around

In shining Greaves, with Silver Buckles bound:

The beaming Cuirass next adorn'd his Breast.

Ten Rows of azure Steel the Work infold,

Twice ten of Tin, and twelve of ductile Gold:

Three glitt'ring Dragons to the Gorget rise,

Whose imitated Scales against the Skies,

Reflected various Light, and arching bow'd,

Like colour'd Rainbows o'er a show'ry Cloud.]

A radiant Bauldrick, o'er his Shoulder ty'd,

Sustain'd the Sword, that glitter'd at his Side;

d was the Hilt; a silver Sheath encas'd  
 shining Blade, and golden Hangers grac'd:  
 Buckler's mighty Orb was next display'd,  
 at round the Warrior cast a dreadful Shade:  
 Zones of Brass its ample Brims furround,  
 twice ten Bosses the bright Convex crown'd:  
 tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its Field,  
 circling Terrors fill'd th' expressive Shield:  
 thin its Coneave hung a silver Thong,  
 which a mimic Serpent creeps along,  
 azure Length in easy Waves extends,  
 in three Heads th' embroider'd Monster ends.  
 o'er his Brows his fourfold Helm he plac'd,  
 with nodding Horse-hair formidably grac'd;  
 in his Hands two steely Jav'lins wields,  
 at blaze to Heav'n, and lighten all the Fields.

Pope Hom.

A Lion's Hide he wears,  
 out his Shoulders hangs the shaggy Skin;  
 the Teeth and gaping Jaws severely grin.  
 Some march before the Troops in dreadful Pride,  
 and with a rav'ning Lyon's grisly Hide:  
 the shaggy Back was o'er their Shoulders spread,  
 with formidable Grace; and on their Head  
 the tawny Terror grinn'd with open Jaws,  
 and cross the Breast were lapp'd the hideous Paws.  
 the Teeth and savage Beard the Heroe's Face  
 with becoming martial Horror grace.

Dryd. Virg.

Blac.

Some wore Coat-Armour, imitating Scale,  
 and next their Skin were stubborn Shirts of Mail;  
 he wore a Breast-plate, and a light Jupon;  
 his Horses cloath'd with rich Caparison.  
 he for Defence would leathern Buckles use,  
 folded Hides; and other Shields of Puce.  
 he hung a Pole-ax at his Saddle-bow,  
 and one a heavy Mace to stun the Foe.  
 he for his Legs and Knees provided well,  
 with Jambeux arm'd, and double Plates of Steel.  
 he on his Helmet wore a Lady's Glove,  
 and that a Sleeve embroider'd by his Love.  
 Words and Devices, blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,  
 and pleasing was the Terror of the Field.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

ARROW.



**ARROW.** See *Archer. Bow.*

Arrows aloft in feather'd Tempests fly;  
Darts hiss at Darts encount'ring in the Sky,  
Sounded at once the Bow, and swiftly flies  
The feather'd Death, and hisses thro' the Skies. *Dryd.*  
By far more slow.

Springs the swift Arrow from the *Parthian* Bow,  
Or *Cydon* Eugh, when, traversing the Skies,  
And drench'd in pois'nous Juice, the sure Destruction fill  
(*Dryd.*)

**A R T.** See *Nature.*

**A S H.** See *Trees.*

Rent like a mountain Ash that dar'd the Winds,  
And stood the sturdy Strokes of lab'ring Hinds.  
About the Root the cruel Ax resounds;  
The Stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated Wounds:  
The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown  
Now threatens a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down  
To their united Force it yields, tho' late,  
And mourns with mortal Groans th' approaching Fate.  
The Roots no more their upper Head sustain,  
But down she falls, and spreads a Ruin thro' the Plain.  
(*Dryd.*)

Like a Mountain Ash, whose Roots are spread  
Deep fix'd in Earth, in Clouds he hides his Head. *Dryd.*

**A S P I C K.**

Welcome thou kind Deceiver,  
Thou best of Thieves! who with an easy Key  
Dost open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,  
Ev'n steal us from ourselves; discharging so  
Death's dreadful Office better than himself;  
Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,  
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,  
And thinks himself but Sleep. *Dryd. All for Love*

**ASTONISHMENT.**

I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word  
Would barrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood;  
Make thy two Eyes, like Stars, start from their Spheres;  
Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,  
And each particular Hair to stand an End,  
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine.

*Shak. Ham.  
Prep.*

*Astonishment. Astrologer.*

23

Prepare to hear

ry that shall turn thee into Stone:

There be hewn a monstrous Gap in Nature,

Which made thro' the Centre by some God,

Which the Groans of Ghosts might strike thy Ears,

would not wound thee as this Story will. *Lee Oedip.*

My Heart sinks in me,

ev'ry slacken'd Fibre drops its Hold,

Nature letting down the Springs of Life. *Dryd. Spa. Fry.*

My Soul runs back;

Wards of Reason soul into their Spring. *Lee D. of Guise.*

drives my Soul back to her inmost Seats,

freezes ev'ry stiffning Limb to Marble.

*Row. Ulyss.*

His curdling Blood forgot to glide;

fusion on his fainting Vitals hung,

fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.

*Gar.*

ot the last Sounding could surprize me more,

summons drowsy Mortals to their Doom;

n call'd in haste they fumble for their Limbs,

tremble unprovided for their Charge.

*Dryd. Don. Seb.*

e thrice essay'd to speak; her Accents hung,

fault'ring, dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,

vanish'd into Sighs; with long Delay

Voice return'd, and found the wonted Way. *Dryd. Ovid.*

he pale Assistants on each other star'd,

n gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd:

still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,

dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue.

(*Dryd. Theod. and Hon.*

O *Sigismonda*! he began to say;

ice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,

Words with often trying found their Way.

(*Dryd. Sig. and Guisc.*

**ASTROLOGER.** See *Conjurer.*

They'll search a Planet's House to know

Who broke and robb'd a House below.

Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*,

Who stole a Thimble, who a Spoon!

And tho' they nothing will confess,

Yet by their very Looks can guess,

And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,

Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods.

They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars.

To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs:

And

And tell that *Crisis* does divine  
 The Rot in Sheep, the Mange in Swine:  
 In Men what gives or cures the Itch,  
 What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich;  
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;  
 What makes Men great, what Fools, what Knave  
 But not what wise: For only of those  
 The Stars, they say, cannot dispose,  
 No more than can the Astrologians;  
 There they say right, and like true *Trojans*:  
 Some Towns and Cities, some, for Brevity,  
 Have cast the 'versal World's Nativity,  
 And made the Infant Stars confess,  
 Like Fools or Children, what they please.  
 Some calculate the hidden Fates,  
 Of Monkeys, Puppy-dogs, and Cats;  
 Some running Nags, and fighting Cocks:  
 Some Love, Trade, Law-Suits, and the Pox.  
 Some take a Measure of the Lives  
 Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives:  
 Make Opposition, trine and quartile,  
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile.  
 As if the Planet's first Aspect  
 The tender Infant did infect:  
 No sooner had he peep'd into  
 The World, but he has done his Do;  
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all Physick,  
 That cures or kills a Man that is sick;  
 Marry'd his punctual Dose of Wives,  
 Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.  
 There's but the twinkling of a Star  
 Between a Man of Peace and War;  
 A Thief and Justice, Fool and Knave,  
 A huffing Officer and a Slave;  
 A crafty Lawyer and Pick-pocket,  
 A great Philosopher and a Blockhead;  
 A formal Preacher and a Player,  
 A learn'd Physician and Manslayer:  
 As if Men from the Stars did suck  
 Old Age, Diseases, and ill Luck;  
 Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,  
 Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice:  
 And draw with the first Air they breathe  
 Battel and Murther, sudden Death.

As Wind i'th' Hypochondries pent,  
Is but a Blast if downward sent;  
But if it upwards chance to fly,  
Becomes new Light and Prophecy:  
So when your Speculations tend  
Above their just and useful End,  
Although they promise strange and great  
Discoveries of Things far set,  
They are but idle Dreams and Fancies,  
Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cause,  
Why on a Sign no Painter draws  
The Full-Moon ever, but the Half,  
Resolve that with your *Jacob's Staff*;  
Or why Wolves raise a Hubbub at her,  
Or Dogs howl when she shines in Water;  
And I shall freely give my Vote,  
You may know something more remote,

*Hud.*

*PROFESSOR in Astrology and Physick.*

An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals  
Such as pay to be reputed Fools:  
Books stand on Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,  
planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.  
Sage in Velvet Chair here lolls at Ease,  
promise future Health for present Fees.  
He, as from *Tripod*, solemn Shams reveals,  
what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.  
He asks, how soon *Panthea* may be won,  
how long to feel the Marriage-Fetters on:  
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,  
enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.  
He by what Means they may redress the Wrong,  
when Fathers the Possession keep too long.  
Some would know the Issue of their Cause,  
whether Gold can solder up its Flaws.  
A pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,  
to lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave.  
*Portia*, old in Expectation grown,  
resents her barren Curse, and begs a Son:  
Will *Iris* his cosmetic Wish would try,  
to make her Bloom revive, and Lover die.  
He ask for Charms, and others Philtres choose,  
to gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans lose.

B

Young



Young *Hylas* blotch'd with Stains too foul to name;  
 In Cradle here renews his youthful Flame:  
 Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,  
 A Hot-house he prefers to *Julia's* Arms,  
 And old *Lucullus* would th' *Arcanum* prove  
 Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

## A T L A S.

And now behold majestick *Atlas* rise,  
 And bend beneath the Burden of the Skies;  
 His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempest know,  
 While Lightning flies, and Thunder rolls below.  
*Atlas*, whose Head sustains the starry Frame;  
 Whose brawny Back supports the Skies;  
 Whose Head with piny Forests crown'd,  
 Is beaten by the Winds, with foggy Vapours bound.  
 Snows hide his Shoulders; from beneath his Chin,  
 The Fount of rolling Streams their Race begin:  
 A Beard of Ice on his large Breast depends.

Dryd.

*Atlas*, who turns the rolling Heavens round,  
 And whose broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd.

Dryd.

## A T T E N T I O N.

Let all be hush'd; each softest Motion cease;  
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace;  
 And ev'ry ruder Gasp of Breath  
 Be calm, as in the Arms of Death.  
 Hither let nought but sacred Silence come;  
 And let all sawcy Praise be dumb:  
 And thou most fickle, most uneasy Part,  
 Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,  
 Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,  
 Thou busy idle thing to heave:  
 Stir not a Pulse; and let my Blood,  
 That turbulent unruly Flood,

Be softly stay'd:

Let me be all but my Attention dead.  
 Go rest, y'unnecessary Springs of Life,  
 Leave your officious Toil and Strife;  
 For I would hear her Voice, and try  
 If it be possible to die.

How all things listen while thy Muse complains!  
 Such Silence waits on *Philomela's* Strains,

Some still Ev'ning, when the whisp'ring Breeze  
Lies on the Leaves, and dies upon the Trees.

*Pope.*

The Air grows sensible

Of the great things you utter, and is calm;  
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so rack'd of late,  
Seem to stand still, as *Jove* himself were talking.

*Lee Oed.*

As I listen'd to thee,

The happy Hours pass'd by us unperceiv'd:

So was my Soul fix'd to the soft Enchantment! *Rowe Tamerl.*

His Looks

Drew Audience and Attention still as Night;

On Summer Noon-tide Air.

*Milt.*

Attention held them mute.

*Milt.*

**AVERNUS.**

Deep was the Cave, and downward, as it went

From the wide Mouth, a rocky rough Descent.

And here th'Access a gloomy Grove extends,

And there th'un navigable Lake extends,

For whose unhappy Waters void of Light,

No Bird presumes to steer his airy Flight:

From deadly Stenches from the Depth arise,

And steaming Sulphur that infects the Skies.

From hence the *Grecian* Bards their Legends make,

And give the Name *Avernus* to the Lake.

*Dryd. Virg.*

**AUTUMN. See Year.**

When yellow Autumn weighs

The Year, and adds to Nights and shortens Days;

And Suns declining shine with feeble Rays.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The Evening of the Year;

When Woods with Juniper and Chestnuts crown'd,

And falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground;

And lavish Nature laughs, and strews her Stores around.

*Dryd. Virg.*

When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring;

When Fountains open; when impetuous Rain

Rolls hasty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain:

When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er,

And hollow Places spew their wat'ry Store.

*Dryd. Virg.*

B.

B A B E. See Man.

Thus, like a Sailor by the Tempest hur'd  
 'Ashore, the Babe is shipwreck'd on the World;  
 Naked he lies, and ready to expire,  
 Helpless of all that human Wants require:  
 Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,  
 From the first Moment of his hapless Birth.  
 Strait with foreboding Cries he fills the Room;  
 (To sure Presages of his future Doom.)

But Flocks and Herds, and ev'ry savage Beast,  
 By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.  
 They want no Rattles for their froward Mood,  
 No Nurse to reconcile them to their Food  
 With broken Words; nor Winter Blasts they fear,  
 Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:  
 Nor for their Safety Citadels prepare;  
 Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War:  
 Unlabour'd Earth, her bounteous Treasure grants,  
 And Nature's lavish Hand supplies their common Wants.

If tender Infants, who imprison'd stay  
 Within the Womb, prepar'd to break away,  
 Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,  
 And had but Reason to sustain Debate:  
 The painful Passage they would dread, and shew  
 Reluctance to a World they do not know:  
 They in their Prisons still would chuse to lie,  
 As backward to be born as we to die.

## BACCHANALS.

She flies the Towns, and, mixing with a Throng  
 Of madding Matrons, bears the Bride along.  
 Wand'ring thro' Woods, and Wiles, and devious Ways,  
 She feign'd the Rites of *Bacchus*, cry'd aloud,  
 And to the buxom God the Virgin vow'd.  
*Evoe*, O *Bacchus*! thus began the Song;  
 And *Evoe*, answer'd all the female Throng;  
 O Virgin, worthy thee alone! she cry'd;  
 O worthy thee alone! the Crew reply'd,  
 For thee she feeds her Hair, she leads thy Dance,  
 And with thy winding Ivy wreaths her Lance.  
 Like Fury seiz'd the rest; the Progress known,  
 All seek the Mountains, and forsake the Town.  
 All clad in Skins of Beasts the Jav'lin bear,

Unb

bind their Fillets,  
 Give to the wanton Winds their flowing Hair,  
 And Shrieks and Shoutings rend the suffring Air,  
 curling their haggard Eyes, inspir'd with Rage divine,  
 Like high above their Heads a flaming Pine;  
 And Orgies and nocturnal Rites prepare. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Less wild the *Bacchanalian* Dames appear,  
 When from afar their nightly God they hear,  
 And howl about the Hills, and shake the wreathy Spear. *Dryd. Virg.*

BACCHUS. See Musick.

Great Father *Bacchus* to my Song repair,  
 Thy clust'ring Vines are thy peculiar Care:  
 For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine;  
 And the last Blessings of the Year are thine:  
 For thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owns,  
 When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.  
 Come strip with me, my God; come drench all o'er  
 My Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 See *Bacchus* turning from the *Indian* War,  
 Tigers drawn triumphant in his Car;  
 From *Nisus'* Top descending on the Plains,  
 With curling Vines around his purple Reins. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 So *Bacchus* thro' the conquer'd *Indies* rode,  
 And Beasts in Gambols frisk'd before their honest God. *Dryd.*  
 (*Pal. & Arc.*)

BASTARD.

Why should dull Law rule Nature, who first made  
 At Law, by which herself is now betray'd?  
 For Man's Corruptions made him wretched; he  
 Was born most noble, who was born most free:  
 Of himself was Lord; and unconfin'd,  
 He'd the Dictates of his Godlike Mind.  
 Now was an Innovation brought in since,  
 When Fools began to love Obedience,  
 And call their Slav'ry Safety and Defence.  
 Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,  
 Because I came not in the common Road;  
 Born obscure, and so more like a God? *Otw. Don. Carl.*  
 He's a Bastard! Got in a Fit of Nature!  
 Shook him from her Nerves in a Convulsion;  
 Father stamp'd the Bullion in a Heat,  
 Taking from the Mint the fiery Ore,  
 Image bless'd, and cry'd, It is my own,



Yet more! a Priest begot him, and 'tis thought,  
That Earth is more oblig'd to Priests for Bodies,  
Than Heav'n for Souls. Nay, and a young Priest too!  
Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,  
Who ventur'd Life to clasp the lusty Joy. *Lee. Cas. B.*

*BATTLE. See Fight. Fought. War.*

O the brave Din, the noble Clank of Arms,  
All the Plain

Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,  
Chariots, and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds,  
Reflecting Blaze on Blaze, first met his View;  
From Skirt to Skirt a fiery Region stretch'd  
In battailous Aspect,  
Bristled with upright Beams, innumerable,  
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields  
Various, with boasted Arguments, pourtray'd,  
The banded Pow'rs of *Satan*.

*The Powers militant*

That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate join'd  
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on  
In Silence their bright Legions, to the Sound  
Of instrumental Harmony that breath'd  
Heroick Ardour to advent'rous Deeds,  
Under their God-like Leaders. On they move  
Indissolubly firm: nor obvious Hill,  
Nor straitning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides  
Their perfect Ranks, for high above the Ground  
Their March was, and the passive Air upbore  
Their nimble Tread.

*The Shout*

Of Battel now began, and rushing Sound  
Of Onset ended soon each milder Thought.  
High in the midst, exalted as a God,  
Th'Apostate in his Sun-bright Chariot late,  
Idol of Majesty divine, enclos'd  
With flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne: For now  
'Twixt Host and Host, but narrow Space was left,  
A dreadful Interval! and Front to Front  
Presented stood in terrible Array  
Of hideous Length: Before the cloudy Vah,  
On the rough Edge of Battle, e're it join'd,  
*Satan*, with vast and haughty Strides advanc'd,

ne tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold.  
A noble Stroke *Abdiel* lifted high,  
which hung not, but so swift with Tempest fell  
the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no Sight,  
Motion of quick Thought, less cou'd his Shield |  
h Ruin intercept: Ten Paces huge  
back recoil'd; the tenth on bended Knee  
massy Spear upstay'd. As if on Earth  
nds under Ground, or Waters, forcing Way  
elong, had push'd a Mountain from his Seat,  
f sunk with all his Pines. Nor stood in Gaze  
e adverse Legions, nor less hideous join'd  
e horrid Shock: Now storming Fury rose.

Arms on Armour clashing, bray'd  
rrible Discord, and the madding Wheels  
brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the Noise  
Conflict: Over-head the dismal His  
fiery Darts, in flaming Vollies flew,  
d flying vaulted either Host with Fire;  
under fiery Cope together rush'd  
h Battels main, with ruinous Assault,  
d inextinguishable Rage: All Heaven  
ounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth  
d to her Center shook. Deeds of eternal Fame  
re done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
e War and various: Sometimes on firm Ground  
standing Fight; then soaring on main Wing,  
rmented all the Air: All Air seem'd then  
nfllicting Fire.

eir Arms away some threw, and to the Hills  
ift as the Lightning Glimpse they ran, they flew:  
om the Foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
ey pluck'd the seated Hills with all their Load,  
cks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy Tops  
-lifting, bore them in their Hands:

Then on their Heads  
in Promontories hung, which in the Air  
me shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd,  
eir Armour help'd their Harm, crush'd in and bruise'd,  
o their Substance pent, which wrought them Pain  
placable, and many a dolorous Groan:  
ng struggling underneath, e're they could wind  
t of such Prison.

The rest, in Imitation, to like Arms  
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring Hills uptore:  
 So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills,  
 Hurl'd to and fro with Jaculation dire,  
 That under Ground they fought in dismal Shade.  
 Infernal Noise! War seem'd a civil Game  
 To this Up roar; horrid Confusion heap'd  
 Upon Confusion rose. Long time in even Scale  
 The Battel hung; till *Satan*  
 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd  
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed Sway  
 Brandish'd aloft the horr'd Edge came down  
 Wide-wasting: Such Destruction to withstand  
 He hasten'd, and oppos'd the rocky Orb  
 Of ten fold Adamant, his ample Shield:  
 A vast Circumference! Then both address'd for Fight  
 Unspeakable: For like two Gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they, or mov'd; in Stature, Motion, Arms,  
 Fit to decide the Empire of great Heaven.  
 Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Air  
 Made horrid Circles: Two broad Suns, their Shields  
 Blaz'd opposite; while Expectation stood  
 In Horrour. From each Hand with Speed retired  
 Th' angelick Throng, unsafe within the Wind  
 Of such Commotion: But the Sword of *Michael* met  
 The Sword of *Satan* in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,  
 But with swift Wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd  
 All his right Side: Then *Satan* first knew Pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
 The grinding Sword with discontinuous Wound  
 Pass'd thro' him.  
 And now, their Mightiest quell'd, the Battel swerv'd,  
 With many an Inrode gor'd: Deformed Rout  
 Enter'd, and foul Disorder: All the Ground  
 With shiver'd Armour strewn; and on a Heap  
 Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 And fiery foaming Steeds: What stood, recoil'd  
 O'erwearied, or with pale Fear surpriz'd,  
 Fled ignominious.

Now Night her Course began,  
 And grateful Truth impos'd,  
 And Silence on the odious Din of War.

**B E A R.** See *Deformity.*

The Cubs of Bears a living Lump appear;  
 When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear:  
 Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives  
 Much of Form, as she herself receives. *Dryd. Ovid.*

**B E A U T Y.** See *Eyes. Fair. Looks. Love.*

Beauty, thou wild fantastic Ape,  
 Who do'st in ev'ry Country change thy Shape:  
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white:  
 Thou flatt'rer, who comply'st with ev'ry Sight:  
 Who hast no certain What, nor Where;  
 Yet vary'st still, and do'st thyself declare  
 Constant as thy She-Professors are. *Cowl. }*  
 The Cause of Love can never be assign'd,  
 As in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
 Beauty is seldom fortunate when great;  
 A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt. *Dryd. Auren.*  
 Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray:  
 Who can tread sure on the smooth slipp'ry Way?  
 As'd with the Passage we slide swiftly on,  
 And see the Dangers which we cannot shun. *Dryd. Auren.*  
 For Beauty, like white Powder, makes a Noise,  
 And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys. *Clear.*

Beauty with a bloodless Conquest finds  
 Welcome Sov'reignty in rudest Minds. *Wall,*  
 Beauty, thou art a fair, but fading Flow'r,  
 The tender Prey of ev'ry coming Hour:  
 Youth, thou, Comet-like, art gaz'd upon,  
 And art portentous to thyself alone:  
 Punish'd thou to few wert ever giv'n,  
 Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heav'n. *Sed. Ant. & Cleop.*  
 Merab the first, Michal the younger nam'd,  
 Are equally for different Glories fam'd:  
 Merab with spacious Beauty fill'd the Sight;  
 But too much Awe chastiz'd the bold Delight.  
 As a calm Sea, which to th' enlarged View  
 Gives Pleasure, but gives Fear and Rev'rence too:  
 Michal's sweet Looks clear and free Joys did move,  
 And no less strong, tho' much more gentle, Love:  
 The virtuous Kings, whom Men rejoice to obey;  
 Grants themselves less absolute than they.



*Merab* appear'd like some fair princely Tow'r:  
*Michal*, some Virgin Queen's delicious Bow'r.  
 All Beauties strove in little and in great,  
 But the contracted Brows shot fiercest Heat.  
 From *Merab's* Eyes, fierce and quick Lightnings came;  
 From *Michal's*, the Sun's mild, yet active, Flame.  
*Merab*, with comely Majesty and State,  
 Bore high th' Advantage of her Worth and Fate:  
 Such humble Sweetness did soft *Michal* shew,  
 That none, who reach so high, e'er stoop so low.  
*Merab* rejoic'd in her rack'd Lover's Pain,  
 And fortify'd her Virtue with Disdain:  
 The Grief she gave, gave gentle *Michal* Grief;  
 She wish'd her Beauties less, for their Relief.

*Cleopatra in her Galley.*

Her Galley down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,  
 The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold:  
 The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:  
 Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd,  
 Where she, another sea-born *Venus* lay:  
 She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,  
 And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,  
 As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,  
 Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,  
 Stood fanning with their painted Wings the Winds  
 That play'd about her Face: But if she smil'd,  
 A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,  
 That Men's desiring Eyes were never weary'd,  
 But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes  
 The Silver Oars kept Time; and, while they play'd,  
 The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,  
 And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or somewhat more  
 For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crouds  
 Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath  
 To give their welcome Voice.

(*Dryd. All for Love, and Shak. Ant. & Cleo.*)

Her Eyes have Pow'r beyond *Theſſalian* Charms  
 To draw the Moon from Heav'n: For Eloquence,  
 The Sea-green *Sirens* taught her Voice their Flatt'ry.  
 And while she speaks Night steals upon the Day,  
 Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,  
 Age buds at Sight of her, and swells to Youth.

holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles,  
 with heav'd Hands, forgetting Gravity,  
 they bless her wanton Eyes: Even I, who hate her,  
 with a malignant Joy behold such Beauty,  
 while I curse, desire it. *Dryd. All for Love.*

(Spoken of Cleopatra, by Ventidius.

Is she not

harmless as a Turtle of the Woods?

as the Summer Beauty of the Fields

op'ning Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds

Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense? *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

The Bloom of op'ning Flow'rs unsully'd Beauty,

ness and sweetest Innocence she wears;

looks like Nature in the World's first Spring. *Row. Tamerl.*

Is she not more than Painting can express,

youthful Poets fancy when they love? *Row. Fair. Pen.*

A lavish Planet reign'd when she was born,

made her of such kindred Mould to Heaven,

seems more Heaven's than ours. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Is she not brighter than a Summer's Morn,

when all the Heav'n is streak'd with dappled Fires,

fleck'd with Blushes, like a rised Maid? *Lee. D. of Guise.*

Belinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes,

United, cast so fierce a Light,

As quickly flashes, quickly dies,

Wounds not the Heart, but burns the Sight.

Love is all Gentleness, all Joy,

Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace.

Her Cupid is a Black-guard Boy,

That runs his Link full in your Face. *Dor.*

Mark her majestic Fabric! She's a Temple,

reared by Birth, and built by Hands divine:

Soul's the Deity that lodges there;

is the Pile unworthy of the God. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Oh she has Beauty might ensnare

Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crown

and Freedom, to be scuffled for by Slaves. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

Oh she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues

mighty Kings, and set the World at Odds. *Otw. Orph.*

Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,

in Ind and Meroe drew the distant Vows

fighting Kings; and at her Feet were laid

Sceptres of the Earth, expos'd on Heaps,

To chuse where she would reign. *Dryd. All for Love*

Behold her stretch'd upon a flow'ry Bank,  
 With her soft Sorrows lull'd into a Slumber;  
 The Summer's Heat had to her nat'ral Blush  
 Added a more brighter and more tempting Red;  
 The Beauties of her Neck, and naked Breasts,  
 Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall  
 With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues;  
 The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,  
 That seem'd to embrace the Body whence they grew,  
 Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love,  
 While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,  
 Waving her Robes, display'd such well-turn'd Limbs,  
 As Artists would in polish'd Marble give  
 The wanton Goddess, when, supinely laid,  
 She charms her gallant God to new Enjoyment. *Lee Me*

But oh! what Thought can paint that fair Perfection?  
 Not sea-born *Venus* in the Courts beneath,  
 When the green Nymphs first kiss'd her coral Lips,  
 All polish'd fair, and wash'd with orient Beauty,  
 Could in my dazzling Fancy match her Brightness.  
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,  
 So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre,  
 Such all Perfection, that I took whole Draughts  
 Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd  
 With ling'ring Surfeits of her fatal Beauty. *Lee The*

No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,  
 Tho' the fair Child of Nature newly born,  
 Can be so lovely. *Orw. Or*

Not purple Violets in the early Spring,  
 Such grateful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring;  
 The orient Blush, which does her Cheeks adorn,  
 Makes Coral pale, vies with the rosy Morn:  
*Cupid* has ta'en a Surfeit from her Eyes  
 Whene'er she smiles in lambent Fire he fries,  
 And when she weeps, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies. *Lee Nero*  
 Those heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,  
 And Face, tho' all the World surprize,  
 Do dazzle all that look upon ye,  
 And scorch all other Ladies tawny.

B E E. See *Creation*.

Of all the Race of Animals, alone  
 The Bees have common Cities of their own,

And common Sons; beneath one Law they live,  
And with one common Stock their Traffic drive:  
Each has a certain Home, a sev'ral Stall:  
This is the State's, the State provides for all:  
Mindful of coming cold, they share the Pain,  
And hoard for Winter's Use, the Summer's Gain.  
Some o'er the public Magazines preside,  
And some are sent new Forage to provide.  
These drudge in Fields abroad, and those at home  
Lay deep Foundations for the labour'd Comb.  
With Dew, *Narcissus*' Leafs, and clammy Gum.  
To pitch the waxen Flooring some contrive;  
Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive:  
Sweet Honey some condense; some purge the Grout;  
The rest in Cells apart the liquid Nectar shut.  
All, with united Force, combine to drive  
The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive:  
With Envy stung, they view each other's Deeds:  
With Diligence the fragrant Work proceeds.  
Proud of Honey, each in his Degree,  
The youthful Swain, the grave, experienc'd Bee;  
That in the Field; this, in Affairs of State  
Employ'd at Home, abides within the Gate,  
To fortify the Combs, to build the Wall,  
To prop the Ruins, lest the Fabric fall.  
At late at Night, with weary Pinions, come  
The lab'ring Youth, and heavy laden home.  
Meads, and Orchards all the Day he plies;  
He Gleans of yellow Thyme distend his Thighs:  
He spoils the Saffron Flow'rs; he sips the Blues  
Of V'lets, Wilding-Bloom, and Willows-Dews.  
Their Toil is common, common is their Sleep;  
They shake their Wings when Morn begins to peep;  
Rush thro' the City-Gates without Delay,  
Nor ends their Work but with declining Day.  
Thus, having spent the last Remains of Light,  
They give their Bodies due Repose at Night:  
When hollow Murmurs of their Ev'ning Bells,  
Dismiss the sleepy Swains, and toll them to their Cells.  
When once in Bed their weary Limbs they steep,  
No buzzing Sounds disturb their golden Sleep;  
Tis sacred Silence all: Nor dare they stray  
When Rain is promis'd, or a stormy Day;

But



But near the City-Walls their Wat'ring take,  
 Nor forrage far, but short Excursions make,  
 And as, when empty Barks on Billows float,  
 With sandy Ballast Sailors trim the Boat;  
 So Bees bear Gravel-Stones, whose poising Weight  
 Steers thro' the whistling Winds their steady Flight;  
 But what's more strange; their modest Appetites,  
 Averse from *Venus*, fly the nuptial Rites.  
 No Lust enervates their heroic Mind;  
 Nor wastes their Strength on wanton Womankind;  
 But in their Mouths reside their genial Pow'rs;  
 They gather Children from the Leafs and Flow'rs.  
 And oft on Rocks their tender Wings they tear,  
 And sink beneath the Burthen which they bear:  
 Such Rage of Honey in their Bosom beats,  
 And such a Zeal they have for flow'ry Sweets!  
 Thus tho' the Race of Life they quickly run,  
 Which in the Space of sev'n short Years is done,  
 Th' immortal Line in sure Succession reigns,  
 The Fortune of the Family remains,  
 And Grandfires Grandsons the long List contains.

But if intestine Broils alarm the Hive,  
 (For two Pretenders oft for Empire strive)  
 The Vulgar in divided Factions jar,  
 And murmur'ing Sounds proclaim the civil War.  
 Inflam'd with Ire, and trembling with Disdain,  
 Scarce can their Limbs their mighty Souls contain.  
 With Shouts the Coward's Courage they excite,  
 And martial Clangors call them out to fight.  
 With hoarse Alarms the hollow Camp rebounds,  
 That imitate the Trumpet's angry Sounds,  
 Then to their common Standard they repair,  
 The nimble Horsemen scour the Fields of Air;  
 In form of Battel drawn, they issue forth,  
 And ev'ry Knight is proud to prove his Worth.  
 Press'd for their Country's Honour, and their King's,  
 On their sharp Beaks they whet their pointed Stings,  
 And exercise their Arms, and tremble with their Wings.  
 Full in the Midst the haughty Monarchs ride,  
 The trusty Guards come up, and close the Side:  
 With Shouts the daring Foe to Battel is defy'd.  
 Thus in the Season of unclouded Spring,  
 To War they follow their undaunted King;  
 Croud thro' their Gates, and in the Fields of Light  
 The shocking Squadrons meet in mortal Fight.

long they fall from high, and wounded wound;  
 Heaps of slaughter'd Soldiers bite the Ground;  
 Hail-stones lie not thicker on the Plain,  
 shaken Oaks such Show'rs of Acorns rain.  
 In gorgeous Wings, the Marks of sov'reign Sway,  
 two contending Princes make their Way;  
 Epid thro' the Midst of Dangers go,  
 for Friends encourage, and amaze the Foe!  
 In mighty Souls in narrow Bodies press'd,  
 they challenge and encounter Breast to Breast;  
 Ex'd on Fame, unknowing how to fly,  
 obstinately bent to win or dye;  
 Long the doubtful Combat they maintain,  
 one prevails, for one can only reign;  
 All these dreadful Deeds, this deadly Fray,  
 Aft of scatter'd Dust will soon allay,  
 undecided leave the Fortune of the Day.  
 With Ease distinguish'd is the regal Race;  
 The Monarch wears an open honest Face,  
 Pro'd to his Size, and God-like to behold;  
 His royal Body shines with Specks of Gold,  
 His ruddy Scales: For Empire he design'd;  
 Better born, and of a nobler Kind;  
 He other looks like Nature in Disgrace,  
 Want are his Sides, and sullen is his Face:  
 Like their grisly Prince appears his gloomy Race:  
 Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty Train,  
 At long have travel'd thro' a desert Plain,  
 Spet from their dry Chaps the gather'd Dust again.  
 The better Brood, unlike the Bastard Crew,  
 Is mark'd with royal Streaks of shining Hiew,  
 Spry and ardent, tho' in Body less.  
 Besides, not Egypt, India, Media more  
 With servile Love their idol King adore:  
 While he survives, in Concord and Content  
 The Commons live, by no Divisions rent,  
 The great Monarch's Death dissolves the Government.  
 They go to Ruin; they themselves contrive  
 To rob the Honey, and subvert the Hive.  
 When since they share with Man one common Fate,  
 Health and Sickness, and in Turns of State,  
 Serve the Symptoms when they fall away,  
 And languish with insensible Decay:  
 They change their Hue, with haggard Eyes they stare,  
 And are their Looks, and shagg'd is their Hair;

And Crouds of Dead, that never must return  
 To their lov'd Hives, in decent Pomp are born:  
 Their Friends attend the Hearse, the next Relations mourn  
 The Sick for Air before the Portal gasp,  
 Their feeble Legs within each other clasp;  
 Or idle in their empty Hives remain,  
 Benumb'd with Cold, and listless of their Gain:  
 Such Whispers then, and broken Sounds are heard,  
 As when the Woods by gentle Winds are stirr'd;  
 Such stifled Noise as the close Furnace hides,  
 Or dying Murmurs of departing Tides. Dryd.

Prone to Revenge, the Bees, a wrathful Race,  
 When once provok'd, assault th' Oppressor's Face:  
 And thro' the purple Veins a Passage find,  
 There fix their Stings, and leave their Souls behind. Dryd.

When Golden Suns appear,  
 And under Earth have driv'n the Winter Year;  
 The winged Nation wanders thro' the Skies;  
 And o'er the Plains and shady Forest flies:  
 Then stooping on the Meads and leafy Bow'rs,  
 They skim the Floods, and sip the purple Flow'rs:  
 Then work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,  
 And labour Honey to sustain their Lives. Dryd.

But when thou seest a swarming Cloud arise,  
 That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the Skies;  
 The Motions of their hasty Flight attend,  
 And know to Floods or Woods their airy March they bend. (Dryd.)

Th' assembling Swarms,  
 Dark as a Cloud, then make a wheeling Flight,  
 And on a neighb'ring Tree, descending, light:  
 Like a large Cluster of black Grapes they show,  
 And make a long Dependance from the Bough. Dryd.

About the Boughs an airy Nation flew,  
 Of humming Bees, that haunt the Golden Dew,  
 In Summer's Heat, on Tops of Lilies feed,  
 And creep within their Bells to suck the balmy Seed.  
 The winged Army roams the Fields around;  
 The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the Sound. Dryd.

Thus when the Swain, within a hollow Rock,  
 Invades the Bees with suffocating Smoke;  
 They run around, or labour on their Wings,  
 Disus'd to Flight, and shoot their sleepy Stings:  
 To shun the bitter Fumes in vain they try;  
 Black Vapours, issuing from the Vent, involve the Sky. Dryd.

**B E L L O N A.**

here stands a Rock, dash'd with the breaking Wave;  
troubled *Styx*, where in a gloomy Cave,  
living with Gore, the fierce *Bellona* dwells;  
bound with adamantinè Fetters, yells:  
and stands Heaps of mossy Skulls and Bones;  
hence issue loud Laments and dreadful Groans:  
Limbs and mangled Bodies are her Food;  
Drink whole Bowls of Wormwood, Gall and Blood.  
g curling Snakes her Head with Horror crown,  
on her squabild Back hang lolling down.  
gripes a bloody Dart, the other Hand  
ps of infernal Fire a flaming Brand.  
son and *Usurpation* near ally'd,  
ghty *Ambition*, elevated *Pride*,  
Cruelty with bloody Garlands crown'd,  
ne and *Desolation* stand around.  
h these *Injustice*, *V'ience*, *Rage* remain,  
ghastly *Famine* with her meagre Train. *Blac,*

**B I R D S.** See *Country-Life*, *Grove*, *Creation*, *Muse*,  
the Birds, great Nature's Commoners,  
t haunt in Woods, and Meads, and flow'ry Gardens,  
e the Sweets, and taste the choicest Fruits,  
scorn to ask the lordly Owner's Leave. *Rom. Fair Pen,*

**B L A S T, or B L I G H T.**

The verdant Walks their charming Aspect lose,  
shriv'el'd Fruit drops from the wither'd Boughs:  
w'rs in their Virgin Blushes smother'd die,  
round the Trees their scatter'd Beauties lie:  
ction taints the Air, sick Nature fades;  
udden Autumn all the Place invades.  
when the Fields their flow'ry Pomp display,  
th'd by the Spring's sweet Breath and chearing Ray;  
Boreas then, designing envious War,  
sters his swift-wing'd Legions in the Air,  
then for sure Destruction marches forth,  
h the cold Forces of the snowy North:  
op'ning Buds, and sprouting Herbs, and all  
e tender First-born of the Spring must fall:  
e blighted Trees their blooming Honours shed,  
on their blasted Hopes the mournful Gard'ners tread. *Blac.*

**B L I N D,**



## BLINDNESS. See Light.

All dark and comfortless!

Where are those various Objects that but now  
Employ'd my busy Eyes? Where are those Eyes?  
Dead are their piercing Rays that lately shot  
O'er flow'ry Vales to distant sunny Hills,  
And drew with Joy the vast Horizon in;  
These groping Hands are now my only Guides,  
And Feeling all my Sight.  
Shut from the living while among the living!  
Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World!  
At once from Business and from Pleasure barr'd!  
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring!  
Nor see the Face of Kindred or of Friend! Tate K.

O first created Beam! and thou great Word,  
Let there be Light! and Light was over all:  
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime Decree?

Why was the Sight

To such a tender Ball as th'Eye confin'd,  
So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd?  
And not as feeling thro' all Parts diffus'd?  
That she might look at will thro' ev'ry Pore?

O Happiness of Blindness! Now no Beauty  
Inflames my Lust; no other's Good my Envy,  
Or Misery my Pity: No Man's Wealth  
Draws my Respect, nor Poverty my Scorn.  
Yet still I see enough! Man to himself  
Is a large Prospect, rais'd above the Level  
Of his low creeping Thoughts. Denh. S.

## B L U S H.

A crimson Blush her beauteous Face o'erspread,  
Varying her Cheeks by turns with white and red.  
The driving Colours, never at a Stay,  
Run here and there, and flush and fade away.  
Delightful Change! thus Indian Iv'ry shows,  
Which with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows;  
Or Lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring Rose. Dryd. Virg.

In rising Blushes still fresh Beauties rose,  
The sunny side of Fruit such Blushes shows,  
And such the Moon, when all her silver White  
Turns in Eclipses to a ruddy Light. Add. O.

h lovely Stains the Face of Heav'n adorn,  
 Light's first Blushes paint the bashful Morn:  
 the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,  
 mingled with the Lilies neighb'ring Snow. *Oldh.*  
 my *Palmyra* comes, the frighted Blood  
 yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks;  
 the first Streaks of Light broke loose from Darkness,  
 dawning into Blushes. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-Mode.*

Let me for ever gaze,  
 blest the new-born Glories that adorn thee:  
 ev'ry Blush that kindles in thy Cheeks,  
 thousand little Loves and Graces spring,  
 level in the Roses. *Row. Tamerl.*

**BOAR. See Duel. Enjoyment. Hunting.**

As a savage Boar, on Mountains bred,  
 Forest Mast and fatt'ning Marshes fed;  
 on once he sees himself in Toils enclos'd,  
 Huntsmen and their eager Hounds oppos'd,  
 whets his Tusks, and turns and dares the War;  
 invaders dart their Jav'lines from afar;  
 keep aloof, and safely shoot around,  
 none presume to give a nearer Wound;  
 rets and froths, erects his bristled Hide;  
 shakes a Grove of Lances from his Side. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 his Eye-balls glare with Fire, suffus'd with Blood,  
 Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood:  
 bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,  
 stands erected like a Field of Spears.  
 he fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting Sound,  
 part he churns, and part befoams the Ground.  
 Tusks, with *Indian* Elephants he strove;  
 Jove's own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.  
 suffers not the Corn its yellow Beards to rear,  
 tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.  
 in the Barns expect their promis'd Load,  
 Barns at home, nor Ricks are heap'd abroad.  
 in the Hinds the Threshing-floor prepare,  
 exercise their Arms in empty Air.  
 in Olives ever green the Ground is strew'd,  
 Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.  
 and the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep  
 nor Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can keep.

*Dryd. Ovid.*  
 Forth

Forth from the Thicket rush'd another Boar;  
 So large he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,  
 With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,  
 They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back.  
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,  
 Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide;  
 As he already had me for his Prey:  
 Till brandishing my well-pois'd Jav'lin high,  
 With this bold executing Arm I struck  
 The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart.

So when fierce Dogs and clam'rous Swains surround,  
 A mighty Boar, in neighb'ring Mountains found;  
 His Bristles high erected on his Back,  
 The raging Beast withstands the Foes Attack:  
 He whets his dreadful Tusks, and from afar  
 He foams, and flourishes the iv'ry War.  
 The cautious Huntsmen at a Distance rage,  
 Cast all their Darts, but dare not close engage.

So two wild Boars spring furious from their Den,  
 Rowz'd with the Cries of Dogs, and Voice of Men;  
 On ev'ry Side the crackling Trees they tear,  
 And root the Shrubs, and lay the Forest bare:  
 They gnash their Tusks, with Fire their Eyeballs roul,  
 Till some wide Wound lets out their mighty Soul.  
 So when surrounding Huntsmen cast a Show'r  
 Of hissing Spears against some mighty Boar,  
 The grisly Beast, provok'd with ev'ry Wound,  
 Rages, and casts his threat'ning Looks around.  
 High on his Back his furious Bristles rise,  
 And Lightning flashes from his raging Eyes:  
 He tosses Clouds of Foam amidst the Air,  
 And, brandishing his Fangs, invites the War.

So fares a Boar, whom all the Troop surrounds,  
 Of shouting Huntsmen, and of clam'rous Hounds:  
 He grinds his Iv'ry Tusks, he foams with Ire,  
 His sanguine Eyeballs glare with living Fire:  
 By these, by those, on ev'ry Part is ply'd,  
 And the red Slaughter spreads on ev'ry Side.

## B O A S T I N G.

My Arm a nobler Victory ne'er gain'd,  
 And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,  
 Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain.  
 Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,

Glory, like the dazzling Eagle, stood,  
 And on my Beaver, in the Granick Flood;  
 Fortune's Self my Standard trembling bore,  
 The pale Fates stood frighted on the Shore,  
 All th' Immortals on the Billows rode,  
 Myself appear'd the leading God.

*Lee Alex.*

And Danger from the East unto the West,  
 Honour cross in from the North to South,  
 Let 'em grapple: The Blood more stirs  
 To mowze a Lion than to start a Hare.  
 Heav'n, methinks it were an easy Leap,  
 To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,  
 And dive into the Bottom of the Deep,  
 Where Fathom-Line could never touch the Ground, (Part I.  
 To pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks. *Shak. Hen. IV.*

*B O W. See Archers, and Arrow.*

Well skill'd to throw

Flying Dart, and draw the far-deceiving Bow. *Dryd. Virg.*

His polish'd Bow

Form'd of Horn, and smooth'd with artful Toil;

Mountain-Goat resign'd the shining Spoil,

Pierc'd long since beneath his Arrows bled;

Sixteen Palms his Brows large Honours spread:

Workman join'd and shap'd the bended Horns;

Beaten Gold each taper Point adorns:

He meditates the Mark; and, couching low,

He sharp Arrow to the well-strung Bow:

With full Force the yielding Horn he bends,

Down to an Arch, and joins the doubling Ends,

To his Breast he strains the Nerve below,

The barb'd Point approach the circling Bow;

Impatient Weapon whizzes on the Wing;

And the tough Horn, and twangs the quiv'ring String.

(*Pope Hom.*)

He said, and from her Quiver chose with Speed

A winged Shaft, predestin'd for the Deed:

On to the stubborn Eugh her Strength apply'd,

The far-distant Horns approach on either Side:

The Bow-string touch'd her Breast: so strong she drew!

Whizzing in Air, the fatal Arrow flew:

Once the twanging Bow, and sounding Dart,

The Traitor heard, and felt the Point within his Heart.

(*Dryd. Virg.*)

He



He fell,  
 Pierc'd with an Arrow from the distant War;  
 Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon stood,  
 And stop'd his Breath, and drank the vital Blood. Dryd.

## B O W E R.

A Sylvan Lodge, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd,  
 With Flowers deck'd, and fragrant Smells: The Roof  
 Of thickest Covert was inwoven Shade,  
 Laurel and Myrtle; and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant Leaf: On either side  
 Acanthus; and each od'rous bushy Shrub,  
 Fenc'd up the verdant Wall: Each beauteous Flower,  
 Iris, Allhues, Roses and Jessamin,  
 Rear'd high their flourish'd Heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaick: Under Foot the Violet,  
 Crocus, and Hyacinth, with rich Inlay  
 Broider'd the Ground; more colour'd than with Stone  
 Of costliest Emblem. In shady Bower  
 More sacred or sequester'd, tho' but feign'd,  
*Pan* or *Sylvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,  
 Nor *Faunus* haunted.

## B O W L. See Drinking.

Make me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl!  
 Large as my capacious Soul!  
 Vast as my Thirst is! Let it have  
 Depth enough to be my Grave!  
 I mean, the Grave of all my Care,  
 For I intend to bury't there.  
 Let it of Silver fashion'd be,  
 Worthy of Wine, worthy of me:  
 Yet draw no Shapes of Armour there,  
 No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,  
 Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,  
 Nor any other martial Toy:  
 For what do I vain Armour prize,  
 Who mind not such rough Exercise?  
 But gentler Sieges, softer Wars,  
 Fights that cause no Wounds nor Scars.  
 I'll have no Battels on my Plate,  
 Lest Sight of them should Broils create:  
 Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,  
 Which Wine itself enough can do.

Draw me no Constellations there,  
 No *Ram*, nor *Bull*, nor *Dog*, nor *Bear*;  
 Nor any of that monstrous Fry  
 Of Animals that stock the Sky;  
 For what are Stars to my Design?  
 Stars, which I, when drunk, outshine,  
 I lack no Pole-Star on the Brink,  
 To guide in the wide Sea of Drink;  
 But would for ever there be tofs'd,  
 And with no Haven, seek no Coast.  
 Yet, gentle Artist, if thou'lt try  
 Thy Skill; then draw me, (let me see)  
 Draw me first a spreading Vine,  
 Make its Arms the Bowl entwine  
 With kind Embraces, such as I  
 Twist about my loving She.

Let its Boughs o'erspread above  
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.

Draw next the Patron of that Tree,

Draw *Bacchus* and soft *Cupid* by:

Draw them both in toping Shapes,

Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes:

Make them lean against the Cup,

As 'twere to keep their Figures up:

And when their reeling Forms I view,

I'll think them drunk, and be so too. *Oldb.*

*Vulcan*, contrive me such a Cup,

As *Nestor* us'd of old;

Shew all thy Care to trim it up,

Damask it round with Gold:

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack,

Up to the swelling Brim,

Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,

Like Ships at Sea, may swim:

And carve thereon a spreading Vine,

Then add two lovely Boys;

Their Limbs in am'rous Folds entwine,

The Types of future Joys.

*Cupid* and *Bacchus* my Saints are,

May Love and Drink still reign:

With Wine I wash away my Care,

And then to Love again. *Rock.*

Two Bowls I have well turn'd of Beechen Wood;

The Lids are Ivy: Grapes in Clusters lurk

Beneath the Carving of the curious Work:

Two

Two Figures on the Sides emboss'd appear,  
*Comen*, and what's his Name who made the Sphere,  
 And shew'd the Seasons of the sliding Year.  
 The kimbo Handles seem with Bears-foot carv'd,  
 Where *Orpheus* on his Lyre laments his Love,  
 With Beasts encompass'd, and a dancing Grove. *Dryd.*

The Goblet was emboss'd with Studs of Gold;  
 Two Feet support it, and two Handles hold:  
 On each bright Handle, bending o'er the Brink,  
 In sculptur'd Gold two Turtles seem to drink. *Pop.*

Around the Bowl the wanton Ivy twines,  
 And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines:  
 Four Figures rising from the Work appear,  
 The various Seasons of the rolling Year;  
 And what is that which binds the radiant Sky,  
 Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lie.

## B O X I N G.

Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal

But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.

At first both Parties in Reproaches jar,  
 And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War.  
 They clutch their horny Fists, exchange such furious Blow  
 Scarce one escapes with more than half a Nose.  
 Some stand their Ground with half their Visage gone,  
 But with the Remnant of a Face fight on.  
 One Eye remaining for the other spies,  
 Which now on Earth a trampled Jelly lies. *Tat. J.*

Nor, tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes  
 Hang by a String, in Bumps his Forehead rise,  
 Shall he presume to mention his Disgrace,  
 Or beg Amends for his demolish'd Face. *Dryd. J.*

As, on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,  
 Two stubborn Swains with Blows dispute their Bounds;  
 They tug, they sweat, but neither gain nor yield  
 One Foot, one Inch of the contended Field. *Pop. H.*

Thus often at the Temple Stairs we've seen  
 Two Tritons, of a rough athletic Mien,  
 Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood  
 With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood;  
 But, at the first Appearance of a Fare,  
 Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

*Brave.* See *Courage.*

The Brave do never shun the Light,  
 are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers.  
 without Disguise they love and hate,  
 are they found in the fair Face of Day, (Pen.  
 Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions. Row. Fair  
 Valour's Side the Odds of Combate lye;  
 Brave live glorious, or lamented die:  
 Wretch, who trembles in the Field of Fame,  
 Death, or, worse than Death, eternal Shame. Pope Hor.  
 The Brave meets Danger, and the Coward flies. Pope Hor.

**B R E A S T S.**

With what rich Globes did her soft Bosom swell?  
 As ripe Clusters rose each glowing Breast,  
 ting the Hand, and suing to be press'd. Duke.  
 The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast. Wall.  
 My little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,  
 d up and down, and heav'd like dying Birds. Otw. Orph.

**B R I D E.**

The Virgin Bride, who swoons with deadly Fear,  
 The End of all her Wishes near,  
 blushing, from the Light and publick Eyes  
 The kind Covert of the Night she flies,  
 Equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves;  
 in his Arms, and with a Loose she loves. Row. Fair Pen.  
 At strange Disorders youthful Brides express,  
 Patient Longings for the Happiness!  
 Hatching Joys will so disturb the Soul,  
 Needles always tremble near the Pole. Otw. Don. Carl.

**B R O O K.** See *Country-Life. River. Stream.*

Gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,  
 Along the rugged Banks on either Side:  
 In their chrystal Streams at once they show,  
 With them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow:  
 Rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,  
 Gentle Murmurs they keep on their Race  
 The lov'd Sea; for Streams have their Desires:  
 As they are, they feel Love's pow'rful Fires:  
 With such Passion, that if any Force  
 Should molest them in their am'rous Course,

C

They



They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er  
The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before.

As when some simple Swain his Cot forsakes,  
And wide thro' Fens an unknown Journey takes;  
If chance a swelling Brook his Passage stay,  
And foam impervious cross the Wanderer's Way,  
Confus'd he stops, a Length of Country past,  
Eyes the rough Waves, and tir'd returns at last.

Pope H

B R U T U S. See Liberty.

Excellent Brutus! of all human Race  
The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace:  
From thy strict Rule, some think that thou didst swerve,  
(Mistaken, honest Men) in Caesar's Blood,  
What Mercy could the Tyrant's Life deserve  
From him who kill'd himself rather than serve?  
Th' Heroick Exaltations of Good

Are so far from understood,  
We count them Vice: Alas! our Sight's so ill,  
That things which swiftest move, seem to stand still;  
We look not upon Virtue in her Height,  
On her supreme Idea, brave and bright,

In the original Light;

But as her Beams, reflected, pass  
Thro' our own Nature, or ill Custom's Glass;

And 'tis no Wonder so,

If with dejected Eye,

In standing Pools we seek the Sky,  
That Stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by, and see

Our Mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be;

Yet not to her Assistance stir,

Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Ravisher?  
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before

The cancel'd Name of Friend he bore?

Ingrateful Brutus do they call?

Ingrateful Caesar, who could Rome enthrall!

An Act more barbarous and unnatural,

(In th' exact Balance of true Virtue try'd)

Than his Successor Nero's Parricide.

There's none but Brutus could deserve

That all Men else would wish to serve

And Caesar's usurp'd Place to him should proffer;

None can deserve't but he who would refuse the Offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a Body thee affright,  
and wrap'd it self i'th' Terrors of the Night;  
I meet thee at Philippi, said the Spright:

I'll meet thee there, said'st thou,

With such a Voice, and such a Brow,  
's put the trembling Ghost to suddain Flight.

What Joy can human Things to us afford,

When we see perish thus, by odd Events,

Ill Men and wretched Accidents,

the best Cause, and best Man that ever drew a Sword?

When we see

the false *Octavius* and wild *Anthony*,

God-like *Brutus*! conquer thee?

What can we say, but thy own tragick Word,

that Virtue, which had worshipp'd been by thee,

is the most solid Good, and greatest Deity,

By that fatal Proof became,

An Idol only, and a Name?

*Cowl.*

**BULL. See Enjoyment. General.**

So fares the Bull in his lov'd Female's Sight,

roudly he bellows, and preludes the Fight:

he tries his goring Horns against a Tree,

and meditates his absent Enemy:

he pushes at the Winds, he digs the Strand

With his black Hoofs, and spurns the yellow Sand. *Dry.Virg.*

As when two Bulls for their fair Female fight,

in *Sila's* Shades, or on *Taburnas*' Height:

With Horns adverse they meet; the Keeper flies:

mute stands the Herd; the Heifers rowl their Eyes,

and wait th' Event, which Victor they shall bear,

and who shall be the Lord, to rule the lusty Year,

With Rage of Love the jealous Rivals burn,

and Push for Push, and Wound for Wound return.

their Dewlaps gor'd, their Sides are lay'd in Blood;

loud Cries and roaring Sounds rebellow thro' the Wood. *Dr.Virg.*

Thus a strong Bull stands threat'ning furious War;

he flourishes his Horns; looks sourly round,

and hoarsly bell'wing, traverses his Ground,

or want of Foes he does the Wood provoke,

uns his curl'd Head against the next tall Oak,

ishing a nobler Object of his Stroke.

*Blac.*

So when a Bull, nodding his brindled Head,

and softly bell'wing, traverses the Mead;

52 *Bull baiting. Bullet. Business.*

If then he finds th' invading Hornet cling  
Close to his Flank, and feels the poison'd Sting;  
The wounded Beast, enrag'd and roaring out,  
Whisks round his Tail, and flings and flies about;  
Mad with th' adhering Plague's tormenting Pain,  
He scares the Herds, and raving scours the Plain.

Thus as a Bull encompass'd with a Guard,  
Amid the *Circus* roars; provok'd from far  
By sight of Scarlet, and a sanguine War:  
They quit their Ground; his bending Horns elude,  
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

*Dryd. Ovid*

**BULL-BAITING.**

So when a gen'rous Bull for Clowns Delight,  
Stands with his Line restrain'd prepar'd for Fight;  
Hearing the Youths loud Clamour, and the Rage  
Of barking Mastiffs eager to engage;  
He snuffs the Air, and paws the trembling Ground,  
Views all the Ring, and proudly walks it round:  
Defiance low'ring on his brindled Brows,  
Around, disdainful Looks the grisly Warriour throws:  
His haughty Head inclin'd with easy Scorn,  
Th' invading Foe high in the Air is borne,  
Tost from the Combatant's victorious Horn.  
Rais'd to the Clouds, the sprawling Mastiffs fly,  
And add new Monsters to the frightened Sky;  
The clam'rous Youth to aid each other call,  
On their broad Backs to break the Fav'rite's Fall:  
Some stretch'd out in the Field lie dead, and some  
Dragging their Entrails on, run howling home.  
With disproportion'd Numbers press'd at length,  
He breaks his Chain collecting all his Strength;  
Then Dogs and Masters, scar'd, promiscuous fly,  
And fall'n in Heaps the pale Spectators lie;  
He walks in Triumph, nods his conqu'ring Head,  
And proudly Views the Spoils about him spread.

**BULLET.**

So the cold Bullet, that with Fury slung  
From *Balearick* Engines mounts on high,  
Glow's in the whirl, and burns along the Sky.

*Add. Ovid*

**BUSINESS.**

Thou Changling, thou bewitch'd with Noise and Show,  
Would'st into Courts and Cities from me go;

*Would*

would'st see the World abroad, and have a Share  
all the Follies and the Tumults there;  
thou would'st, forsooth, be something in the State,  
and Bus'ness thou would'st have, and would'st create  
Bus'ness; the frivolous Pretence

of human Lust, to shake off Innocence.

*Cowl.*

Bus'ness, which dares the Joys of Kings invade!

*Dryd.*

If there be Man, ye Gods, I ought to hate;

Dependence and Attendance be his Fate:

Will let him busy be, and in a Croud,

and very much a Slave, and very proud.

*Cowl.*

The Day was made

to number out the Hours of busy Men,

that they be busy still, and still be wretched,

and take their Fill of anxious drudging Day. *Dryd. Amphit.*

The Tide of Bus'ness, like the running Stream,

Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,  
quiet Ebb or a tempestuous Flow,

And always in Extream:

Now with a noiseless gentle Course,

It keeps within the middle Bed;

Anon it lifts aloft the Head,

and bears down all before it with impetuous Force:

And Trunks of Trees come rowling down,

Sheep and their Folds together drown;

with House and Homestead into Seas are born,

and Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,

and Woods, made thin with Winds, their scatter'd Honours

(mourn. *Dryd. Hor.*

**B U T C H E R.**

A Wight,

With Gauntlet blue, and Bases white

And round blunt Dudgeon by his Side,

Inur'd to Labour, Sweat and Toil;

And, like a Champion, shone with Oil:

No Engine or Device Polemick,

Disease, nor Doctor epidemick,

Tho' stor'd with deleterious Med'cines,

(Which whosoever took is dead since)

E'er sent so vast a Colony

To both the Under-Worlds as he:

For he was of that nobler Trade,

That Demi-Gods and Heroes made:

C 3

Slaughter



Slaughter, and Knocking on the Head;  
 The Trade to which they all were bred;  
 And is, like others, glorious when  
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean:  
 The former rides in Triumph for it,  
 The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot;  
 For daring to prophane a Thing  
 So sacred, with vile Bungling.

## C.

## C A L M.

Now the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace. *Dryd. Ovid.*  
 The Tempest is o'erblown, the Skies are clear,  
 And the Sea charm'd into a Calm so still,  
 That not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face. *Dryd. Don Sch.*  
 As when a gen'ral Darkneſs veils the Main,  
 (Soft Zephyr, curling the wide wat'ry Plain)  
 The Waves scarce heave, the Face of Ocean sleeps,  
 And a still Horrour saddens all the Deeps. *Pope Hom.*

We often ſee againſt ſome Storm  
 A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack ſtand ſtill;  
 The bold Winds ſpeechleſs, and the Orb below  
 As huſh as Death. *Shak. Ham.*

Calm as the Breath which fans our Eaſtern Grove. *Dryd. Aurel.*  
 As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only  
 Are gently lifted up and down by Tides. *Rowe Fair Pen.*  
 Calm as deep Rivers in ſtill Ev'nings roll. *Blac.*

The Clouds diſperſe, the Winds their Breath reſtrain,  
 And the huſh'd Waves lie flatt'd on the Main. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Still as old Chaos before Motion's Birth. *Comh.*

## C A R E.

Care, that in Cloyſters only ſeals her Eyes;  
 Which Youth thinks Folly, Age as Wiſdom owns:  
 Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the Wiſe;  
 She viſits Cities, but ſhe dwells in Thrones. *Dav. Gond.*

All Creatures elſe a Time of Love poſſeſs,  
 Man only clogs with Cares his Happineſs;  
 And while he ſhould enjoy his Part of Blifs, *(of Gran.)*  
 With Thoughts of what may be, deſtroys what is. *Dryd. Conq.*

What, in this Life which ſoon muſt end,  
 Can all our vain Deſigns intend?

From

From Shore to Shore why should we run,  
When none his tiresome Self can shun?  
For baneful Care will still prevail,  
And overtake us under Sail:  
'Twill dodge the great Man's Train behind;  
Out-run the Doe, out-fly the Wind.  
If then thy Soul rejoyce To-day  
Drive far To-morrow Cares away;  
In Laughter let them all be drown'd:  
No perfect Good is to be found.

Orw. Hor.

An angry Care did dwell  
In his dark Breast, and all gay Forms expel.  
A thousand Cares his lab'ring Breast revolves;  
Only he groans, while Glory and Despair  
Divide his Heart, and raise a doubtful War.

Cowh.

Pope Hom.

CAULDRON.

So when with crackling Flames a Cauldron fries,  
The bubling Waters from the Bottom rise;  
Above the Brims they force their fiery Way,  
Black Vapours climb aloft, and cloud the Day.

Dryd. Virg.

CENTAUR.

Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the Mountain's Height,  
With rapid Course, descending to the Fight,  
They rush along: The rattling Woods give way,  
The Branches bend before their sweepy Sway.  
The cloud-begotten Race, half Man, half Beast.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Ovid.

The Centaur Cyllarus.

Nor could thy Form, O Cyllarus, foreflow  
Thy Fate; (if Form to Monsters we allow)  
Must bloom'd thy Beard, thy Beard of golden Hue,  
Thy Locks in golden Waves about thy Shoulders flew;  
Prightly thy Look; thy Shapes in ev'ry Part  
So clean, as might instruct the Sculptor's Art,  
As far as Man extended; where began  
The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man.  
Add but a Horse's Head and Neck, and he,  
O Castor, was a Courser worthy thee.  
So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat;  
So rose his brawny Chest, so swiftly mov'd his Feet:

Cole-black his Colour, but like Jet it shone;  
His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone.

Dryd. Ovi

## CERBERUS.

In his Den they found  
The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Sound,  
Grim *Cerberus*; who soon began to rear  
His crested Snakes, and arm'd his bristling Hair;  
Op'ning his greedy grinning Jaws, he gapes  
With three enormous Mouths.

Dryd. Virg

For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate  
Of Heav'n, wears three Crowns of State;  
So he, that keeps the Gates of Hell,  
Proud *Cerbrus*, wears three Heads as well;  
And, if the World have any Troth,  
Some have been canoniz'd in both.

Hud

## CHAOS.

The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave!  
Gloomy Deed! dreary Plain! forlorn and wild!  
The Seat of Desolation! void of Light,  
Save what the Glimm'ring of Hell's livid Flames  
Casts pale and dreadful.

Milt

Rude undigested Mass!

A lifeless Lump, unfashion'd and unfram'd,  
Of jarring Seeds, and justly *Chaos* nam'd.

Dryd. Ovid

Before their Eyes in sudden View appear  
The Secrets of the hoary Deep: A dark  
Illimitable Ocean without Bound,  
Without Dimension; where Length, Breadth, and Height,  
And Time, and Place, are lost: Where eldest *Night*,  
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal Anarchy, amidst the Noise  
Of endless Wars, and by Confusion stand:  
For *Hot*, *Cold*, *Moist*, and *Dry*, four Champions fierce,  
Strive here for Mast'ry, and to Battel bring  
Their *Embryon* Atoms: They around the Flag  
Of each his Faction, in their several Clans,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
Swarm populous: unnumber'd as the Sands  
Of *Barca*, or *Cyrene's* torrid Soil,  
Levy'd to side with warring Winds, and poise  
Their lighter Wings. To whom these most adhere,

Hud

rules a Moment: *Chaos* Umpire fits,  
by Decision more embroils the Fray,  
which he reigns; next him high Arbiter  
governs all.

Mils.

and now the Goddess with her Charge descends,  
ere scarce one chearful Glimpse their Steps befriends.  
his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps,  
undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps:  
rilly Wight, and hideous to the Eye,  
awkward Lump of shapeless Anarchy;  
h sordid Age his Features are defac'd,  
Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waste.  
on a Couch of Jet, in these Abodes,  
Night, his melancholy Consort, nods.  
Ways and Means their Cabinet employ,  
their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Gan.

As he profess'd,

He had *First Matter* seen undress'd

He took her naked, all alone

Before one Rag of Form was on:

The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,

And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd.

Hud.

Order, a banish'd Rebel, flies the Place,  
d Strife and Uproar fill the noisy Space:  
mult and Misrule please at *Chaos*' Court,  
d everlasting Wars his Throne support;  
as'd with those Subjects most that least obey.  
re heavier Seeds rush on in num'rous Swarms,  
d crush their lighter Foes with pond'rous Arms.  
e lighter straight command with equal Pride,  
d on mad Whirlings in wild Triumph ride:  
one long submits to a superior Pow'r;  
ch yields, and in his Turn is Conquerour.

Blac.

*S A T A N's Passage thro' C H A O S.*

The wary Fiend stood on the Brink of Hell,  
d look'd a While into this wild Abyss,  
d'ring his Voyage; for no narrow Frith  
e had to cross: Nor was his Ear less peal'd  
ith Noises loud and ruinous, (to compare  
reat things with small) than when *Bellona* storms  
ith all her batt'ring Engines, bent to raze  
ome Capital City; or less than if this Frame



Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements  
 In Mutiny had from her Axle torn  
 The stedfast Earth: At last his sail-broad Vans  
 He spreads for Flight, and in the surging Smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the Ground: Thence many a League,  
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending, rides  
 Audacious; but that Seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast Vacuity: All unawares,  
 Flutt'ring his Penons vain, plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand Fathom deep; and to this Hour  
 Down had been falling, had not by ill Chance  
 The strong Rebuff of some tumultuous Cloud,  
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre, hurry'd him  
 As many Miles aloft: That Fury staid  
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither Sea  
 Nor good dry Land. Nigh founder'd on he fares,  
 Treading the crude Consistence; half on foot,  
 Half flying; behoves him now both Oar and Sail:  
 As when a Gryphon, thro' the Wilderness  
 With winged Course o'er Hill or moory Dale,  
 Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by Stealth  
 Had from his wakeful Custody purloin'd  
 The guarded Gold; so eagerly the Fiend  
 O'er Bog or Steep, thro' straight, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With Head, Hands, Wings, or Feet pursues his Way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.  
 At length a universal Hubbub wild  
 Of stunning Sounds, and Voices all confus'd,  
 Borne thro' the hollow Dark, assaults his Ear  
 With loudest Vehemence: when strait behold the Throne  
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful Deep: With him enthron'd  
 Sate sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,  
 The Consort of his Reign: and by them stood  
*Orcus* and *Hades*, and the dreaded Name  
 Of *Demogorgon*: Rumour next, and Chance,  
 And Tumult and Confusion, all embroil'd,  
 And Discord, with a thousand various Mouths.  
*Satan* thence  
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of Fire  
 Into the wild Expanse; and thro' the Shock  
 Of fighting Elements, on all Sides round  
 Environ'd, wins his way.  
 At last the sacred Influence

Light appears, and from the Walls of Heav'n  
 Flies far into the Bosom of dim Night  
 Glim'ring Dawn: Here Nature first begins  
 At farthest Verge, and *Chaos* to retire,  
 From her outmost Works, a broken Foe,  
 With Tumult less, and with less hostile Din;  
 At *Satan* with less Toil, and now with Ease  
 Sits on the calmer Wave by dubious Light;  
 Like a Weather-beaten Vessel, holds  
 Steadily the Port, tho' Shrowds and Tackle torn.

*Milt.*

*Satan* thus

Drag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded Deep  
 Of horrible Confusion;  
 Thro' the palpable Obscure toil'd out  
 A uncouth Passage, spreading his airy Flight,  
 Borne with indefatigable Wings,  
 Over the vast Abrupt; compell'd to ride  
 On untractable Abyss, plung'd in the Womb  
 Of unoriginal Night, and *Chaos* wild.

*Milt.*

CHAPLAIN. See Priest.

CHARIOT.

Old *Erichthonius* was the first that join'd  
 His Horses for the rapid Race design'd,  
 O'er the dusty Wheels presiding late:  
 To *Lapitha* to Chariots add the State  
 Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound,  
 To run the Ring, and trace the mazy Ground;  
 To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know,  
 To obey the Rider, and to dare the Foe.

*Dryd. Virg.*

CHARIOT-RACE.

Hast thou beheld when from the Goal they part?  
 Youthful Charioteers with heaving Heart,  
 Rush to the Race, and, panting, scarcely bear  
 The Extreams of ferv'rish Hope and chilling Fear;  
 Up to the Reins, and lash with all their Force;  
 The flying Chariots kindle in the Course,  
 Now aloof, and now aloft they fly,  
 Borne thro' Air, and seem to touch the Sky:  
 Stop, no Stay; but Clouds of Sand arise,  
 Turn'd, and cast backward in the Foll'wers Eyes:  
 The hindmost blows the Foam upon the first;  
 'Tis the Love of Praise, and honourable Thirst!

*Dryd. Virg.*

So four fierce Coursers, starting to the Race,  
Scour thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:  
Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they fear,  
But force along the trembling Charioteer.

*Dryd. W.*

The Driver whirls the lengthful Thong,  
The Horses fly, the Chariot smokes along:  
Clouds from their Nostrils the fierce Coursers blow,  
And from their Sides the Foam descends in Snow.

*Pope H.***CHARNEL-HOUSE**

Behold a Charnel-House

O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,  
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Skulls.

*(Shak. Rom. C.)***CHARON.**

Upon the gloomy Banks of *Acheron*,  
Whose troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,  
**Are** whirl'd aloft, and in *Corytus* lost,  
Old *Charon* stands who rules the dreary Coast;  
A sordid God! down from his hoary Chin  
A Length of Beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean:  
His Eyes like hollow Furnaces on Fire:  
A Girdle, foul with Grease, binds his obscene Attire.  
He spreads his Canvass; with his Pole he steers:  
The Frights of flitting Ghosts in his thin Bottom bears:  
He look'd in Years; yet in his Years were seen  
A youthful Vigour, and autumnal Green.

*Dryd. W.***CHEAT. See Coward.**

Doubtless the Pleasure is as great,  
Of being cheated, as to cheat,  
As Lookers-on feel most Delight,  
That least perceive the Juggler's Slight;  
And still the less they understand,  
The more th'admire the Slight of Hand.

For the dull World most Honour pay to those,  
Who on their Understanding most impose.  
First Man creates, and then he fears, the Elf:  
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself.  
He loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show:  
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,  
And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.  
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye,  
Which no Existence has but in the Eye.

## *Chimera. City. Cliff.*

61

Distance Prospects please us, but when near,  
we find but desert Rocks and fleeting Air:  
From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,  
And he knows most, who latest is undone. *Gar.*  
An honest Man may take a Knave's Advice,  
But Idiots only will be couzen'd twice:  
Once warn'd is well bewared. *Dryd. the Cock and the Fox.*  
Once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, was mine. *Pope Hom.*

### *C H I M Æ R A.*

A mingled Monster, of a mortal Kind;  
Behind, a Dragon's fiery Tail was spread;  
A Goat's rough Body bore a Lyon's Head:  
Her pitchy Nostrils flaky Flames expire;  
Her gaping Throat emits infernal Fire. *Pope Hom.*

### *C I T Y.*

Here with like Haste to several Ways they run,  
Some to undo, and some to be undone.  
While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,  
See each the other's Ruin and Increase:  
Rivers lost in Seas, some secret Vein  
Hence re-conveys, there to be lost again. *Denb.*

### *C L I F F.*

Behold a Cliff, whose high and bending Head  
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring Deep:  
How fearful,  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low!  
The Crows and Choughs, that wing the mid-way Air,  
How scarce so gross as Beetles: Half-way down  
Lies one that gathers *Samphire*: Dreadful Trade!  
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach,  
Appear like Mice; and yon tall anch'ring Bark  
Seems lessen'd to her Cock; her Cock a Buoy,  
Almost too small for Sight. The murm'ring Surge  
Cannot be heard so high. *Shake. K. Lear.*  
As from some steep and dreadful Precipice,  
The frighted Traveller casts down his Eyes,  
And sees the Ocean at so great a Distance,  
Looks as if the Skies were sunk beneath him:  
Then some neighb'ring Shrub, how weak foe'er,  
Up, his willing Eyes stop gladly there,

And



And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it. *Dryd. Riv. Lab.*

As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,  
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,  
Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub  
To break his dreadful Fall. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

**C L O U D S.** See *Deluge. Storm. Tempest. Thunder. Wind.*

Not one kind Star was kindled in the Sky,  
Nor could the Moon her borrow'd Light supply:  
For misty Clouds involv'd the Firmament,  
The Stars were muffled, and the Moon was pent. *Dryd. Verg.*  
Mark what collected Night involves the Skies. *Dryd. Verg.*  
O'er-spreading Mists th'extinguish'd Sun-beams drown,  
Dark Clouds o'er all the black Horizon frown,  
And hang their deep hydropick Bellies down. *Blac.*

The low'ring Clouds, that dip themselves in Rain,  
To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again. *Dryd. Ind. Em.*

The Rack of Clouds is driving on the Wind,  
And shews a Break of Sunshine. *Dryd. D. of G.*

When on their March embattel'd Clouds appear,  
What formidable Gloom their Faces wear!  
How wide their Front! How deep and black their Rear!  
How do their threat'ning Heads each other throng!  
How slow the crouding Legions move along!  
The Winds, with all their Wings, can scarcely bear,  
Th'oppressive Burden of th'impending War. *Blac.*

**C O C K.** See *Creation. Sleep.*

Within this Homestead liv'd, without a Peer  
For crowing loud, the noble *Chanticleer*.  
So hight the Cock, whose Singing did surpass  
The merry Notes of Organs at the Mass:  
More certain was the Crowing of this Cock  
To number Hours, than is an Abbey-Clock;  
And sooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung,  
He clap'd his Wings upon his Roost and sung.  
High was his Comb, and coral-red withall,  
In Dents imbattel'd, like a Castle-Wall:  
His Bill was raven-black, and shone like Jet;  
Blue were his Legs, and orient were his Feet;  
White were his Nails, like Silver to behold;  
His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold.  
This gentle Cock, for Solace of his Life,  
Six Misses had, besides his lawful Wife:

The Partlet was the Sov'reign of his Heart;  
 Not in Love, outrageous in his Play,  
 Feather'd her a hundred times a Day;  
 She, that was not only passing fair,  
 Was withal discreet and debonair;  
 He'd the passive Doctrine to fulfil,  
 Cloth, and let him work his wicked Will:  
 Board and Bed was affable and kind,  
 As the Marriage-Vow did bind,  
 As the Church's Precept had enjoin'd.  
 His her Husband's Heart she did obtain;  
 It cannot Beauty, join'd with Virtue, gain?  
 Was his only Joy, and he her Pride;  
 When he walk'd, went pecking by his Side:  
 Turning up the Ground he sprung a Corn,  
 Tribute in his Bill to her was borne.  
 Oh! what Joy it was to hear him sing  
 Summer, when the Day began to spring!  
 Chirping his Neck, and warbling in his Throat,  
*cum sola*, was his only Note. *Dryd. Chau. The Cock and*  
 The crowing Cock *(the Fox.*  
 Sheds the Light, and struts before his feather'd Flock.  
*(Dryd. Theoc.*

## C O M E T.

Thus threat'ning Comets, when by Night they rise,  
 Shed sanguine Streams, and sadden all the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 He, like a Comet, burn'd,  
 Fires the Length of *Ophiucus* huge  
 Of *Arctick* Sky; and from his horrid Hair  
 Sheds Pestilence and War. *Milt.*

Portending Blood, like blazing Star,  
 The Beacon of approaching War. *Hud.*  
 The red Comet, from *Saturnus* sent  
 Bright the Nations with a dire Portent,  
 A fatal Sign to Armies on the Plain,  
 Trembling Sailors on the wint'ry Main)  
 Sweeping Glories glides along in Air,  
 Shakes the Sparkles from his blazing Hair. *Pope Hom.*  
 May be the Heav'ns with Black; yield Day to Night:  
 Comets, importing Change to Times and States,  
 Dish your golden Tresses in the Skies,  
 With them scourge the bad revolted Stars,  
 Have consented unto *Henry's* Death. *Shak. 1 Hen. 6.*

When

64 *Compassion. Conjurer and Almanack-maker.*

When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,  
The Heav'ns themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes.  
(Shak. Jul. C)

C O M P A S S I O N.

Compassion proper to Mankind appears.  
Which Nature witness'd when she lent us Tears.  
Of tender Sentiments we only give  
Those Proofs: To weep is our Prerogative;  
To shew by pitying Looks and melting Eyes,  
How with a suff'ring Friend we sympathize.  
Who can all Sense of other's Ills escape,  
Is but a Brute at best in human Shape.  
This natural Piety did first refine  
Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to Things divine;  
This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent,  
While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent:  
To them, but Earth-born Life they did dispense;  
To us, for mutual Aid, celestial Sense. Tate

C O N J U R E R and A L M A N A C K - M A K E R.

He had been long tow'rd's Mathematicks,  
Opticks, Philosophy, and Staticks,  
Magick, Horoscopy, Astrology,  
And was an old Dog at Phytology.  
But as a Dog that turns the Spit,  
Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet  
To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,  
His own Weight brings him down again;  
And still he's in the self-same Place,  
Where at his Setting-out he was:  
So, in the Circle of the Arts,  
Did he advance his nat'ral Parts:  
Till falling back still for Retreat,  
He fell to juggle, cant and cheat.  
For as those Fowls, that live in Water,  
Are never wet, he did but smatter.  
Whate'er he labour'd to appear  
His Understanding still was clear.  
He'ad read *Dee's* Prefaces before  
The *Devil*, and *Euclid* o'er and o'er.  
He with the Moon was more familiar,  
Than e'er was Almanack Well-willer:  
Her Secrets understood so clear,  
That some believ'd he had been there:

Knew when she was in fittest Mood  
For cutting Corns, and letting Blood;  
When for anointing Scabs, or Itches,  
Or to the Bum applying Leeches;  
When Sows and Bitches may be spay'd;  
And in what Sign best Cyder's made;  
Whether the Wane be, or Increase,  
Best to set Garlick, or sow Pease.  
He made an Instrument to know,  
If the Moon shine at Full or no,  
That would, as soon as e'er it shone, strait,  
Whether 'twere Day or Night, demonstrate.  
Tell what her Diameter t' an Inch is,  
And prove she is not made of green Cheese.  
It would demonstrate that the Man in  
The Moon's a Sea *Mediterranean* :  
And that it is no Dog nor Bitch,  
That stands behind him at his Breech;  
But a huge *Caspian* Sea or Lake,  
With Arms, which Men for Legs mistake:  
How large a Gulph his Tail composes,  
And what a goodly Bay his Nose is,  
How many *German* Leagues by th' Scale,  
Cape Snout's from promontory Tail.  
He made a planetary Gin,  
Which Rats would run their own Heads in ;  
And come on purpose to be taken,  
Without th' Expence of Cheese or Bacon.  
With Lute-strings he would counterfeit  
Maggots that crawl on Dish of Meat.  
Quote Moles and Spots in any Place  
O'th' Body by the Index Face.  
Detect lost Maidenheads by Sneezing,  
Or breaking Wind of Dames, or pissing.  
Cure Warts or Corns with Application  
Of Med'cines to th' Imagination ,  
Fright Agues into Dogs, and scare  
With Rhimes the Tooth-ach and Catarrh:  
He knew whatever's to be known;  
But, much more than he knew, would own. *Hud.*

C O N S C I E N C E .

re Decrees may keep our Tongues in Awè,  
our Thoughts what Edict can give Law ?

*Ev'n*



Ev'n you your self to your own Breast shall tell  
Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell.

What Bus'ness has my Conscience with a Crown?  
She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown:  
If Mirth should fail, I'll busy her with Cares;  
Silence her clam'rous Voice with louder Wars;  
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,  
As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.

Repell'd by those, more eager she will grow,  
Spring back more strongly like a *Scythian* Bow:  
Amidst your Train this unseen Judge will wait,  
Examine how you came by all your State;  
Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear  
Will hollow Rebel, Traitor, Murtherer  
Your ill-got Pow'r wan Looks and Care shall bring,  
Known but by Discontent to be a King:  
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone,  
You'll sit, and brood your Sorrows on a Throne. *Dryd.*

Nature has made Man's Breast no Window  
To publish what he does within Doors;  
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,  
Unless his own rash Folly blab it;  
And a large Conscience is all one;  
And signifies the same with none.

The Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind;  
Seek not thy self without thy self to find. *Dryd.*

My ugly Guilt lies in my conscious Face,  
And I am vanquish'd, slain with Bosom-War. *Lee M.*

Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may lose  
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,  
Forget my self, and this Day's Guilt.

Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appease thee! *Osw. Ven.*

Conscience, the foolish Pride of doing well! *Dryd. Ind.*

Conscience; that of all Physick works the last! *Dr. Pal. C.*

The Conscience of a People is their Pow'r. *Dryd. D. of*

Conscience is a Word that Cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the Strong in Awe. *Shak. B.*

### CONSPIRACY.

O the curst Fate of all Conspiracies!  
They move on many Springs, if one but fail,  
The restiff Machine stops. *Dryd. Don.*

O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,  
When Evils are most free? O then by Day

wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough  
 to hide thy monstrous Visage? Seek for none;  
 in Smiles and Affability:  
 thou put thy Native Semblance on,  
 which it self were dim enough  
 to keep thee from Prevention. *Shak. Jul. Cas.*

**CONSTANCY.** See *Inconstancy.* *Protestations of Love.*  
 Constant as Courage to the Brave in Battel;  
 as Martyrs burning for their Gods. *Lee.*  
 There's no such thing as Constancy we call;  
 'Tis not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all.  
 Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,  
 Constancy in Love a Virtue made;  
 Friendship they that Land-mark did remove, *(Gran.*  
 safely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love. *Dryd. Cong. of*  
 World's a Scene of Changes, and to be  
 constant, in Nature were Inconstancy;  
 were to break the Laws herself has made.  
 Substances themselves do fleet and fade;  
 most fix'd Being still does move and fly,  
 'Tis the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.  
 Fine then that Love should never cease,  
 which is but the Ornament of these;  
 quite as senseless as to wonder why  
 and Colour stay not when we die. *Cowley.*

**C O N T E N T.**

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind;  
 happy he who can that Treasure find!  
 A base Miser starves amidst his Store,  
 on his Gold; and, griping still at more, *(Tale.)*  
 pining, and believes he's poor. *Dryd. Wife of Bath's*  
 Content alone can all their Wrongs redress,  
 that other Name for Happiness,  
 equal if our Fortunes should augment,  
 stretch themselves to the same vast Extent  
 our Desires; or those Desires abate,  
 and contract themselves to fit our State.  
 A happy Man, Slave to his wild Desire,  
 kindling it, foment the raging Fire:  
 thus augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,  
 plenty poor, and with Abundance curst.

Sour Discontent that quarrels with our Fate  
May give fresh Smart, but not the old abate:  
Th' uneasy Passion's disingenuous Wit,  
The Ill reveals, but hides the Benefit.

Secure and free from Bus'ness of the State,  
And more secure of what the Vulgar prate;  
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts, nor care  
What Rot the Sheep for *Southern* Winds prepare:  
Survey the neighb'ring Fields, and not repine,  
When I behold a larger Crop than mine.  
To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,  
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow.

He laugh'd at all the Vulgar's Cares and Fears,  
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer Tears:  
An equal Temper in his Mind he found,  
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd. *Dryd.*  
Since all great Souls still make their own Content,  
We to ourselves may all our Wishes grant;  
For nothing coveting, we nothing want. *Dryd. Ind.*

They cannot want who wish not to have more:  
Who ever said an Anchoret was poor? *Dryd. Sc.*

Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd  
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind;  
A Soul that can securely Death defy,  
And count it Nature's Privilege to die;  
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain  
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain;  
Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire;  
That all Things weighs, and nothing can admire. *Dryd.*

Rest we contented with our present State;  
'Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate. *Dryd. K.*

Be satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art;  
Act chearfully and well th' allotted Part;  
Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the past,  
And neither fear nor wish th' Approaches of the last. *Cowh.*

## C O R P S.

A Lump of senseless Clay! the Leavings of a Soul:  
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely Flow'r,  
New cropt by Virgin-Hands to dress the Bow'r:  
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below: *(Dryd.)*  
No more to Mother Earth, or the green Stem shall owe.

## C O R N.

bearded Product of the golden Year.  
 When a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain  
 the Ground the yet unbearded Grain;  
 not the Hopes of Harvest are destroy'd  
 flat Field and on the naked Void:  
 the unloaded Stem, from Tempest Freed,  
 the youthful Honours of his Head;  
 soon restor'd by native Vigour, bear  
 the new Product of the bounteous Year.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Field  
 is ripe for Harvest, waving bends  
 the verdant Grove of Ears, which Way the Wind  
 them; the careful Plowman doubting stands,  
 the Threshing Floor his hopeful Sheaves  
 Chaff.

Dryd. Virg.

Milt.

## COUNSELLOR, and Justice of the Peace.

An old dull Sot, who'd told the Clock  
 For many Years at *Bridewell Dock*,  
 At *Westminster*, and *Hicks's Hall*;  
 And *Hiccius Doctus* play'd in all:  
 Where in all Governments and Times,  
 He'd been both Friend and Foe to Crimes;  
 And us'd two equal Ways of gaining,  
 By hind'ring Justice, or maintaining:  
 To many a Whore gave Privilege,  
 And whip'd for Want of Quarteridge:  
 Cart-loads of Bawds to Prison sent,  
 For being behind a Fortnight's Rent;  
 And many a trusty Pimp and Crony,  
 To *Puddle Dock*, for Want of Money.

Engag'd the Constable to seize  
 All those who would not break the Peace;  
 Nor give him back his own foul Words,  
 Tho' sometimes Commoners or Lords:  
 And kept them Prisoners of Course,  
 For being sober at ill Hours?  
 That in the Morning he might free,  
 Or bind them over for his Fee.  
 Made Monsters fine, and Puppet Plays,  
 For leave to practise in their Ways.

Farm'd



Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a Share  
 With th' Headborough and Scavenger,  
 And made the Dirt i'th Streets compound  
 For taking up the publick Ground:  
 The Kennel and the King's Highway,  
 For being unmolested, pay.  
 Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Post,  
 And Cage, to those that gave him most,  
 Impos'd a Tax on Bakers Ears,  
 And for false Weights on Chandelers,  
 Made Victuallers and Vintners fine  
 For arbitrary Ale and Wine:  
 But was a kind and constant Friend  
 To all that regularly offend:  
 As Residentiary Bawds,  
 And Brokers that receive stol'n Goods;  
 That cheat in lawful Mysteries,  
 And pay Church-Duties, and his Fees;  
 But was implacable and aukward  
 To such as interlop'd and hauker'd.  
 To this brave Man the Knight repairs  
 For Counsel in his Law-Affairs;  
 And found him mounted in his Pew,  
 With Books and Money, plac'd for Shew,  
 Like Nest-Eggs, to make Clients lay,  
 And for his false Opinion pay.  
 To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,  
 Put off his Hat, to put his Case:  
 Which he as proudly entertain'd,  
 As th'other courteously strain'd;  
 And, to assure him 'twas not that  
 He look'd for, bid him put on's Hat.

## C O U N T R Y - L I F E.

Hail old Patrician Trees! so great and good!  
 Hail ye Plebeian Underwood!  
 Where the Poetick Birds rejoice,  
 And, for their quiet Nests and plenteous Food,  
 Pay with their grateful Voice.  
 Hail the poor Muses richest Manor-Seat!  
 Ye Country-Houses and Retreat,  
 Which all the happy Gods so love,  
 That for you oft they quit  
 Their bright and great Metropolis above.

Nature does a House for me erect;  
 Nature, the wisest Architect,  
 Who those fond Artists does despise,  
 In the fair and living Trees neglect;  
 Yet the dead Timber prize.

I, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
 Hear the soft Winds, above me flying,  
 With all the wanton Boughs dispute,  
 And more tuneful Birds to both replying;  
 Nor be my self too mute.

Stream still rousls his Waters near,  
 Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,  
 On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk;  
 How prettily they smile; and hear

How prettily they talk.

*Cont.*

O Fountains! when in you shall I  
 My self, eas'd of unpeaceful Thoughts, espy?  
 O Woods! when, when, shall I be made  
 The happy Tenant of your Shade?

Here's the Spring-head of Pleasure's Flood;

Where all the Riches lie, that she

Has coin'd and stamp'd for Good.

Pride and Ambition, here,

In far-fetch'd Metaphors appear.

Nought but Winds can hurtful Murmurs scatter,

And nought but Echo flatter.

The Gods, when they descended hither

From Heav'n, did always chuse this Way;

And therefore we may boldly say,

That 'tis the Way too thither.

*Cont.*

How happy in his low Degree,

How rich in humble Poverty is he,

Who leads a quiet Country-Life,

Discharg'd of Bus'ness, void of Strife,

And from the griping Scriv'ner free.

Nor Trumpets summon him to War,

Nor Dreams disturb his morning Sleep,

Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,

Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.

The Clamours of contentious Law,

And Court and State he wisely shuns;

Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor dar'd with Awe,

To servile Salutations runs.

But

But either to the clasping Vine  
 Does the supporting Poplar wed,  
 Or with his Pruning-hook disjoin  
 Unbearing Branches from their Head,  
 And grafts more happy in their stead,  
 Or climbing to a hilly Steep,  
 He views his Herds in Vales afar,  
 Or sheers his over-burthen'd Sheep,  
 Or Mead for cooling Drink prepares  
 Of Virgin Honey in the Jars,  
 Or in the new declining Year,  
 When bounteous Autumn rears his Head,  
 He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,  
 And clustering Grapes with purple spread.  
 Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,  
 Or on the matted Grass he lies:  
 No God of Sleep he need invoke,  
 The Stream that o'er the Pebbles flies,  
 With gentler Slumber crowns his Eyes.  
 The Wind that whistles thro' the Sprays,  
 Maintains the Consort of the Song,  
 And hidden Birds with native Lays  
 The golden Sleep prolong.  
 But when the Blast of Winter blows,  
 And hoary Frost inverts the Year,  
 Into the naked Woods he goes,  
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,  
 With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear  
 Or spreads his subtle Nets from Sight,  
 With twinkling Glasses to betray  
 The Larks that in the Meshes light;  
 Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.  
 Amidst his harmless easy Joys  
 No anxious Cares invade his Health;  
 Nor Love his Peace of Mind destroys,  
 Nor wicked Avarice of Wealth.  
 Thus, e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,  
 Liv'd Men in better Ages born;  
 Who plough'd with Oxen of their own,  
 Their small paternal Field of Corn.  
 O let me in the Countrey range!  
 'Tis there we breath, 'tis there we live:  
 The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,  
 Smiling Vallies, murm'ring Fountains?

Lambs in flow'ry Pastures bleating,  
 Echo our Complaints repeating;  
 Bees with busie Sounds delighting,  
 Groves to gentle Sleep inviting;  
 Whisp'ring Winds the Poplars courting,  
 Swains in rustick Circles sporting;  
 Birds in chearful Notes expressing  
 Nature's Bounty, and their Blessing:  
 These afford a lasting Pleasure,  
 Without Guilt, and without Measure.

Brown.

Happy the Man, - whom bounteous Gods allow  
 In his own Hands paternal Grounds to plow!  
 The first golden Mortals happy he,  
 From Bus'ness and the Cares of Money free!  
 When human Storms break off at Land his Sleep,  
 Loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep:  
 When all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,  
 Does the Affronts of Palaces endure.  
 Sometimes the beauteous marriageable Vine  
 To the lusty Bridegroom Elm does join;  
 Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,  
 Grafts new Life into the fruitful Wound;  
 Sometimes he shears his Flock, and sometimes he  
 Reaps up the golden Treasures of the Bee,  
 Sees the lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,  
 The neighb'ring Hills low back to them again.  
 When the Season, rich as well a gay,  
 Her Autumnal Bounty does display,  
 How is he pleas'd th'encreasing Use to see  
 His well-trusted Labours bend the Tree!  
 Which large Stores, on the glad sacred Days,  
 Gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.  
 How much Joy does he beneath some Shade,  
 In aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,  
 His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,  
 His Head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design!  
 To him a River constantly complains;  
 Birds above rejoyce with various Strains;  
 In the solemn Scene their Orgies keep,  
 His Dreams mix'd with the Gravity of Sleep.  
 Sleep, which does always there for Entrance wait,  
 Nought within against it bars the Gate.  
 Does the roughest Season of the Sky,  
 The Gullen Jove, all Sports to him deny:

D

He



He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,  
 His well-mouth'd Dogs glad Comfort rends the Air;  
 Or, with Game bolder, and rewarded more,  
 He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar.  
 Here flies the Hawk t'assault, and there the Net  
 To intercept the trav'ling Fowl is set;  
 And all his Malice, all his Craft is shewn  
 In inn'cent Wars on Birds and Beasts alone.  
 This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,  
 From thee, the great one, Tyrant Love! from thee:  
 And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely, Wife,  
 Be added to the Blessings of this Life,  
 Such as *Apulia*, frugal still does bear,  
 Who makes her Children and her House her Care,  
 And joyfully the Work of Life does share;  
 Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine,  
 To pin the Sheepfold, or to milk the Kine:  
 Who waits at Door against her Husband come  
 From rural Duties, late and weary'd, home;  
 Where she receives him with a kind Embrace,  
 A chearful Fire and a more chearful Face;  
 And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,  
 And with domestick Plenty loads the Board;  
 Not all the lustful Shell-fish of the Sea,  
 Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury,  
 Nor Ortalans, nor Godwits, nor the rest  
 Of costly Names that glorify a Feast,  
 Are at a Prince's Table better Cheer,  
 Than Lamb and Kid, Lettuce and Olives here. *Cowl.*

Ah Prince! hadst thou but known the Joys which dwell  
 With humble Fortunes, thou would'st curse thy Royalty.  
 Had Fate allotted us some obscure Village,  
 Where, with Life's Necessaries blest alone,  
 We might have pass'd in Peace our happy Days,  
 Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empires bring;  
 No wicked Statesmen would with impious Arts  
 Have striv'n to wrest from us our small Inheritance,  
 Or stir the simple Hinds to noisy Faction. *Row. Amb. Sc.*

Oh Happy, if he knew his happy State,  
 The Swain, who free from Bus'ness and Debate,  
 Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,  
 And just Returns of cultivated Land,  
 No Palace with a lofty Gate he wants,  
 T'admit the Tides of early Visitants,

eager Eyes devouring, as they pass,  
 breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Brass;  
 Statues threaten from high Pedestals;  
*Persian* Arras hides his homely Walls  
 in antick Vests, which thro' their shady Fold,  
 by the Streaks of ill-dissembled Gold,  
 boasts no Wool, whose native White is dy'd  
 in purple Poison of *Affyrian* Pride.  
 costly Drugs of *Araby* defile  
 in foreign Scents the Sweetness of his Oil:  
 easy Quiet, a secure Retreat,  
 harmless Life, that knows not how to cheat,  
 a home-bred Plenty the rich Owner bless,  
 rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.  
 ex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,  
 country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:  
 Grotts and living Lakes, the flow'ry Pride  
 Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide,  
 shady Groves that easy Sleep invite,  
 after toilsome Days a soft Repose at Night.  
 Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound;  
 Youth, of Labour patient plough the Ground,  
 led to Hardship and to homely Fare;  
 venerable Age is wanting there,  
 great Examples to the youthful Train;  
 are the Gods ador'd with Rites profane,  
 hence *Astrea* took her Flight, and here  
 Prints of her departing Steps appear.  
 sacred Muses! with whose Beauty fir'd,  
 Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd;  
 if Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear,  
 would you your Poet's first Petition hear;  
 teach me the Ways of wand'ring Stars to know,  
 Depths of Heaven above and Earth below;  
 teach me the various Labours of the Moon,  
 whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun;  
 how flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,  
 in what dark Recess they shrink again;  
 what shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays  
 Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.  
 if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight  
 my free Soul, aspiring to the Height  
 of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light;

My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,  
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.  
 A Country Cottage, near a crystal Flood,  
 A winding Valley and a lofty Wood.  
 Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,  
 Where Bacchanals are sung by *Spasian* Maids;  
 Or lift me high to *Hemus'* hilly Crown,  
 Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down;  
 Or lead me to some solitary Place,  
 And cover my Retreat from human Race.

Happy the Man, who, studying Nature's Laws,  
 Thro' known Effects can trace their secret Cause:  
 His Mind possessing in a quiet State,  
 Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.  
 And happy too is he who decks the Bow'rs  
 Of *Sylvans*, and adores the rural Pow'rs:  
 Whose Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can see,  
 Their glitt'ring Baits and purple Slavery;  
 Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown;  
 Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown,  
 Will set up one or pull another down.  
 Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,  
 Of Tumults, and Descents, and distant War:  
 Nor with a superstitious Fear is aw'd  
 For what befalls at home or what abroad;  
 Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,  
 Nor his own Peace disturbs with Pity for the Poor.  
 He feeds on Fruits, which, of their own Accord,  
 The willing Ground and laden Trees afford.  
 From his lov'd Home no Lucre can he draw:  
 The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw,  
 Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law.  
 Some to the Seas, and some to Camps, resort;  
 And some with Impudence invade the Court:  
 In foreign Countries others seek Renown,  
 With Wars and Taxes others waste their own;  
 And Houses burn, and Household-Gods deface,  
 To drink in Bowls, which glitt'ring Gems enchase;  
 To loll on Couches, rich with Citron Steds,  
 And lay their guilty Limbs in *Tyrian* Beds.  
 This Wretch in Earth intombs his golden Ore,  
 Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store.  
 Some Patriot Fools to pop'lar Praise aspire,  
 Or publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire;

ile from both Benches, with redoubled Sounds,  
 Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.  
 ne thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold,  
 ve slain their Brothers, or their Country sold;  
 d, leaving their sweet Homes, in Exile run  
 Lands that lie beneath another Sun.  
 e Peasant, innocent of all these Ills,  
 th crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills,  
 d the round Year with daily Labour fills.  
 om hence the Country Markets are supply'd;  
 ough remains for household Charge beside,  
 s Wife and tender Children to sustain,  
 d gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train:  
 r cease his Labours till the yellow Field  
 full Return of bearded Harvest yield;  
 Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load,  
 ercome the crowded Barn, and lodge on Ricks abroad.  
 us ev'ry sev'ral Season is employ'd,  
 ne spent in Toil, and some in Ease enjoy'd.  
 e yeaning Ews prevent the springing Year;  
 e loaded Boughs their Fruit in Autumn bear;  
 s then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,  
 k'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields;  
 e Winter comes, and then the falling Mast  
 r greedy Swine provides a full Repast:  
 en Olives, ground in Mills their Fatness boast,  
 d Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost:  
 Cares are eas'd with Intervals of Bliss;  
 little Children, climbing for a Kiss,  
 elcome their Father's late Return at Night;  
 e faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste Delight:  
 e Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,  
 d, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's Hand.  
 e wonton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,  
 ht harmless Battels in his homely Yard.  
 mself in rustick Pomp on Holy-days,  
 Rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays;  
 d on the Green his careless Limbs displays.  
 e Hearth is in the midst; the Herdsmen round  
 e chearful Fire, provoke his Health in Goblets crown'd.  
 calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize;  
 e Groom his Fellow-Groom at Buts defies,  
 d bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes:



78 *Country-Bumkin. Country-Maiden.*

Or, stript for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oil,  
 And watches, with a Trip, his Foe to foil,  
 Such was the Life the frugal *Sabines* led:  
 So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred;  
 From whom th'austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose:  
 And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose.  
 Old *Rome* from such a Race deriv'd her Birth,  
 (The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth)  
 Which now on sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,  
 And in that Compass all the World contains.  
 Ere *Saturn's* rebel Son usurp'd the Skies,  
 When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice.  
 While peaceful *Crete* enjoin'd her ancient Lord,  
 Ere sounding Hammers forg'd th'inhuman Sword,  
 Ere hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath  
 Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peal of Death;  
 The good old God his Hunger did assuage  
 With Roots and Herbs; and gave the Golden-Age. *Dryd.*

C O U N T R Y - B U M K I N .

A clownish Mein, a Voice with rustick Sound,  
 And stupid Eyes that ever lov'd the Ground.  
 The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,  
 Were exercis'd in vain, on Wit's Despair;  
 The more inform'd, the less he understood,  
 And deeper sunk by sound'ring in the Mud.  
 His Corn and Cattle were his only Care,  
 And his supreme Delight a Country Fair;  
 His Quarter Staff, which he could ne'er forsake,  
 Hung half before, and half behind his Back;  
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought, *(and Iphig.)*  
 And whistled as he went for want of Thought. *Dryd.*

C O U N T R Y - M A I D E N .

How happy is the harmless Country Maid,  
 Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid!  
 Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,  
 But, like her Soul, preserve the native White.  
 Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please;  
 Not pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease.  
 Who, free from Storms which on the Great ones fall,  
 Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all.  
 No Care, but Love, can discompose her Breast,  
 Love, of all Cares, and sweetest and the best!

on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lie,  
 happy Lover feeds upon her Eye:  
 one, whom on her Gods or Men impose,  
 one whom Love has for this Lover chose.  
 er some Fav'rite Myrtle's shady Boughs,  
 y speak their Passions with repeated Vows:  
 whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,  
 faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns.  
 s in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie:  
 whilst they live, their Flames can never die.

Rascom.

## COUNTRY-SQUIRE.

In Easter-Term,

younger Master's Worship comes to Town;  
 in Pedagogue and Mother just set free,  
 hopeful Heir of a great Family;  
 with strong Beer and Beef the Country rules,  
 ever since the Conquest have been Fools.  
 still with careful Prospect to maintain  
 Character, lest crossing of the Strain  
 should mend the Booby-Breed, his Friends provide  
 cousin of his own to be his Bride.  
 thus set out  
 with an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,  
 solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life;  
 ghil and Peace forsook, he comes to Town,  
 as Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.

Roch.

## COURAGE.

The greatest Proof of Courage we can give,  
 when to die, when we have Pow'r to live. *How. Ind. Queen.*  
 but when true Courage is of Force bereft,  
 hence, the only Fortitude, is left. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran-*  
 conquest pursues where Courage leads the way. *Gar.*  
 to die, or conquer, proves a Heroe's Heart. *Pope Hom.*  
 but ah! what use of Valour can be made,  
 when Heav'n's propitious Pow'rs refuse their Aid? *Dryd. Virg.*  
 god-like his Courage seem'd, whom nor Delight  
 could soften, nor the Face of Death affright. *Wall.*  
 all desperate Hazards Courage do create,  
 he plays frankly, who has least Estate;  
 fence of Mind, and Courage in Distress,  
 more than Armies to procure Success. *Dryd. Auren.*

Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood  
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;  
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-ru'd,  
Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd:  
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,  
And only in the Field of Battle shown.

Meer Courage is to Madness near ally'd,  
A brutal Rage, which Prudence does not guide.

Then *Hudibras*

Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout,  
But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt;  
For Men will tremble and look paler  
With too much or too little Valour.

C O U R T. See *Flattery. Greatness.*

The Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,  
Upon whose magick Skirts a thousand Devils,  
In crystal Forms, sit, tempting Innocence,  
And beckon early Virtue from its Centre.

Be careful to avoid both Courts and Camps,  
Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt  
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant Man,  
To throw herself away on Fools and Knaves.

*Bertram* has been taught the Art of Courts,  
To gild a Face with Smiles, and leera a Man to Ruin.

Learn the cruel Arts of Courts,  
Learn to dissemble Wrongs, to smile at Injuries,  
And suffer Crimes thou want'st the Pow'r to punish.  
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly;  
Search, and know all Mankind's mysterious Ways,  
But trust the Secret of thy Soul to none:

This is the way,

This only, to be safe in such a World as this is.

Courts are the Places where best Manners flourish,  
Where the Deserving ought to rise, and Fools  
Make Show. Why should I vex, and chafe my Spleen,  
To see a gawdy Coxcomb shine, when I  
Have Sense enough, to sooth him in his Follies,  
And ride him to Advantage as I please?

What Man of Sense would rack his gen'rous Mind,  
To practise all the base Formalities  
And Forms of Business? Force a grave starch'd Face,  
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?

men not to know this or that Man in publick,  
 when privately perhaps they meet together,  
 to lay the Scene of some brave Fellow's Ruin?  
 What things are done in Courts.

*Orw. Orph.*

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse Garment,  
 too heavy for the Sunshine of a Court.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

But Courtiers are to be accounted good,

when they are not the last and worst of Men.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Farewell Court,

where Vice not only has usurp'd the Place,

the Reward, and ev'n the Name, of Virtue.

*Denh. Soph.*

C O W.

The Mother Cow must wear a lowring Look,  
 ear-headed, strongly neck'd to bear the Yoke:

A double Dewlap from her Chin descends;

At her Thighs the pondrous Burthen ends,

Large are her Sides and large, her Limbs are great,

High are her Ears, and broad her horny Feet:

Colour shining black, but fleck'd with white,

Stiffness from the Yoke, provokes the Fight:

Secure in her Gate, is free from Fears,

In her Face a Bull's Resemblance bears;

A ample Forehead with a Star is crown'd,

And with her Length of Tail she sweeps the Ground

At Bull's Insult at Four she may sustain,

After Ten from nuptial Rites refrain:

Seasons use, but then release the Cow,

Fit for Love, or for the lab'ring Plough.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The milky Mothers of the Plain.

*Dryd. Virg.*

C O W A R D. See Fear.

The Good we act, the Ill that we endure,

Is all for Fear, to make our selves secure:

Early for Safety after Fame we thirst;

For all Men would be Cowards if they durst.

*Roch.*

Let Fear upon the prosperous Hearts take hold:

Cowards themselves in Miseries grow bold:

*How. Vest. Virg.*

As Cheats to play with those still aim,

That do not understand the Game;

So Cowards never use their Might,

But against such as will not fight.

*Hud.*



C R A N E. See Creation. Pygmy.

CREATION of the WORLD. See Death.

They sung how God *spoke out* the World's vast Ball,  
From *Nothing*, and from *No Where* call'd for *All*.

I saw the rising Birth  
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep.  
I saw when at his Word this formless Mass,  
The World's material Mould, came to a Heap;  
Confusion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar  
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinity confin'd;  
Till at his second Bidding, Darkness fled,  
Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprung.  
Swift to their sev'ral Quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire,  
And the ethereal Quintessence of Heav'n  
Flew upward, spirited with various Forms,  
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to Stars.  
Each had his Place appointed, each his Course.  
Thus God the Heav'ns created, thus the Earth:  
Matter unform'd and void, Darkness profound  
Cover'd th' Abyfs; but on the wat'ry Calm  
His brooding Wings the Spirit of God out-spread,  
And vital Virtue infus'd, and vital Warmth  
Throughout the fluid Mass; but downward purg'd  
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal Dregs,  
Averse to Life; then founded, then conglob'd  
Like Things to like; the rest to sev'ral Place  
Disparted, and between spun out the Air;  
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her Centre hung.

*Light.*

*Let there be Light*, said God; and forthwith Light  
Etherial, first of Things, Quintessence pure,  
Sprung from the Deep; and from her native *East*,  
To journey thro' the airy Gloom began,  
Spher'd in a radiant Cloud. And then God made

*Firmament.*

The Firmament, Expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, elemental Air, diffus'd  
In Circuit to the uttermost Convex  
Of this great Round.

## Dry Land.

The Earth was form'd; but in the Womb as yet  
 Waters, Embryon immature, involv'd,  
 appear'd not: Over all the Face of Earth  
 in Ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm  
 prolific Humour softning all her Globe,  
 mented the great Mother to conceive,  
 ate with genial Moisture.

Immediately the Mountains huge appear  
 emergent, and their broad bare Backs up-heave  
 to the Clouds, their Tops ascend the Sky.

## Sea and Rivers.

So as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low  
 down sunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep;  
 spacious Bed of Waters: Thither they  
 fled with glad Precipitance, uproll'd,  
 Drops of Dust, conglobing from the Dry:  
 rise in chrystal Wall, or Ridge direct;

As Armies at a Call

Trumpet

leap to their Standard; so the wat'ry Throng,  
 ave rolling after Wave, where way they found;  
 steep, with torrent Rapture; if thro' Plain,  
 it ebbing; Nor withstood them Rock or Hill;  
 they or under Ground, or Circuit wide,  
 th serpent Error wandering, found their Way,  
 d on the washy Ooze deep Channels wore;  
 thin whose Banks the Rivers now  
 eam, and perpetual draw their humid Train.

## Herbs and Trees.

Next, the Earth, till then  
 fert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 ought forth the tender Grass, whose Verdure clad  
 er universal Face with pleasant Green.  
 en Herbs of ev'ry Leaf, that suddain flow'r'd,  
 o'ning their various Colours, and made gay  
 er Bosom smelling sweet: And, these scarce blown,  
 irth flourish'd thick the clust'ring Vine, forth crept  
 he smelling Gourd, upstood the corny Reed  
 mbattl'd in her Field, and th' humble Shrub,  
 nd Bush with frizzled Hair implicit: Last  
 ose, as in a Dance, the stately Trees, and spread

Their Branches hung with copious Fruit, or gemm'd  
 Their Blossoms: With high Woods the Hills were crown'd  
 With Tufts the Vallies, and each Fountain Side;  
 With Borders long the Rivers.

*Sun, Moon and Stars.*

Then of celestial Bodies first the Sun,  
 A mighty Sphere, he fram'd; unlightsom first,  
 Tho' of ethereal Mould: He form'd the Moon  
 Globose, and ev'ry Magnitude of Stars.  
 Of Light by far the greater Part he took  
 Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd  
 In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive,  
 And drink the liquid Light; firm to retain  
 Her gather'd Beams: Great Palace now of Light;  
 Hither, as to their Fountain, other Stars  
 Repairing, in their Golden Urns draw Light;  
 And hence the Morning Planet gilds her Horns.  
 First in his *East* the glorious Lamp was seen,  
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
 Invested with bright Rays; jocund to run  
 His Longitude thro' Heav'n's high Road: The grey  
*Dawn* and *Pleiades* before him danc'd,  
 Shedding sweet Influence. Less the bright Moon,  
 But opposite in level'd *West* was set,  
 His Mirror, with full Face borrowing her Light  
 From him, for other Light she needed none  
 In that Aspect, and still that Distance keeps  
 Till Night; then in the *East* her Turn she shines,  
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle; and her Reign  
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds;  
 With thousand, thousand Stars that then appear'd  
 Spangling the Hemisphere.

*Fish.*

Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay,  
 With Fry innumerable swarm; and Shoals  
 Of Fish, that with their Fins and shining Scales  
 Glide under the green Wave, in Sculls that oft  
 Bank the Mid-Sea: Part single, or with Mate,  
 Graze the Sea-Weed their Pasture, and thro' Groves  
 Of coral stray; or sporting with quick Glance,  
 Shew to the Sun their wav'd Coats drop'd with Gold;  
 Or in their pearly Shells at Ease attend  
 Moist Nutriment; or under Rocks their Food

jointed Armour watch. On smooth the Seal  
 and bended Dolphins play; part, huge of Bulk,  
 all-wing, unwieldy, enormous in their Gate,  
 tempest the Ocean: There *Leviathan*,  
 largest of living Creatures, on the Deep,  
 stretch'd like a *Promontory*, sleeps or swims,  
 and seems a moving Lake; and at his Gills  
 draws in, and at his Trunk spouts out a Sea.

## Birds.

Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens, and Shores,  
 their Brood as num'rous hatch from th' Egg, that soon  
 arising with kindly Rapture, forth disclos'd  
 their callow Young: But, feather'd soon and fledg'd,  
 they sum'd their Pens, and soaring th' Air sublime,  
 with Clang despis'd the Ground, under a Cloud  
 Prospect: There the Eagle and the Stork  
 Cliffs and Cedar Tops that Eyries build.  
 At loose wing the Region, part more wise,  
 common, rang'd in Figure, wedge their Way,  
 intelligent of Seasons; and set forth  
 their airy Caravan, high over Seas  
 wing, and over Lands, easing their Wings  
 with mutual Flight: So steers the prudent Crane  
 her annual Voyage born on Winds: The Air  
 beats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd Plumes.  
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with Song  
 pack'd the Woods, and spread their painted Wings  
 all Ev'n; nor then the solemn Nightingale  
 was'd warbling, but all Night tun'd her soft Lays.  
 Others in Silver Lakes and Rivers bath'd  
 their downy Breast: The Swan with arched Neck,  
 between her white Wings mantling, proudly rows  
 her State with oary Feet; yet oft they quit  
 the Dank, and, rising on stiff Penons, tow'r  
 the mid aerial Sky. Others on Ground  
 walk'd firm: The crested Cock, whose Clarion sounds  
 the silent Hours; and th' other, whose gay Train  
 turns him, colour'd with the florid Hue  
 Rainbows and starry Eyes.

## Beasts.

Then the Earth,  
 opening her fertile Womb, teem'd at a Birth

Innu;



Innum'rous living Creatures, perfect Forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown: Out from the Ground up-rose,  
 As from his Lair, the wild Beast where he wons  
 In Forest wild, in Thicket, Brake or Den;  
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
 The Cattle in the Fields and Meadows green:  
 Those rare and solitary, these in Flocks,  
 Past'ring at once, and in broad Herbs up-sprung.  
 The grassy Clods now calv'd; now half appear'd  
 The tawny Lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder Parts; then springs as broke from Bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded Mane: The Ounce,  
 The Libbard, and the Tiger, as the Moal  
 Rising, the crumbled Earth above them threw  
 In Hillocks: The swift Stag from under Ground  
 Bore up his branching Head. Scarce from his Mold  
*Behemoth*, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd  
 His Vastness: Fleec'd the Flocks, and bleating rose,  
 As Plants: Ambiguous between Sea and Land,  
 The River-Horse, and scaly Crocodile.

*Creeping Things.*

At once came forth whatever creeps the Ground,  
 Insect or Worm: Those wav'd their limber Fans  
 For Wings, and smallest Lineaments exact,  
 In all the Liv'ries deck'd of Summer's Pride.  
 With Spots of Gold and Purple, Azure and Green:  
 These as a Line their long Dimension drew,  
 Streaking the Ground with sinuous Trace: Not all  
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kind,  
 Wond'rous in Length and Corpulence, involv'd  
 Their snaky Folds, and added Wings: First crept  
 The parcimonious Emmet; provident  
 Of Future; in small Room large Heart enclos'd;  
 Pattern of just Equality—

Swarming next appear'd

The Female Bee, that feeds her Husband Drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells;  
 With Honey stor'd.  
 The Serpent, subtlest Beast of all the Field;  
 Of huge Extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes,  
 And hairy Main terriffick.  
 Now Heav'n in all her Glories shone, and rowl'd  
 Her Motions, as the great first Mover's Hand

First wheel'd their Course, Earth in her rich Attire  
 consummate lovely smil'd: Air, Water, Earth,  
 Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd,

## Man.

There wanted yet the Master-Work, the End  
 of all yet done; a Creature, who not prone,  
 and brute as other Creatures, but endu'd  
 with Sanctity of Reason, might erect  
 his Stature, and upright with Front serene  
 govern the rest, self knowing, and from thence  
 magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n:  
 He form'd thee, *Adam*, thee, O Man,  
 out of the Ground, and in thy Nostrils breath'd  
 the Breath of Life.

He finish'd he, and all that he had made  
 view'd, and behold! all was entirely Good,  
 sw'ring his great Idea! Up he rode  
 follow'd with Acclamations, and the Sound  
 symphonious of ten Thousand Harps, that tun'd  
 angelic Harmonies; the Earth, the Air  
 resounded;

the Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,  
 the Planets in their Station, list'ning stood,  
 while the bright Pomp ascended jubilant. *Mil.*

Thus Heav'n from nothing rais'd his fair Creation,  
 and then with wond'rous Joys beheld its Beauty,  
 well-pleas'd to see the Excellence he gave. *Rom. Fair Pen.*

He sung the secret Seeds of Nature's Frame,  
 how Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame  
 all thro' the mighty Void, and in their Fall,  
 were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball.

He tender Soil, then stiff'ning by Degrees,  
 cut from the bounded Earth, the bounding Seas:

When Earth and Ocean various Forms disclose,  
 and a new Sun to the new World arose.

And Mists, condens'd to Clouds, obscure the Sky,  
 and Clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply:

He rising Trees the lofty Mountains grace,  
 the lofty Mountains feed the savage Race;

And few, and Strangers in th' unpeopled Place. *Dryd. Virg.*

38 *Cries. Crush'd to Pieces. Cucking-Stool.*

*C R I E S* or *Shrieks.*

Now Peals of Shouts came thund'ring from afar,  
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War. *Dryd. Ver*

The House is fill'd with loud Laments and Cries,  
And Shrieks of Women rend the vaulted Skies. *Dryd. Ver*

The fearful Matrons raise a screaming Cry,  
Old Feeble Men with fainter Groans reply:  
A jarring Sound results, and mingles in the Sky.  
Like that of Swans remurm'ring to the Floods,  
Or Birds of diff'rent Kinds in hollow Woods. *Dryd. Ver*

Not frantick Mothers, when their Infants die,  
With louder Clamours rend the vaulted Sky.

*Pope Chauc. Fan-and Mo*

First from the frightened Court the Yell began,  
Redoubled thence from House to House it ran:  
The Groans of Men, with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries,  
Of mixing Women mount the vaulted Skies. *Dryd. Ver*  
— A Shout that struck the golden Stars ensu'd. *Dryd. Ver*

*C R U S H' D* to Pieces.

The Overthrow,

Crushing, to Dust pounded the Crowd below:  
Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their Sons could know,  
Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcass did remain,  
But a mash'd Heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain;  
One vast Destruction; not the Soul alone,  
But Bodies, like the Soul, invisibly are flown. *Dryd. Ver*

*C U C K I N G - S T O O L.*

As Ovation was allow'd

For Conquest, purchas'd without Blood;  
So Men decree these lesser Shows  
For Vict'ry gotten without Blows,  
By Dint of sharp hard Words, which some  
Give Battle with, and overcome.  
These, mounted in a Chair Gurule,  
Which Moderns call a Cucking-Stool,  
March proudly to the River's Side,  
And o'er the Waves in Triumph ride;  
Like Dukes of Venice, who are said  
The *Adriatick* Sea to wed;  
And have a gentler Wife than those  
For whom the State decrees these Shows. *Hud*

*CUCKOLD*

**CUCKOLD.** See *Jealousy*.

O Curse of Marriage!

That we can call those delicate Creatures ours,  
 And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,  
 And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,  
 Than keep a Corner in the thing I love  
 For others Uses. Yet 'tis the Plague of Great Ones:  
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base;  
 His Destiny unshunnable like Death!  
 Had been happy if the gen'ral Camp,  
 Officers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,  
 I had nothing known.  
 I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
 Than but to know't a little.  
 That Sense had I of her stol'n Hours of Lust?  
 I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
 I slept the next Night well, was free and merry;  
 I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips.  
 That is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
 Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all. *Shak. Othello.*  
 Inquisitive as jealous Cuckolds grow  
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know,  
 That, being known, creates their certain Woe. *Roch.*  
 Ingrateful Wretch! that never thanks his Maker.

**CUNNING-MAN** and *Quack.*

He deals in Destiny's dark Councils,  
 And sage Opinions of the Moon sells;  
 To whom all People, far and near,  
 On deep Importances repair:  
 When Brass and Pewter hap to stray,  
 And Linen sinks out of the way;  
 When Geese and Pullen are seduc'd,  
 And Sows of Sucking-Pigs are chous'd;  
 When Cattle feel Indisposition,  
 And need th'Opinion of Physician;  
 When Murrain reigns in Hogs or Sheep,  
 And Chicken languish of the Pip;  
 When Yest and outward Means do fail,  
 And have no Power to work on Ale;  
 When Butter does refuse to come,  
 And Love proves cross and humoursome:

To



To him with Questions and with Urine,  
They for Discov'ry flock, or Curing.

**C U R S E.** See *Imprecations*.

I curse thee not:

For who can better curse the Plague or Devil,  
Than to be what they are? That Curse be thine. *Dr. Don.*

And let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,  
Let *Creon* haunt himself. *Dryd. Oed.*

Hear me, just Heavens!

Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head  
With never ceasing Vengeance: Let Despair,  
Dangers or Infamy, nay all, surround me.  
Starve me with Wantings: Let my Eyes ne'er see  
A Sight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace:  
But dash my Days with Sorrows, Nights with Horrors,  
Wild as my own Thoughts are. *Otm. Ven. Pro.*

Let Mischiefs multiply, let ev'ry Hour  
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horror;  
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes  
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!  
May ev'ry thing I look on seem a Prodigy,  
To fill my Soul with Terrors, till I quite  
Forget I ever had Humanity,  
And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature. *Otm. Oed.*

Whip me, ye Devils,

Blow me about in Winds, roast me in Sulphur;  
Wash me in steep down Gulphs of liquid Fire. *Shak. Oed.*

Let Heav'n kiss Earth: Now let not Nature's Hand  
Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die;  
And let the World no longer be a Stage  
To see Contention in a ling'ring Act:  
But let one Spirit of the first-born *Cain*  
Reign in all Bosoms; that each Heart being set  
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,  
And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead.

(*Shak. Hen. 4. Part 1*)

Now Hell's bluest Plagues

Receive her quick, with all her Crimes upon her:  
Let her sink spotted down; let the dark Host  
Make Room, and point and hiss her as she goes:  
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex  
Rejoyce, and cry, *Here comes a blacker Fiend.*

(*Shak. Troil. and Cr.*)

all tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,  
Hags of Fancy, wing him thro' the Air;  
in Precipices hurl him headlong down;  
Hybris roar, and Death be set before him.

*Lee Oedip.*

Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curses  
his old Age, Cramps, Aches, rack his Bones;  
bitterest Disquiet, wring his Heart.  
let him live till Life becomes a Burden;  
him groan under't long, linger an Age  
the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,  
find its Ease but late.

*Otw. Ven. Pref.*

but Curses stick not: Could I kill with Cursing,  
Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in Venice  
ould not be blasted: Senators should rot  
e Dogs on Dunghills; but their Wives and Daughters  
of their own Diseases. Oh for a Curse  
kill with!

*Otw. Ven. Pref.*

## C U S T O M.

Custom, that does still dispense  
An universal Influence;  
And makes Things right or wrong appear,  
Just as they do her Liv'ry wear.

*Hud.*

Custom, which often Wisdom over-rules,  
only serves for Reason to the Fools.  
Customs by Degrees to Habits rise,  
Habits soon become exalted Vice.

*Rock.*

*Dryd. Ovid.*

Habits gather by unseen Degrees,  
Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.  
habitual Evils change not on a suddain,

*Dryd. Virg.*

many Days must pass, and many Sorrows:  
conscious Remorse and Anguish must be felt,  
curb Desire, to break the stubborn Will,  
work a second Nature in the Soul,  
Virtue can resume the Place she lost:  
else Dissimulation.

*Row Uly.*

or Custom will a strong Impression leave:  
Bodies, which the lightest Stroke receive,  
length of Time, will moulder and decay;  
Stones with Drops of Rain are wash'd away.

*Dryd. Lucr.*

## C Y B E L E.

ail thou Great Mother of the Deities!  
the tinkling Cymbals charm'd th' *Idean* Woods,

*Dryd. Virg.*

Who

Who secret Rites and Ceremonies taught,  
And to the Yoke the savage Lions brought.

Dryd.

Fierce Tigers reign'd and curb'd obey thy Will.

Dryd.

In Pomp she makes the *Phrygian* Round,  
With golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd:  
A hundred Gods her sweeping Train supply,  
Her Offspring all, and all command the Sky.

Dryd.

C Y C L O P S. See *Polypheme. Smith.*

Sacred to *Vulcan's* Name an Isle does lie,  
Between *Sicilia's* Coast and *Lipare*.  
Rais'd high on smoking Rocks, and deep below  
In hollow Caves the Fires of *Aetna* glow.  
The *Cyclops* hear their heavy Hammers deal;  
Loud Strokes and Hissings of tormented Steel  
Are heard around; the boiling Waters roar,  
And smoaking Flames thro' fuming Tunnels soar.  
Hither the Father of the Fire, by Night,  
Thro' the brown Air precipitates his Flight.  
On their eternal Anvils here he found  
The Brethren bleating, and the Blows go round.  
A Load of Pointless Thunder now there lies  
Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies:  
These Darts for angry *Jove* the daily cast,  
Consum'd on Mortals with prodigious Waste.  
Three Rays of writhen Rain, of Fire three more;  
Of winged Southern Winds and cloudy Store  
As many Parts, the dreadful Mixture frame;  
And Fears are added, and avenging Flame.  
Inferiour Ministers for *Mars* repair  
His broken Axle-Trees and blunten War;  
And send him forth again with furbish'd Arms,  
To wake the lazy War with Trumpets loud Alarms.  
The rest refresh the scaly Snakes that fold  
The Shield of *Pallas*, and renew their Gold:  
Full on the Crest the *Gorgon's* Head they place,  
With Eyes that roll in Death, and with distorted Face.  
So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils sweat,  
And their swol'n Sinews echoing Blows repeat;  
From the *Vulcano* gross Eruptions rise,  
And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies.

D.

## DAPHNE chang'd into a Laurel.

scarce had she finish'd, when her Feet she found  
 sm'd with Cold, and fasten'd to the Ground:

my Rind about her Body grows;

Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs;

Nymph is all into a Laurel gone,

Smoothness of her Skin remains alone:

Phœbus loves her still, and casting round

Bole his Arms, some little Warmth he found:

Tree still panted in th'unfinish'd Part,

wholly vegetive; and heav'd her Heart:

fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind;

werv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd;

whom the God. — "Because thou canst not be

my Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree:

thou the Prize of Honour and Renown;

the deathless Poet and the Poem crown.

thou shalt the Roman Festivals adorn,

and after Poets be by Victors worn.

thou shalt returning *Cæsar's* Triumph grace,

When Pomp shall in a long Procession pass:

Breath'd on his Posts before the Palace wait,

and be the sacred Guardian of the Gate:

secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by *Jove*,

Unfading as th'immortal Pow'rs above.

and as the Locks of *Phœbus* are unshorn,

so shall perpetual Green thy Boughs adorn.

the grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he said,

and shook the shady Honours of her Head.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

## The Story of Phœbus and DAPHNE apply'd.

*Thirsis*, a Youth of the inspired Train,

for *Sacharissa* lov'd but lov'd in vain.

like *Phœbus* sung the no less am'rous Boy;

like *Daphne* she as lovely and as coy.

with flying Numbers he the Nymph pursues,

with Numbers, such as *Phœbus*' self might use.

such is the Chase when Love and Fancy leads

er craggy Mountains and thro' flow'ry Meads,

seek'd to testify the Lover's Care,

form some Image of his cruel Fair:

Urg'd



Urg'd with his Fury, like a wounded Deer,  
 O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,  
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,  
 Whom all his Charms could not incline to stay:  
 Yet what he sung in his immortal Strain,  
 Tho' unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:  
 All but the Nymph, who should redress his Wrong,  
 Attend his Passion and approve his Song:  
 Like *Phæbus* thus, acquiring unsought Praise,  
 He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

## DARKNESS.

Even Hell gap'd horrible,  
 And thro' the Chasm let in prodigious Night;  
 Night that extinguish'd the meridian Ray,  
 And with its gloomy Deluge choak'd the Day.

Let Darkness to be felt,  
 Impenetrable Darkness, such as dwelt  
 On the Dun Visage of primeval Night,  
 Shut every Star-beam out from mortal Sight,  
 And close up every Pass and Road of Light.

Darkness, thou first kind Parent of us all,

Thou art our great Original!

Since from thy universal Womb,

Does all thou shad'st below, thy num'rous Offspring, come

Thy wond'rous Birth is even to Time unknown,

Or, like Eternity, thou'adst none;

While Light did its first Being owe

Unto that awful Shade it dares to rival now.

Involv'd in thee we first receive our Breath:

Thou art our Refuge too in Death!

Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb!

Where-e'er our Souls shall go, to thee our Bodies come.

The silent Globe is struck with awful Fear

When thy majestick Shades appear.

Thou dost compose the Air and Sea;

And Earth a Sabbath keeps sacred to Rest and Thee.

In thy serener Shades our Ghosts delight,

And court the Umbrage of the Night.

In Vaults and gloomy Caves they stray,

But fly the Morning Beams, and sicken at the Day.

Thou dost thy Smiles impartially bestow,

And know'st no Diff'rence here below:

## Darkness.

98

All things appear the same to thee;  
Light Distinction makes, thou giv'st Equality.  
Caves of Night, the Oracles of old  
Did all their Mysteries unfold:  
Darkness did first Religion grace,  
Terrors to the God, and Rev'rence to the Place.  
When the Almighty did on *Horeb* stand,  
Thy Shades inclos'd the hallow'd Land:  
In Clouds of Night he was array'd,  
venerable Darkness his Pavilion made.  
When he appear'd arm'd in his Pow'r and Might,  
He veil'd the beatifick Light;  
When terrible with Majesty,  
Tempests he gave Laws, and clad himself with thee;  
fading Light its Empire must resign,  
And Nature's Power submit to thine:  
universal Ruin shall erect thy Throne,  
Fate confirm thy Kingdom evermore thy own. *Yald.*  
Darkness, which fairest Nymphs disarms,  
Defends us ill from *Mira's* Charms;  
*Mira* can lay her Beauty by,  
Take no Advantage of the Eye,  
Quit all that *Lilly's* Art can take,  
And yet a thousand Captives make.  
Her Speech is grac'd with sweeter Sound,  
Than in another's Song is found.  
And all her well-plac'd Words are Darts,  
Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.  
As the bright Stars and milky Way,  
Shewn by the Night, are hid by Day,  
So we, in her accomplish'd Mind,  
Help'd by the Night, new Graces find;  
Which, by the Splendour of her View  
Dazled before, we never knew.  
While we converse with her, we mark  
No want of Day, nor think it dark;  
Her shining Image is a Light  
Fix'd in our Hearts, and conquers Night.  
Like Jewels to Advantage set,  
Her Beauty by the Shade does get.  
There Blushes, Frowns, and cold Disdain,  
All that our Passion might restrain,  
Is hid; and our indulgent Mind  
Presents the fair Idea kind.

Yet,

Yet, friended by the Night, we dare,  
 Only in Whispers tell our Care :  
 He that on her his bold Hand lays,  
 With *Cupid's* pointed Arrows plays :  
 They, with a Touch, they are so keen,  
 Wound us, unshot ; and she, unseen.  
 So we th' *Arabian* Coast do know  
 At distance, when the Spices blow ;  
 By the rich Odour taught to steer,  
 Tho' neither Day nor Stars appear.

Oh she does teach the Torches to burn bright !  
 Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night,  
 Fairer than Snow upon a Raven's Back,  
 Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear ;  
 Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright, (*Rom. &c.*)  
 That Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking.  
 Her Beauty gilds the more than Midnight Darkness,  
 And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day. *Row. Fair P.*

D E A T H. See *Life. Futurity.*

Death's a black Veil, cov'ring a beauteous Face,  
 Fear'd afar off

By erring Nature: A mistaken Phantom !  
 A harmless Lambent Fire! She kisses cold,  
 But kind and soft, and sweet as my *Cleora*!

*Dryd. Cleo.*

If she be like my Love,

She is not dreadful sure.

*Dryd. All for Love*

Oh could we know

What Joy she brings, at least what Rest from Grief ;  
 How should we press into her friendly Arms,  
 And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy!

*Dryd. Cleo.*

Death ends our Woes,

And the kind Grave shuts up the mournful Scene. *Dryd. Sp. P.*

The Dead are only happy, and the Dying :  
 The Dead are still, and lasting Slumbers hold 'em.  
 He who is near his Death, but turns about,  
 Shuffles a while to make his Pillow easy,  
 Then slips into his Shroud, and rests for ever.

*Lee Cas. B.*

Death is the Privilege of human Nature ;  
 And Life without it were not worth our taking :  
 Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner  
 Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.

*Row. Fair P.*

Death to a Man in Misery is Sleep.

*Dryd. Don. S.*

Death shuns the naked Throat, and proffer'd Breast;  
 flies when call'd to be a welcome Guest. *Sed. Ant. & Cleop.*  
 wish to die, yet dare not Death endure!  
 best the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.  
 had I Courage but to meet my Fate,  
 short dark Passage to a future State;  
 melancholy Riddle of a Breath,  
 Something or that Nothing after Death! *Dryd. Aurel.*  
 towards die many times before their Death;  
 Valiant never taste of Death but once. *Shak. Jul. Cas.*  
 ut Men with Horror Dissolution meet;  
 Minutes ev'n of painful Life are sweet. *Dryd. Riv. Lind.*  
 poor abject Creatures! How they ~~far~~ to die!  
 never knew one happy Hour in Life,  
 shake to lay it down. Is Load so pleasant?  
 has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death,  
 Men may dare to live? *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Many are the Shapes  
 Death, and many are the Ways that lead  
 his grim Cave; all dismal! yet to Sense  
 terrible at th' Entrance than within. *Milt.*

Tho' we each Day with Cost repair,  
 mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care;  
 Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong;  
 he that lives the longest, dies but young.

And once depriv'd of Light,  
 We're wrapt in Mists of endless Night.  
 One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,  
 Another's ling'ring Death comes slow;  
 And what of Life they take from thee,  
 The Gods may give to punish me. *Orw. Hor.*

x'd is the Term to all the Race of Earth,  
 such the hard Condition of our Birth,  
 Force can then resist, no Flight can save;  
 fall alike, the Fearful and the Brave. *Pope Hom.*

he Cause and Spring of Motion from above  
 g down on Earth the golden Chain of Love.  
 it was th' Effect, and high was his Intent,  
 in Peace among the jarring Seeds he sent.  
 Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were bound;  
 Love, the common Link, the new Creation crown'd:  
 Chain still holds; for tho' the Forms decay,  
 al Matter never wears away.

the First Mover certain Bounds has plac'd,  
 long these perishable Forms shall last;

E

Nor



Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd  
 By that all-seeing and all-making Mind:  
 Shorten their Hours they may, for Will is free,  
 But never pass th'appointed Destiny.  
 So Men oppress'd, when weary of their Breath,  
 Throw off the Burden and suborn their Death.  
 Then since these Forms begin, and have their End,  
 On some unalter'd Cause they sure depend,  
 Part of the Whole are we; but God the Whole,  
 Who gives us Life, and animating Soul:  
 For Nature cannot from a Part derive  
 That Being which the Whole can only give.  
 He perfect, stable, but imperfect We,  
 Subject to Change, and different in Degree,  
 Plants, Beasts, and Men; and as our Organs are,  
 We more or less of his Perfection share.  
 But by a long Descent th'ethereal Fire  
 Corrupts, and Forms, the mortal Part, expire;  
 As he withdraws his Virtue, so they pass,  
 And the same Matter makes another Mass.  
 This Law th'omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give;  
 That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live:  
 That Individuals die, his Will ordains;  
 The propagated Species still remains. *Dryd. Pal. and*  
 What makes all this but *Jupiter*, the King,  
 At whose Command we perish, and we spring?  
 Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,  
 To make a Virtue of Necessity:  
 Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;  
 The Bad grows better which we well sustain.  
 And could we chuse the Time, and choose aright,  
 'Tis best to die, our Honour at the Height,  
 When we have done our Ancestors no Shame,  
 But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our Fame;  
 Then should we wish our happy Life to close,  
 And leave no more for Fortune to dispose;  
 So should we make our Death a glad Relief,  
 From future Shame, from Sickness, and from Grief;  
 Enjoying while we live the present Hour,  
 And dying in our Excellence and Flow'r.  
 Then round our Death-bed ev'ry Friend should run,  
 And joy us of our Conquest early won:  
 While the malicious World with envious Tears, *(and*  
 Should grudge our happy End, and wish it theirs. *Dryd.*

When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die:  
 'tis but a sure Retreat from Infamy.  
 'tis to the Vulgar Death too harsh appears;  
 All we feel is only in our Fears.

He is landing on some silent Shore,  
 The Billows never break, nor Tempests roar;  
 As well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.  
 Wife thro' Thought th' Insults of Death defy,  
 Fools thro' blest Insensibility.

What the Guilty fear, the Pious crave,  
 At by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave:  
 Loves Lovers, sets the Captives free;  
 Tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

But to dye, and go we know not where,  
 In cold Obstruction, and to rot;  
 From sensible warm Motion to become  
 A leaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit  
 In fiery Floods, or to reside  
 In chilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice:  
 Imprison'd in the viewless Winds,  
 Down with restless Violence about

Pendant World; or to be worse than worst  
 Of those that lawless and uncertain Thought  
 Makes howling; 'tis too horrible!  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,  
 Of Pain, Age, Penury, and Imprisonment  
 On Nature, is a Paradise  
 That we fear of Death.

*Shak. Mens. for Mens.*

The Thought of Death to one near Death is dreadful;  
 'tis a fearful Thing to be no more;  
 To be, to wander after Death;  
 To walk, as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day,  
 When the Darkness comes, to glide in Paths  
 Head to Graves, and in the silent Vault  
 To lie your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,  
 To go to enter your forbidden Corps,  
 Often, often vainly breath your Ghost  
 From your lifeless Lips.

Like a lone, benighted Traveller  
 Out from Lodgings, shall your Groans be answer'd  
 By whistling Winds, whose ev'ry Blast will shake  
 Your tender Form to Atoms.

*Dryd. Oedip.*

Death is not dreadful to a Mind resolv'd,  
 As natural as to be born.  
 Fits, and Convulsions, and discolour'd Faces,

Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and Obsequies,  
Make Death a dreadful thing : The Pomp of Death  
Is far more terrible than Death it self. *Lee L. 7.*

When the Sun sets, Shadows that shew'd at Noon  
But small, appear most long and terrible;  
So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,  
Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all Bounds:  
Owls, Ravens, Crickets, seem the Watch of Death;  
Nature's worst Vermin scare her God-like Sons;  
Echoes, the very Leavings of a Voice,  
Grow babbling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves.  
Each Mole-Hill Thought swells to a huge *Olympus*;  
While we fantastick Dreamers heave and puff,  
And sweat with an Imagination's Weight. *Lee O.*

Death's dark Shades

Seem, as we journey on, to lose their Horror ;  
At near Approach the Monsters, form'd by Fear,  
Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear.  
Amidst the gloomy Vale a pleasing Scene,  
With Flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading Green,  
Inviting stands to take the Wretched in.  
No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Despair,  
Disturb the Quiet of a Place so fair,  
But injur'd Lovers find *Elizium* there. *Row. Tamer.*

Death only can be dreadful to the Bad:  
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear dress'd  
To frighten Children; Pull but off his Mask,  
And he'll appear a Friend. *Dryd. O.*

Oh that I less could fear to lose this Being!  
Which, like a Snow-ball in my Coward-hand,  
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away. *Dryd. All for L.*

From Death we rose to Life; 'tis but the same,  
Thro' Life to pass again from whence we came.  
With Shame we see our Passions can prevail,  
Where Reason, Certainty, and Virtue fail :  
Honour, that empty Name, can Death despise;  
Scorn'd Love to Death, as to a Refuge, flies;  
And Sorrow waits for Death with longing Eyes.  
Hope triumphs o'er the Thoughts of Death; and Fate  
Cheats Fools, and flatters the Unfortunate.  
We fear to lose what a small Time must waste,  
Till Life it self grows the Disease at last:  
Begging for Life, we beg for more Decay,  
And to be long a dying only pray.

Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,  
Beset with Dangers and maintain'd with Strife ?

life which all our Care can never save;  
 Fate attends us, and one common Grave.  
 Yes, we tread but a perpetual Round,  
 ne'er strike out, but beat the former Ground,  
 the same maukish Joys in the same Track are found.  
 Still we think an absent Blessing best,  
 which cloy, and is no Blessing when possess'd;  
 the arising Wish expells it from the Breast.  
 The ferv'ish Thirst of Life increases still,  
 still for more, and more, and never have our Fill;  
 know not what To-morrow we shall try,  
 the Dregs of Life in the last Draught may lie:  
 by the longest Life we can attain,  
 Moment from the Length of Death we gain;  
 all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.  
 Once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,  
 Man as much to all intents is dead,  
 dies To-Day, and will as long be so,  
 who dy'd a thousand Years ago.  
 What has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,  
 Souls can die as well as Bodies can?  
 As before our Birth we felt no Pain,  
 when our mortal Frame shall be disjoin'd,  
 lifeless Lump uncoupled from the Mind,  
 a Sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free:  
 shall not feel, because we shall not BE!  
 ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,  
 Soul could feel in her divided State;  
 's that to us? For WE are only WE  
 the Souls and Bodies in one Frame agree:  
 tho' our Atoms should revolve by Chance,  
 Matter leap into the former Dance,  
 what Gain to us would all this Bustle bring?  
 new-made Man would be another Thing.  
 Once an interrupting Pause is made,  
 individual Being is decay'd;  
 who are dead and gone shall bear no Part  
 of the Pleasures, nor shall feel the Smart,  
 which to that other Mortal shall accrue.  
 None of our Matter Time shall mould anew;  
 'twill be a Pause of Life, a gaping Space,  
 to come betwixt, where Memory lies dead,  
 all the wand'ring Motions from the Sense are fled.

*Dryd. Luc.*



For whosoe'er shall in Misfortunes live,  
 Must BE when those Misfortunes shall arrive;  
 And since the Man who IS not, feels not Woe,  
 (For Death exempts him, and wards off the Blow,  
 Which we, the Living only, feel and bear)  
 What is there left for us in Death to fear?  
 When once that Pause of Life has come between,  
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.  
 And therefore if a Man bemoan his Lot,  
 That after Death his mould'ring Limbs shall rot,  
 Or Flames, or Jaws of Beasts, devour his Mass,  
 Know he's an unsincere unthinking Ass:  
 The Fool is to his own cast Offals kind;  
 He boasts no Sense can after Death remain,  
 Yet makes himself a Part of Life again,  
 As if some other HE could feel the Pain.  
 If, while he lives, this Thought molest his Head,  
 He wastes his Days in idle Grief, nor can  
 Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man;  
 But thinks himself can still himself survive,  
 And what, when dead he feels not, feels alive.  
 Then he repines that he was born to die,  
 Nor knows in Death there is no other HE,  
 No living HE remains his Grief to vent,  
 And o'er his senseless Carcass to lament.  
 But to be snatch'd from all thy household Joys,  
 From thy chaste Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys!  
 Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me!  
 One woeful Day sweeps Children, Friends and Wife,  
 And all the brittle Blessings of my Life!  
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;  
 Thy Want and Wish of them is vanish'd too:  
 Which, well consider'd, were a quick Relief  
 To all thy vain imaginary Grief:  
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,  
 And, quitting Life, shalt quit thy living Pain;  
 But we, thy Friends, shall all those Sorrows find,  
 Which in forgetful Death thou leav'st behind,  
 No Time shall dry our Tears, nor drive thee from our Mind  
 The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,  
 Is a sound Slumber, and a long Good-night.  
 Yet thus the Fools, who would be thought the Wits,  
 Disturb their Mirth with melancholy Fits;  
 When Healths go round, and kindly Brimmers flow,  
 Till the fresh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,

y whine and cry, "Let us make haste to live,  
 hort are the Joys which human Life can give.  
 nal Preachers! who corrupt the Draught,  
 pall the God who never thinks, with Thought.  
 , ev'n in Sleep, the Body, wrapt in Ease,  
 nely lies, as in the peaceful Grave,  
 , wanting nothing, nothing can it crave:  
 e that sound Sleep eternal, it were Death.  
 n Death to us, and Death's Anxiety,  
 ss than Nothing, if a Less could be;  
 then our Atoms, which in Order lay,  
 scatter'd from their Heap, and puff'd away,  
 never can return into their Place,  
 n once the Pause of Life has left an empty Space,  
 last suppose, great Nature's Voice should call  
 thee, or me, or any of us all,  
 t dost thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,  
 a mortal Thing, thus idly to complain,  
 sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?  
 if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,  
 the bounteous Blessings I could give,  
 a hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,  
 Pleasure not leak'd thro' thee, like a Sieve,  
 do'st thou not give Thanks as at a plenteous Feast,  
 'd to the Throat with Life, and rise, and take thy Rest?  
 f my Blessings thou hast thrown away,  
 digested Joys pass'd thro'; and would not stay,  
 do'st thou wish for more to squander still?  
 ife be grown a Load, a real Ill,  
 I would all thy Cares and Labours end,  
 down thy Burden, Fool, and know thy Friend,  
 lease thee I have empty'd all my Store,  
 a invent, and can supply no more,  
 run the Round again, the Round I ran before.  
 ose thou art not broken yet with Years,  
 still the self-same Scene of Things appears,  
 would be ever, could'st thou ever live;  
 Life is still but Life, there's no hing new to give.  
 if a Wretch, a Man oppress'd by Fate,  
 ld beg of Nature to prolong his Date;  
 peaks aloud to him with more Disdain;  
 ill, thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain,  
 if an old decrepid Sot lament;  
 t thou, she cries, who hast out-liv'd Content?

Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my Store?  
 Now leave those Joys, unsuited to thy Age,  
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.  
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?  
 What can we plead against so just a Bill?  
 We stand convicted, and our Cause goes ill,  
 For Life is not confin'd to him or thee;  
 'Tis giv'n to all for Use, to none for Property.

Therefore when Thoughts of Death disturb thy Head,  
 Consider, *Ancus*, great and good, is dead:  
*Ancus*, thy better far, was born to dye;  
 And thou, dost thou bewail Mortality?  
 So many Monarchs, with their mighty State,  
 Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.  
 The Founders of invented Arts are lost,  
 And Wits, who made who Eternity their Boast.  
 Where now is *Homer*, possess'd the Throne?  
 Th'immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone;  
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,  
 Whose very Life is little more than Death?  
 More than one Half by lazy Sleep possess'd,  
 And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best, (Dryd. Luc.  
 Day-Dreams, and sickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breast.

Ah! Why

Should Man, when Nature calls, not chuse to dye,  
 Rather than stretch the Span of Life, to find  
 Such Ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,  
 For those to feel, whom fond Desire to live  
 Makes covetous of more than Life can give?  
 Each has his Share of Good, and, when 'tis gone,  
 The Guest, tho' hungry, cannot rise too soon. Dr. Sig. & Gm.

'Tis not the *Stoick's* Lesson, got by Rote,  
 The Pomp of Words, and Pedant Dissertation,  
 That can support thee in that Hour of Terrou:  
 Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it;  
 But when the Trial comes, they start and stand aghast.

Temple of Death.

(Row. Fair Po

In those cold Climates, where the Sun appears  
 Unwillingly, and hides his Faces in Tears;  
 A dreadful Vale lies in a desert Isle,  
 On which indulgent Heav'n did never smile.  
 There a thick Grove of aged Cypress-Trees,  
 Which none without an awful Horrour sees,  
 Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,  
 Whole Flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives:

ons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,  
 Winter is the only Season there.  
 ons of Graves cover the spacious Field,  
 Springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield;  
 se Streams, oppress'd with Carcasses and Bones,  
 ad of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.  
 ithin this Vale a famous Temple stands,  
 as the World it self, which it commands:  
 nd is its Figure, and four Iron Gates  
 de Mankind. By Order of the Fates,  
 e come in Crouds, doom'd to one common Grave,  
 Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.  
 Age and Pains, which Mankind most deplores,  
 faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors;  
 elad in mournful Blacks, which also load  
 sacred Walls of this obscure Abode;  
 Tapers, of a pitchy Substance made,  
 n Clouds of Smoak encrease the dismal Shade:  
 Monster, void of Reason, and of Sight,  
 Goddess is who sways this Realm of Night.  
 Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath;  
 uel Tyrant, and her Name is Death:

*Norm.*

*Dying.*

Where Life gave Way, and the last rosy Breath  
 nt in that Sigh. Death like a brutal Victor,  
 ady enter'd, with rude Haste defaces  
 lovely Frame he's master'd; see how soon  
 se starry Eyes have lost their Light and Lustre!

*(Row. Amb. Step.)*

He fell, and; deadly pale,  
 an'd out his Soul, with gushing Blood effus'd.  
 Grov'ling in Death, he murmur'd on the Ground,  
 d pour'd his Life out from the gaping Wound.  
 He fell, and shiv'ring gasp'd his latest Breath,  
 d fainting sunk into the Arms of Death:

*Milo.*

*Blac.*

*Blac.*

Biting the Ground he lies,  
 Death's unwelcome Shade o'erspreads his Eyes.  
 Gasping he lay, and from the grisly Wound,  
 e crimson Life ebb'd out upon the Ground.  
 Shiv'ring Death crept cold along his Veins.  
 A gloomy Night o'erwhelms his dying Eyes;  
 d his disdainful Soul from his pale Bosom flies.  
 He staggers round, his Eye-balls roll in Death,  
 d with short Sobs he gasps away his Breath.

*Blac.*

*Blac.*

*Blac.*

*Blac.*

*Dryd. Virg.*



A hov'ring Mist came swimming o'er his Sight,  
And seal'd his Eyes in everlasting Night.

Dryd.

As full-blown Poppies, overcharg'd with Rain,  
Decline the Head, and, drooping, kiss the plain;  
So sinks the Youth; his beauteous Head, deprest  
Beneath his Helmet, drops upon his Breast.

Pope

The Soul indignant seeks the Caves of Night,  
And his seal'd Eyes for ever lose the Light.

Pope

With piercing Shrieks the Youth resigns his Breath,  
His Eye-balls darken with the Shades of Death.

Pope

And Shades eternal settle o'er his Eyes.

Pope

The purple Hand of Death

Clos'd his dim Eye, and Fate suppress'd his Breath.

Pope

The ling'ring Soul th' unwelcome Doom receives,  
And murm'ring with Disdain the beauteous Body leaves.

He fetch'd his Breath in Sobs and double Sighs,  
And often strove, but strove in vain, to rise:

His Eyes, defrauded of their vital Ray,  
Labour for Life, and catch the flying Day:

From the wide Wound a purple River flows,  
And Life departs in strong convulsive Throes.

Thrice *Dido* try'd to raise her drooping Head,  
And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the Bed;  
Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and sought the Light,  
And having found it, sicken'd at the Sight;  
And clos'd her Lids at last in endless Night. (*Dryd. Virg.*)  
The struggling Soul was loos'd, and Life dissolv'd in Air.

A gath'ring Mist o'erclouds her chearful Eyes,  
And from her Cheeks the rosy Colour flies:

He swims before her Sight,  
Inexorable Death, and claims his Right.

She staggers in her Seat with agonizing Pains;  
Dying, her open'd Hand forsakes the Reins.

Short and more short she pants; by slow Degrees  
Her Mind the Passage from her Body frees:

She drops her Sword, she nods her plummy Crest,  
Her drooping Head declining on her Breast:

In the last Sigh her struggling Soul expires,  
And murm'ring with Disdain to *Stygian* Sounds retires. (*Dr. V.*)

And Life at length forsook her heaving Heart,  
Loth from so sweet a Mansion to depart.

Dryd.

A deadly Cold has froze the Blood;  
The pliant Limbs grow stiff, and lose their Use,  
And all the animating Fire is quench'd.

Beauty too is dead: An ashy Pale  
 Flies o'er the Roses; the red Lips have lost  
 Their fragrant Hue, for Want of that sweet Breath,  
 Which bless'd 'em with its Odours, as it pass'd. *Row Tamerl.*  
 This was his last: For Death came on amain,  
 Exercis'd below, his Iron Reign.  
 An upward to the Seat of Life he goes;  
 He fled before him; what he touch'd he froze:  
 Could he not his closing Eyes withdraw,  
 Less and less of *Emily* he saw,  
 Speechless for a little Space he lay, *(Pal. & Arc.*  
 He grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd his Soul away. *Dryd.*  
 Ere she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt:  
 Half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,  
 Bury'd half within her. *Dryd. All for Love.*

When she is gone! the talking Soul is mute:  
 His hush'd: No Voice, nor Musick now is heard:  
 The Bow'r of Beauty is more still than Death;  
 The Roses fade; and the melodious Bird,  
 That wak'd their Sweets, has left 'em now for ever. *Lee Alex.*  
 He's out! The Damp of Death has quench'd her quite;  
 Those spicy Doors, her Lips, are shut, close lock'd,  
 Which never Gale of Life shall open more. *Lee Mithrid.*

He breaths short,  
 The Taper's spent, and this is his last Blaze. *Lee Cas. Borg.*  
 His snowy Neck reclines upon his Breast,  
 Like a fair Flow'r by the keen Share oppress'd;  
 Like a white Poppy sinking on the Plain,  
 Whose heavy Head is over-charg'd with Rain. *Dryd. Virg.*

*Dying of Old Age.*  
 Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,  
 That fell, like Autumn Fruit, that mellow'd long;  
 You wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.  
 He seem'd to wind him up for fourscore Years,  
 That freshly ran he on ten Winters more;  
 Still, like a Clock, worn out with eating Time,  
 The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still. *Lee Oedip.*

DEFORMITY.

His livid Eyes, retreating from the Day,  
 Deep in their hollow Orbits bury'd lay:  
 His Back-bone, starting out, drew in his Breast;  
 His Shoulder elevated, that depress'd:  
 And his foul Chin his odious Bosom press'd.

Long little Legs such has the stalking Crane,  
His short ill-figur'd Body did sustain.

Why, Love renounc'd me in my Mother's Womb,  
And for I should not deal in her soft Laws,  
He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,  
To shrink my Arm thus like a wither'd Shrub,  
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,  
Where sits Deformity to mock my Body;  
To shape my Legs of an unequal Size;  
To disproportion me in ev'ry Part,  
Like to a *Chaos*, or unlick'd Bear's Whelp,  
That carries no Impression like the Dam. *Shak. Hen. 6. 2.*

Nature herself start back when thou wert born,  
And cry'd, The Work's not mine.  
The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw  
Thy Mountain-Back, and thy distorted Legs,  
Thy Face it self  
Half minted with the royal Stamp of Man,  
And half o'ercome with Beast, she doubted long  
Whose Right in thee were more;  
And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames  
Were not the holier Work.

Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body  
In so perverse a Mold? Yet when she cast  
Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,  
Unable to resist, and rump'd them  
On Heaps in their dark Lodging; to revenge  
Her bungled Work, she stamp'd my Mind more fair:  
And as from *Chaos*, huddled and deform'd,  
The Gods struck Fire, and lighted up the Lamps  
That beautify the Sky; so she inform'd  
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:  
And making less than Man, she made me more.

No! thou art all one Errour, Soul and Body!  
The first young Trial of some unskill'd Pow'r,  
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove*.  
Thy Body opens inward to thy Soul,  
And lets in Day to make thy Vices seen.  
Thy crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back;  
And wander'd in thy Limbs: Thou Blot of Nature!  
Thou Enemy of Eyes! Excrescence of a Man! *Dryd. Oce.*

#### DEGENERATE.

Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curse,  
Or Fate's Decree, degenerate still to worse.

*Dryd. Oce.*

Tin

Time sensibly all things impairs,  
 Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,  
 And we than ours; next Age will see  
 A Race more profligate than we,  
 With all the Pains we take, have Skill enough to be, *Rosc. Hor.*  
 The Wicked, when compar'd with the more Wicked,  
 Look beautiful; and not to be the worst  
 Ends in some Rank of Praise. *Shak. K. Lear.*

## D E L U G E.

Mean while the South-Wind rose, and with black Wings,  
 De-hov'ring, all the Clouds together drove  
 From under Heav'n: The Hills, to their Supply,  
 Pour and Exhalation dusk and moist  
 Set up amain: And now the thicken'd Sky,  
 Like a dark Cieling, stood. Down rush'd the Rain  
 Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth  
 No more was seen: The floating Vessel swam,  
 Uplifted; and secure, with beaked Prow,  
 Like tilting o'er the Waves: All Dwellings else  
 Overwhelm'd, and them, with all their Pomp,  
 Deep under Water rowl'd: Sea cover'd Sea:  
 Without Shore! and in their Palaces,  
 Where Luxury lately reign'd, Sea Monsters whelp'd,  
 All stabled: Of Mankind, so num'rous late,  
 Left, in one small Bottom swam imbarck'd. *Milt.*  
 Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain,  
 They float the Fields, and over-top the Grain:  
 Men, rushing onwards, with a sweepy Sway,  
 Their Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away:  
 Their safe their Dwellings were; for, sapp'd by Floods,  
 Their Houses fell upon their Household Gods.  
 The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,  
 High o'er their Heads, behold a wat'ry Wall.  
 Now Seas and Earth were in Confusion lost;  
 The World of Waters, and without a Coast.  
 One climbs a Cliff, one in his Boat is born,  
 And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his Corn.  
 Others o'er Chimney-Tops and Turrets row,  
 And drop their Anchors on the Meads below:  
 Downward driven, bruise the tender Vine;  
 And stoof aloft, are knock'd against a Pine.  
 And where of late the Kids had cropt the Grass,  
 The Monsters of the Deep now take their Place.

Insulting



Insulting *Nereids* on the Cities ride,  
 And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the Palace glide;  
 On Leaves and Masts of mighty Oaks they browse,  
 And their broad Fins entangle in the Boughs.  
 The frightened Wolf now swims among the Sheep,  
 The yellow Lion wanders in the Deep:  
 His rapid Force no longer helps the Boar,  
 The Stag swims faster than he ran before:  
 The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,  
 Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.  
 Now Hills and Vales no more Distinction know,  
 And level'd Nature lies oppress'd below.

*Dryd. Virg.*

## D E S P A I R.

Despair, whose Torments no Men sure  
 But Lovers and the Damn'd endure.  
 Despair of Life the Means of Living shews.

*Dryd. Virg.*

We, when our Fate can be no worse,  
 Are fitted for the bravest Course;  
 Have time to rally, and prepare  
 Our last and best Defence, Despair.  
 Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats  
 Have been achiev'd in greatest Streights;  
 And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,  
 By being courageously out-brav'd:  
 As Wounds by other Wounds are heal'd,  
 And Poisons by themselves expell'd.

*Despair*, attended with her ghastly Train,  
*Anguish, Confusion, Horror, howling Pain,*  
 Shall at her hideous Army's Head advance,  
 And shake against his Breast her bloody Lance;  
 Shall draw her Troops of Terroure in Array,  
 Muster her Grievs, and horrid War display:  
 As Kings for Fight their warlike Ranks dispose,  
 So shall she range her thick embattl'd Woes.

He makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair:  
 He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no Use  
 Of any thing but Thought; or if he talks  
 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:  
 Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;  
 Sometimes he gnaws his Lips, then draws his Mouth  
 Into a scornful Smile.

*Dryd. All for Love*

Now cold Despair  
 To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red;

Blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his Veins, (Arc.  
 The Water which the freezing Wind constrains. Dryd. Pal. &  
 He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair,  
 roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his Hair;  
 Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,  
 wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears.  
 Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,  
 Left of Sleep, he loaths his Meat and Drink;  
 withers at the Heart, and looks as wan  
 the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man;  
 that Pale turns yellow, and his Face receives  
 the faded Hue of sapless boxen Leaves.  
 Solitary Groves he makes his Moan,  
 looks early out, and ever is alone;  
 mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasure shares,  
 sighs when Songs and Instruments he hears.  
 Spirits are so low, his Voice is drown'd.  
 hears as from afar, or in a Swoond;  
 the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound.  
 comb'd his Locks, and squalid his Attire;  
 like the Trim of Love, or gay Desire:  
 full of museful Mopings, which presage  
 the Loss of Reason, and conclude in Rage. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.  
 'm here! and thus the Shades of Night around me,  
 look as if all Hell were in my Heart!  
 I in Hell! Nay, surely, 'tis so with me;  
 ev'ry Step I tread, methinks some Fiend  
 locks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.  
 I heard how desp'rate Wretches, like myself,  
 have wander'd out at this dead Time of Night,  
 to meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walks:  
 I'm so curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,  
 Minister of Darkness cares to attempt me. Otm. Ven. Pref.  
 Beneath this gloomy Shade,  
 Nature only for my Sorrows made,  
 I'll spend this Voice in Cries,  
 In Tears I'll waste these Eyes,  
 By Love so vainly fed:  
 Lust of old the Deluge punished.  
 When Thoughts of Love I entertain,  
 meet no Words but Never and In vain?  
 Never! Alas, that dreadful Name,  
 Which fuels the eternal Flame!

Never

Never my Time to come must waste!  
*In vain* torments the Present and the Past!

Then down I laid my Head,  
 Down on cold Earth, and for a while was dead,  
 And my freed Soul to a strange Somewhere fled.

Ah! sottish Soul, said I,  
 When back to its Cage again I saw it fly:  
 Fool! to resume her broken Chain,  
 And row her Galley here again!  
 Fool to that Body to return,

Where it condemn'd, and destin'd is to burn!

My sad Soul

Has form'd a dismal melancholy Scene;  
 Such a Retreat as I would wish to find:  
 An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees  
 Mossy and old, within whose lonesome Shade  
 Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd only dwell:  
 No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook  
 That, bubbling, winds among the Weeds: No Mark  
 Of any human Shape that had been there;  
 Unless a Skeleton of some poor Wretch,  
 Who had long since, like me by Love undone;  
 Sought that sad Place out to despair and die in. *Rowe Fair Play*

Winds, bear me to some barren Island,  
 Where Print of human Feet was never seen;  
 O'ergrown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height,  
 Their baleful Tops are wash'd with belying Clouds:  
 Beneath whose ven'mous Shade I may have vent  
 For Horror, that would blast the barb'rous World. *Lee Ode*

There let me groan my Horrors on the Earth,  
 There bellow out my utmost Gall;  
 There sob my Sorrows till I burst with sighing;  
 There gasp and languish out my wounded Soul. *Lee Ode*

This Pomp of Horror

Is fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul;  
 Here's Room for Meditation ev'n to Madness,  
 Till the Mind burst with Thinking. *Rowe Fair Play*

I fancy

I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;  
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all:  
 Live in a shady Forest's Sylvan Scene;  
 Stretch'd at my Length beneath some blasted Oak,  
 I lean my Hand upon the mossy Bark,  
 And look just of a Piece, as I grew from it.  
 My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistletoe,

g o'er my hoary Face: The Herd come jumping by me,  
fearless quench their Thirst while I look on,  
take me for their Fellow-Citizen. *Dryd. All for Love.*

here is a stupid Weight upon my Senses,  
fmal fullen Stillness, that succeeds

Storm of Rage and Grief, like silent Death  
the Tumult and the Noise of Life:

ld it were Death, (as sure 'tis wondrous like it)

I am sick of Living; my Soul's pall'd:

kindles not with Anger or Revenge;

e was th'informing active Fire within:

y that is quench'd, the Mass forgets to move,

longs to mingle with its Kindred Earth. *Row. Fair Pen.*

or cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom,

all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death. *Lee Theod.*

e's nothing in this World can make me joy:

is as tedious as a twice told Tale,

ng the dull Ear of a drowsy Man. *Shak. K. John.*

h! I have Cause to curse my Life, my Being;

urse each Morn, each chearful Morn that dawns

healing Comfort, on its balmy Wings,

yry wretched Creature but my self:

ne it brings more Pain and iterated Woes. *Row. Ulyss.*

y Life's a Load, encumber'd with the Charge,

g to set th'imprison'd Soul at large; *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

r I, the most forlorn of Human-kind

Help can hope, nor Remedy can find;

loom'd to drag my loathsome Life in Care,

my Reward must end it in Despair.

Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of Fates,

governs all, and Heav'n that all creates;

Art, nor Nature's Hand, can ease my Grief:

ing but Death, the Wretch's last Relief.

farewell Youth, and all the Joys that dwell *(Arc.*

Youth and Life; and Life it self farewell. *Dryd. Pal. &*

via here in Solitude he found,

own-cast Eyes fixt on the silent Ground;

Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,

em'd the mournful Image of Despair. *Gar.*

at furious *Dido*, with dark Thoughts involv'd,

at the mighty Mischief she resolv'd:

livid Spots distinguish'd was her Face;

were her rowling Eyes, and discompos'd her Pace;

Ghastly



Ghastly she gaz'd, with Pain she drew her Breath;  
And Nature shiver'd at approaching Death. *Dryd.*

Whither shall I fly?

Where hide me, and my Miseries together?  
Oh *Belvidera*! I'm the wretched Creature  
E'er crawl'd on Earth. Now, if thou'st Virtue, help me  
Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of Peace,  
To my divided Soul that wars within me,  
And raises ev'ry Sense to my Confusion.  
By Heav'n, I'm tott'ring on the very Brink  
Of Peace, and thou art all the Hold I've left:  
Do thou at least, with charitable Goodness,  
Assist me in the Pangs of my Afflictions. *Otm. Ven.*

Could'st thou but think how I have spent the Night,  
Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,  
Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,  
Thou would'st not, *Belvidera*, sure thou would'st not  
Talk to me thus; but, like a pitying Angel,  
Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast,  
And hatch warm Comforts there, e'er Sorrows freeze it.

Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner  
Hast thou been talking with that Witch, the Night?  
On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along?  
Gath'ring the grumbling Winds about thy Head,  
To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes? *Otm. Ven.*

Let us embrace, and, from this very Moment,  
Vow an eternal Misery together.

And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?  
Never grow fond of chearful Peace again?  
Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,  
And find out Ways how to increase Afflictions?

We'll institute new Arts, unknown before,  
To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.

Then let's together,  
Full of our Guilt, distracted where to roam,  
Like the first wretched Pair, expell'd their Paradise:  
Let's find some Place where Adders nest in Winter,  
Loathsome and venomous; where Poisons hang,  
Like Gums, against the Walls: Where Witches meet  
By Night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,  
Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,  
And live up to the Height of Desperation:  
Desire shall languish, like a with'ring Flow'r;  
And no Distinction of the Sex be thought of:

rors shall fright me from those pleasing Harms;  
 I'll no more be caught with Beauty's Charms;  
 when I'm dying, take me in thy Arms. *Orw. Orph.*  
 Hope of Succour but from thee is past.  
 when upon the Sands the Traveller  
 the high Sea come rousing from afar,  
 Land grow short, he mends his weary Face,  
 the Death behind him covers all the Place:  
 by swift Misfortunes am pursu'd,  
 when on each other are like Waves renew'd. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

*DEVIL. See Hell. Rage.*

DEVOTION.

Devotion is the Love we pay to Heav'n. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*  
 Devotion! that oft binds th' Almighty's Arms,  
 with her Prayers and Tears, her pow'rful Charms,  
 all its Thunder his right Arm disarms.  
 passes quick Heav'n's lofty crystal Walls,  
 the high Gates fly open when she calls;  
 Pow'r can sentenc'd Criminals reprieve,  
 ment arrest, and bid the Rebel live.  
 Voice did once the Sun's swift Chariot stay,  
 on the Verge of Heav'n, held back the falling Day;  
 makes contentious Winds forget their Strife;  
 calls back to the Dead departed Life.  
 m'd by her Voice, Rivers have stop'd their Course,  
 the chill'd Fire laid down its burning Force. *Blas.*

Devotion in Distress

rn, but vanishes in Happiness. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*  
 e, who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless. *Pope Hom.*

D I A N A.

ch on *Eurota's* Banks, or *Cynthus'* Height,  
 seems, and so she charms the Sight,  
 in the Dance the graceful Goddess leads  
 Choir of Nymphs, and over-tops their Heads.  
 wn by her Quiver and her lofty Mien,  
 walks majestic, and she looks their Queen:  
 sees her shine above the rest,  
 feeds with secret Joy her silent Breast. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 ana thus on *Cynthia's* shady Top,  
 y *Eurota's* Stream, leads to the Chace  
 Virgin Train: A thousand lovely Nymphs,  
 form celestial all, troop by her Side;

*Amidst*

Amidst a thousand Nymphs the Goddess stands confest,  
In Beauty, Majesty, and Port Divine,  
Supream and eminent.

Row. U

The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green:  
About her Feet were little Beagles seen,  
That watch'd with upward Eyes, the Motions of their Queen  
Her Legs were buskin'd, and the Left before,  
In Act to shoot: A silver Bow she bore,  
And at her Back a painted Quiver wore.  
She trod a waxing Moon, that soon would wane,  
And, drinking borrow'd Light, be fill'd again.  
With down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey  
The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway. *Dryd. Pal. Ch.*  
O Goddess, Haunter of the Wood-land Green,  
To whom both Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas are seen;  
Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year  
Thy silver Beams descend, and light the gloomy Sphere;  
Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our Hearts:  
Thy Vot'ress from my tender Years, I am,  
And love, like thee, the Woods and Sylvan Game.  
Thou Goddess, by thy triple Shape art seen *(Ch.)*  
In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen. *Dryd.*

## DISCORD.

Far on th'Infernal Frontiers, near the Shore  
On which th'insulting Waves of *Chaos* roar:  
There stands a high and craggy Cliff, that braves  
The neighb'ring Tempests and tumultuous Waves;  
On this sharp Rock does the dire Fiend remain,  
Bound with a vast, unwieldly, brazen Chain.  
Her hideous Yells the gloomy Deep affright,  
And interrupt the Peace of lonesome Night.  
A thousand horrid Mouths the Monster shew'd,  
And each had twenty Tongues, all fierce and loud:  
Her bloody Jaws did her lean Limbs devour,  
And from her Wounds she drank the flowing Gore,  
With her sharp Claws she did her Entrails tear,  
And from her Head pull'd off her snaky Hair.  
The Breath she belch'd did with a fearful Sound  
Make Storms and Whirlwinds in the Air around.  
Her glaring, fierce, misplac'd, distorted Eyes,  
Like adverse Meteors flaming in the Skies,  
Their fiery Orbs against each other turn'd,  
Tremendous in their bloody Circles burn'd.

Ro

and her foul Waste a thousand Monsters rag'd,  
 dreadful Sight! in endless Strife engag'd;  
 she all each other and their Parent tear,  
 rend her Bowels with eternal War.  
 lying and restless on the Rock she turn'd,  
 with her Feet her massy Fetters spurn'd. *Blac.*  
 discord, dire Sister of the Slaught'ring Pow'r!  
 all at her Birth, but rising ev'ry Hour:  
 she scarce the Skies her horrid Head can bound,  
 stalks on Earth, and shakes the World around:  
 Nations bleed where-e'er her Steps she turns,  
 her Groan still deepens, and the Combate burns. *Pope Hom.*  
 discord ever haunts with hideous Mien,  
 she dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been. *Gar.*

*D I S D A I N.* See *Scorn.*

Disdainfully she look'd, then turning round,  
 fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground;  
 what he says and swears regards no more  
 in the deaf Rocks when the loud Billows roar:  
 whirl'd away to shun his hateful Sight. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her Eyes,  
 gazing what they look on. *Shak. Much ado about Nothing.*  
 Disdain has swell'd him up, and choak'd his Breath,  
 then and dumb, and obstinate to Death:  
 Signs of Pity in his Face appear:  
 smother'd with his Pride, he leaves no Room within  
 Sighs to issue out, or Love to enter in. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Still to weep and still complain,  
 Does but more provoke Disdain.  
 Disdain and Love succeed by Turns,  
 One freezes me, and t'other burns.  
 Away, fond Love, thou Foe to Rest!  
 I Hate the full Possession of my Breast.  
 Hate is the nobler Passion far,  
 When Love is ill repaid;  
 For at one Blow it ends the War,  
 And cures the Love-sick Maid. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*  
 When Maids are coy, have manlier Aims in View;  
 Love those that fly, but those that like pursue. *Garth Ovid.*

*D I S E A S E.* See *Infirmity.*

Nigh the Recess of *Chaos* and dull Night,  
 where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway,



In the close Covert of a *Cypress Grove*,  
 Where Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove;  
 Yawns a dark Cave most formidably wide,  
 And there the Monarch's Triumphs are descri'd.  
 Confus'd and wildly huddled to the Eye,  
 The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye:  
 Dim Lamps with sickly Rays scarce seem to glow,  
 Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'erflow;  
 Old mould'ring Urns, pale Fear, and dark Distress  
 Make up the frightful Horror of the Place.  
 Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,  
 Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.  
*Febris* is first; the Hag relentless hears  
 The Virgin's Sighs, and sees the Infant's Tears,  
 In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery Meteors reign,  
 And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.  
 Then *Hydrops* next appears among the Throng;  
 Bloated and big, she slowly sails along:  
 But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor,  
 And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.  
 Now loathsome *Lepra*, that offensive Spright,  
 With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight:  
 She's deaf to Beauty's soft persuading Pow'r,  
 Nor can bright *Hebe's* Charms her Bloom secure,  
 Whilst meagre *Phthisis* gives a silent Blow,  
 Her Strokes are sure, but her Advances slow:  
 No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shewn;  
 She starves the Fortress first, then takes the Town;  
 Behind stood Crowds of more inferior Fame;  
 Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;  
 The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny,  
 Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

When raging Fevers boil the Blood,  
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood:  
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before  
 Slept quiet in its Channel, bubbles o'er. *Dryd. Abs. & Ad.*

Before the curing of a strong Disease,  
 Ev'n in the Instant of Repair and Health,  
 The Fit is strongest: Evils that take Leave,  
 On their Departure most of all shew Evil. *Shak. K. Joh.*

And where the greater Malady is fixt,  
 The lesser is scarce felt: When the Mind's free,  
 The Body's delicate. The Tempest in my Mind  
 Does from my Senses take all Feeling else,

what beats there.

*Dispute.* thou ever most propitious Pow'r,  
Of kind Indulgences we taste each Hour;  
You well canst boast thy num'rous Pedigree,  
Not by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.

Wild Palaces thy Prowess reigns,  
Flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.

You such Might and Energy belong,  
Nip the Blooming, and unnerve the strong;

Purple Conqueror in Chains you bind,  
Are to us Physicians only kind.

In Return all Diligence we pay,

Fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway.

*Shak. K. Lear.*

*Garr.*

D I S P U T E.

'Tis strange how some Mens Tempers suit,

Like Bawd and Brandy, with Dispute;

That for their own Opinions stand fast,

Only to have them claw'd and canvast.

That keep their Consciences in Cases,

As Fidlers do their Crowds and Bases,

Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent

To play a Fit for Argument.

Make true or false, unjust or just,

Of no Use but to be discuss'd:

Dispute, and set a Paradox,

Like a strait Boot, upon the Stocks;

And stretch it more unmercifully

Than *Helmot, Montaign, White, or Tully.*

And when Disputes are wearied out,

'Tis Int'rest still resolves the Doubt.

*End.*

Disputants, like Rams and Bulls,

Do fight with Arms that spring from Sculls.

*End.*

D I S S E M B L E R. See Women.

hy, I can smile, and murder while I smile,

cry *Content* to that which grieves my Heart,

wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,

frame my Face to all Occasions.

*Shak. Hen. VI. Par. 3.*

ow we must shew a Masterpiece indeed;

meet the Man whom we would make an End of,

at that Time when moral Wars within,

the Blood boils and flushes to be at him;

Yet

Yet then to shew the Signs of heartiest Love,  
 To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, to swear! *Lee*  
 Thou shalt not break yet, Heart, nor shall she know  
 My inward Torment by my outward Show:  
 To let her see my Weakness were too base;  
 Dissembled Quiet sits upon my Face:  
 My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,  
 But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind,  
 Falshood shall want its Triumph! I begin  
 To stagger, but I'll prop my self within;  
 The spacious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,  
 Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes. *Dryd.*

These Words he spoke, but spoke not from his Heart  
 His outward Smiles conceal'd his inward Smart. *Dryd.*

Dissembling Hope, her cloudy Front she clears,  
 And a false Vigour in her Eyes appears. *Dryd.*

In vain you sooth me with your soft Endearments,  
 And set the fairest Countenance to view;  
 Your gloomy Eyes betray a Deadness,  
 And inward Languishing: That Oracle  
 Eats, like a subtle Worm, its venom'd Way,  
 Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core;  
 Howe'er the beauteous Outside shews so lovely. *Lee*

Unhurt, untouch'd, did I complain,  
 And terrify'd all others with my Pain;  
 But now I feel the mighty Evil:  
 Ah! there's no fooling with the Devil:  
 So wanton Men, while they would others fright,  
 Themselves have met a real Spright.  
 Darts, and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat,  
 I nam'd but for the Rhyme or the Conceit;  
 Nor meant my Verse should raised be,  
 To this sad Fame of Prophecy.

Truth gives a dull Propriety to my Style,  
 And all the Metaphors does spoil.  
 In things where Fancy much does reign;  
 'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign.

The Play at last a Truth does grow,  
 And Custom into Nature go.  
 By this curst Art of Begging, I became  
 Lame, with counterfeiting lame.  
 My Lines of amorous Desire  
 I wrote to kindle and blow others Fire;

And 'twas a barbarous Delight,  
 My Fancy promis'd from the Sight :  
 Now, by Love, the mighty *Phalaris*, I  
 My burning Bull the first to try. *Cow.*  
 Who dares think one Thing, and another tell,  
 That detests him as the Gates of Hell. *Pope Hom.*

**D I S S E N S I O N.**

Dissensions, like small Streams, at first begun;  
 When seen they rise, but gather as they run :  
 These that from their Parallel decline,  
 When they advance, the more they still disjoin. *Gar.*

**DOG.** See *Conjurer, Hounds, and Hunting.*  
 Faithful Dogs their fleecy Charge maintain,  
 Their Toil protected from the prowling Train;  
 The gaunt Lioness, with Hunger bold,  
 From the Mountains tow'rd's the guarded Fold,  
 Breaking Woods her rustling Course they hear ;  
 And more loud, the Clamours strike their Ear  
 Hounds and Men ; they start, they gaze around,  
 On ev'ry Side, and turn to ev'ry Sound. *Pope Hom.*

**D O L P H I N.**

When a Dolphin sports upon the Tide,  
 Shows his Beauties, and his scaly Pride;  
 His various-colour'd Arch adorns the Flood,  
 A bright Rainbow in a wat'ry Cloud :  
 From the Billows leaps with gamesome Strife,  
 And with Vigour and immoderate Life. *Blac.*  
 Dolphins in the Deep each other chase *(Virg.*  
 Whence, when they swim around the wat'ry Race. *Dryd.*

**D O U B T.**

Doubt's the worst Tyrant of a gen'rous Mind,  
 Whom 'tis ill, who dares not meet his Fate,  
 Ever doubting to be fortunate,  
 To the Wretchedness his Fears create. *Behm.*  
 How this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!  
 Thoughts, like Birds, when frighted from their Rest,  
 Fly the Place, where all was hush'd before,  
 And hardly settle any more. *Osw. Don. Carl.*  
 Floating in a Flood of Care,



This Way and that he turns his anxious Mind,  
 Thinks and rejects the Counsel he design'd:  
 Explores himself in vain in ev'ry Part,  
 And gives no Rest to his distracted Heart.

Dryd.

For various Thoughts began to bustle,  
 And with his inward Man to juggle.  
 He stop'd and paus'd upon the suddain,  
 And with a serious Forehead plodding,  
 Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,  
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said:  
 Quoth he, in all my past Adventures  
 I ne'er was set so on the Tenters,  
 Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,  
 That ev'ry Way I turn does hem me,  
 And with inextricable Doubt,  
 Besets my puzzled Wits about.

Doubt is some Ease to those who fear the worst. Dryd.

## D O V E.

As when a Dove her rocky Hold forsakes;  
 Rowz'd in a Fright her sounding Wings she shakes:  
 The Cavern rings with Clatt'ring; out she flies,  
 And leaves her callow Care, and cleaves the Skies;  
 At first she flutters, but at length she springs  
 To smoother Flight, and shoots upon her Wings. Dryd.

## D R E A M S.

Dreams are but Interludes which Fancy makes:  
 When Monarch Reason sleeps, this Mimic wakes;  
 Compounds a Medley of disjointed things,  
 A Mob of Coblers, and a Court of Kings:  
 Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are sad;  
 Both are the reasonable Soul run mad;  
 And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we see,  
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.  
 Sometimes forgotten Things, long cast behind,  
 Rush forward in the Brain, and come to mind;  
 The Nurses Legends are for Truths receiv'd,  
 And the Man dreams but what the Boy believ'd.  
 Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play,  
 The Night restores our Actions done by Day:  
 As Hounds in Sleep will open for their Prey.  
 In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a Piece,  
 Chimera's all, and more absurd or less. Dryd. *The Cock*

All Dreams

from Repletion and Complexion bred,  
 rising Fumes of indigested Food,  
 noxious Humours that infect the Blood.  
 Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred  
 of all the Family of Red:  
 Dragons, and red Beasts in Sleep we view;  
 Humours are distinguish'd by their Hue.  
 Hence we dream of War, and warlike Things,  
 Wasps and Hornets with their double Wings,  
 our adust congeals our Blood with Fear,  
 black Bulls toss us, and black Devils tear.  
 sanguine airy Dreams aloft we bound;  
 Rheums oppress'd, we sink in Rivers drown'd: (*the Fox.*  
 dominating Humour makes the Dream. *Dr. The Cock and*

When heavy Sleep has clos'd the Sight,  
 sickly Fancy labours in the Night,  
 seem to run, and destitute of Force,  
 sinking Limbs forsake us in the Course:  
 in vain we heave for Breath, in vain we cry,  
 Nerves unbrac'd their usual Strength deny,  
 on the Tongue the fault'ring Accents die. *Dryd. Virg.* }  
 One, who in some frightful Dream would shun  
 pressing Foe, labours in vain to run;  
 his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans,  
 thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender Groans. *Dryd.*

His idle Feet (*Conq. of Gran.*  
 to the Ground; his struggling Voice dies inward. *Dryd.*  
 he, who in a Dream with Drought is curs'd, (*Troil. &*  
 finds no real Drink to quench his Thirst, *Cress.*  
 to imagin'd Lakes his Heat to steep,  
 vainly swills, and labours in his Sleep. *Dryd. Lucr.*  
 Dream o'ertook me at my waking Hour  
 Morn; and Dreams they say are then divine,  
 all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,  
 some o'erpowering God continues Sleep. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

DRINKING. See Bowl. Silenus.

down high the Goblets with a chearful Draught;  
 by the present Hour, adjourn the future Thought. *Dr. Virg.*  
 they brim their ample Bowls,  
 high the Goblets with a sparkling Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 indulge thy Genius, and o'er-flow thy Soul,  
 thy Wit sparkle like the chearful Bowl. *Dryd. Pers.*  
 The

The flowing Bowl  
 With a full Tide enlarg'd his cheerful Soul.  
 Make haste to meet the gen'rous Wine,  
 Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:  
 The rosy Wreath is ready made,

Steph.

And artful Hands prepare  
 The fragrant Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.  
 When the Wine sparkles from afar,  
 And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away:  
 Make haste, and leave thy Bus'ness and thy Care;  
 No mortal Int'rest can be worth thy Stay.

Dryd.

Here's to thee, *Dick*, this whining Love despise,  
 Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou art wise;  
 It sparkles brighter far than she;  
 'Tis pure, and right without Deceit.  
 And such no Woman e'er will be,  
 No! they are all sophisticate.

Here's to thee again, thy senseless Sorrow drown'd,  
 Glass walk till all things too go round:  
 Again: Till these two Lights are four;  
 No Errors here can dang'rous prove;  
 Thy Passion, Man, deceives thee more:  
 None double see like Men in Love.

Fill the Bowl with rosy Wine:  
 Around our Temples roses twine,  
 And let us chearfully awhile,  
 Like the Wine and Roses, smile.  
 Crown'd with Roses we contemn  
 Gyges' wealthy Diadem.  
 To-day is ours! what do we fear?  
 To-day is ours! we have it here!  
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
 Wish at least with us to stay:  
 Let's banish Bus'ness, banish Sorrow;  
 To the Gods belongs To-morrow.

Cowl.

Underneath this Myrtle Shade,  
 On flow'ry Beds supinely laid,  
 With od'rous Oils my Head o'er-flowing,  
 And around it Roses growing,  
 What should I do, but drink away  
 The Heat and Trouble of the Day?  
 In this more than kingly State,  
 Love himself shall on me wait:  
 Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up,  
 And mingled, cast into the Cup,

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Wit, and Mirth, and noble Fires;  
 Vig'rous Health, and gay Desires.  
 The Wheel of Life no less will stay,  
 In a smooth than rugged Way:  
 Since it equally does flee,  
 Let the Motion pleasant be.  
 Why do we precious Ointments show'r,  
 Noble Wines why do we pour,  
 Beauteous Flow'rs why do we spread:  
 On the Monuments of the Dead?  
 Nothing they but Dust can show,  
 Or Bones that hasten to be so.  
 Crown me with Roses whilst I live:  
 Now your Wines and Ointments give:  
 After Death I nothing crave,  
 Let me alive my Pleasures have;  
 All are Stoicks in the Grave.

*Cowl. Anac.*

The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,  
 And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.  
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are  
 By constant drinking, fresh and fair:  
 The Sea itself, which one would think  
 Should have but little Need of Drink,  
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,  
 So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.  
 The busy Sun, and one would guess  
 By's drunken fiery Face no less,  
 Drinks up the Sea, and when h's done,  
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:  
 They drink and dance by their own Light,  
 They drink and revel all the Night.  
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,  
 But an eternal Health goes round.  
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high:  
 Fill all the Glasses there; for why  
 Should ev'ry Creature drink but I?  
 Why, Man of Morals, tell me why?

*Cowl. Anac.*

A thirsty Soul!

ok the Challenge, and embrac'd the Bowl;  
 Pleasure swill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw,  
 e the Bottom of the Brimmer saw.

*Dryd. Virg.*

He crown'd a Bowl, unbid;  
 oughing Nectar over-look'd the Lid;  
 econciler-Bowl went round the Board,  
 , empty'd, the rude Skinker still restor'd.



The Feast continu'd till declining Light;  
 They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas  
 Drunken at last, and drowsy, they depart  
 Each to his House.

The thund'ring God,  
 Ev'n he withdrew to Rest, and had his Load;  
 His swimming Head to needful Sleep apply'd,  
 And *Juno* lay unheeded by his Side.

The Vapours to their swimming Brains advance,  
 And double Tapers on the Tables dance.

Let each indulge his Genius, each be glad,  
 Jocund, and free, and swell the Feast with Mirth.  
 The sprightly Bowl shall chearfully go round;  
 None shall be grave, nor too severely wise:  
 Losses and Disappointments, Cares and Poverty,  
 The rich Man's Insolence, and great Man's Scorn,  
 In Wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow  
 Will be too soon to think and to be wretched.

Come to the Banquet all,  
 And revel out the Day; 'tis my Command:  
 Gay as the *Persian* God ourself will stand,  
 With a crown'd Goblet in our lifted Hand:  
 Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,  
 While antic Measures beat the burden'd Ground,  
 And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.  
 All drink it deep, and while it flies about,  
*Mars* and *Belona* join to make us Musick.  
 A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the *Sun*,  
 White as his Beams. Speak the big Voice of War,  
 Beat all our Drums, and blow our silver Trumpets,  
 Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleasures  
 In Bowls of Nectar and replying Thunder.

Hard are the Laws of Love's despotick Rule,  
 And ev'ry Joy is trebly bought with Pain.  
 Crown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*,  
*Bacchus*, the jolly God of laughing Pleasures.  
 Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake;  
*Apollo's* Lyre, and *Hermes'* tuneful Shell.  
 Let Wine and Music join to swell the Triumph,  
 To smooth uneasy Thought, and lull Desire.

## D R U M.

It is the Trumpet and the Drum,  
 That make the Warriour's Stomach come;

Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer  
By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar:  
For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,  
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?

Hud.

D U E L. See Gauntless.

Now at the Time, and in th' appointed Place,  
Challenger and Challeng'd, Face to Face,  
Approach: Each other from afar they knew,  
From afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue.  
Stands the *Thracian* Herdsman with his Spear,  
In the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear;  
Hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees  
Course at Distance by the bending Trees;  
Thinks, here comes my mortal Enemy,  
Either he must fall in Fight or I.  
While he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart,  
Mortal Chillness seizes ev'ry Part;  
Veins pour back the Blood, and fortify the Heart.  
As pale they meet, their Eyes with Fury burn;  
He greets, for none the Greeting will return;  
In dumb Surliness, each arm'd with Care,  
Foe profess'd, as Brother of the War.  
In both, no Moment lost, at once advance  
Till each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance:  
They lash, they foil, they pass, they strive to bore  
Through Corsets, and the thinnest Parts explore.  
Two long Hours in equal Arms they stood;  
Wounded wound, till both were bath'd in Blood;  
Not a Foot of Ground had either got,  
If the World depended on that Spot,  
Arcite, like an angry Tyger, far'd,  
Like a Lyon *Palamon* appear'd;  
Two Boars whom Love to Battel draws,  
Rising Bristles and with frothy Jaws,  
Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique they wound;  
Grunts and Groans the Forest rings around:  
Fought the Knights;  
Mortal Battel doubling Blow on Blow;  
Light'ning flam'd their Fauchions to and fro,  
Shot a dreadful Gleam: So strong they strook,  
They seem'd less Force requir'd to fell an Oak. *Dryd. Pal. &*  
Now in clos'd Field, each other from afar *(Arc.*  
In view, and rushing on begin the War:

They launch their Spears, then Hand to Hand they meet;  
 The trembling Soil resounds beneath their Feet.  
 Their Bucklers clash, thick Blows descend from high,  
 And Flakes of Fire from their hard Helmets fly.  
 Such was the Combat in the list'd Ground,  
 So clash their Swords, and so their Shields resound.  
 Rais'd on the Stretch, young *Turnis* aims a Blow,  
 Full on the Helm of his unguarded Foe,  
 But all in Pieces flies the Traitor Sword,  
 And in the middle Stroke, deserts his Lord;  
 The mortal-temper'd Steel deceiv'd his Hand;  
 The shiver'd Fragments shone amid the Sand.  
 Surpriz'd with Fear, he fled along the Field,  
 And now forthright, and now in Orbits wheel'd;  
 Ten Times already round the list'd Place,  
 One Chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the Chase.

Once more erect the rival Chiefs advance,  
 One thrusts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance:  
 And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal Chance.

*Turnus* then trembling view'd the thund'ring Chief advance  
 And brandishing aloft the deadly Lance:  
 Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring Foe,  
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming Blow:  
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with Fear,  
 Aim'd at his Shield, he sees th' impending Spear.

The Heroe measur'd first with narrow View,  
 The destin'd Mark; and rising as he threw,  
 With its full Swing the fatal Weapon flew.  
 Not with less Rage the rattling Thunder falls,  
 Or Stones from batt'ring Engines break the Walls.  
 Swift as a Whirlwind, from an Arm so strong,  
 The Lance drove on, and bore the Death along.  
 Nought could his seven-fold Shield the Prince avail,  
 Nor ought beneath his Arms the Coat of Mail;  
 It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grisly Wound  
 Transfix'd his Thigh, and doubled him to Ground:  
 Thus low on Earth the lofty Chief is laid,  
 With Eyes cast upward, and with Arms display'd. *Dryd.*

#### D U N G E O N.

Then to a Dungeon's Depth I sent, both bound,  
 Where, stow'd with Snakes and Adders, now they lodge:  
 Two Planks their Beds, slipp'ry with Ooze and Slime.  
 The Rats brush o'er their Faces with their Tails,  
 And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs. *Dr. K.*

## E A G L E. See Nature.

In the fiery Tracts above,

appears in Pomp th'imperial Bird of *Jove* :

Plump of Fowl he spies that swim the Lakes,

o'er their Heads his sounding Pinions shakes;

then, stooping on the fairest of the Train,

his strong Talons trufs'd a silver Swan :

while he lags and labours in his Flight,

bold the dastard Fowl return anew,

and, with united Force the Foe pursue :

tim'rous around the royal Hawk they fly,

thick'ning in a Cloud, o'er-shade the Sky ;

they cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy Course,

nor can th'incumber'd Bird sustain their Force ;

ex'cited, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous Prey,

lighten'd of his Burthen, wings his Way. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus on some silver Swan, or tim'rous Hare,

Jove's Bird comes fousing down from upper Air ;

his crooked Talons trufs the fearful Prey,

then out of Sight she soars, and wings her Way. *Dryd. Virg.*

Jove's Bird on sounding Pinions beat the Skies ;

bleeding Serpent of enormous Size

Talons trufs'd ; alive, and curling round,

fastung the Bird, whose Throat receiv'd the Wound :

and with the Smart he drops the fatal Prey,

airy Circles wings his peaceful Way,

heats on the Winds and rends the Heav'ns with Cries ;

while on the Earth the fallen Serpent lies.

*Pope Hom.*

So stoops the yellow Eagle from on high,

and bears a speckled Serpent thro' the Sky,

flinging his crooked Talons on the Prey,

the Pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid Way ;

he lifts the royal Hawk, and tho' oppress'd,

he fights in Volumes, and erects her Crest :

turn'd to her Foe, she stiffens ev'ry Scale,

and shoots her forky Tongue, and whisks her threat'ning Tail.

Against the Victor all Defence is weak,

th'imperial Bird still plies her with his Beak ;

he tears her Bowels, and her Breast he gores,

then claps his Pinions, and securely soars.

*Dryd. Virg.*

So the Eagle,

that bears the Thunder of our Grandfire *Jove*,

with Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring.

F 5

Forlake



Forfake the Nest, to try his tender Pinions  
 In the wide untrack'd Air; till bolder grown,  
 Now, like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold  
 He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey;  
 Or fixing on some Dragon's scaly Hide,  
 Eager of Combat, and his future Feast,  
 Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain,  
 Writhing his spiry Tail. [*poke by Ulysses.*]  
 As the bold Bird her helpless Young attends,  
 From Danger guards them, and from Want defends;  
 In search of Prey she wings the spacious Air,  
 And with th' untasted Food supplies her Care.

Row. Uly

Pope Har

So the imperial Eagle does not stay  
 Till the whole Carcass he devour,  
 That's fall'n into his Pow'r;  
 As if his gen'rous Hunger understood,  
 That he can never want Plenty of Food:  
 He only sucks the tasteful Blood,  
 And to fresh Game flies chearfully away;  
 To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

## EARTH QUAKE.

Earth felt the Wound, and Nature, from her Seat,  
 Sighing, thro' all her Works gave Signs of Woe.

As when pent Vapours run their hollow Round,  
 Earthquakes, which are Convulsions of the Ground,  
 Break bell'wing forth, and no Confinement brook,  
 Till the third settles what the former shook.

So the pent Vapours, with a rumbling Sound,  
 Heave from below, and rend the hollow Ground;  
 A sounding Flaw succeeds, and from on high  
 The Gods with Hate behold the nether Sky,  
 The Ghosts repine at violated Night,  
 And curse th' invading Sun, and sicken at the Sight.

Dr. W

## ECHO.

Tir'd with the rough Denials of my Pray'r  
 From that hard She whom I obey,  
 I come, and find a Nymph much gentler here,  
 That gives Consent to all I say.  
 Ah! gentle Nymph, who lik'st so well  
 In hollow solitary Caves to dwell,  
 Her Heart being such, into it go,  
 And do but once from thence answer me so.

Complain

unpleasing Nymph! who dost thus kindly share  
In Grievance whose Cause thou dost not know;  
Hast thou but Eyes as well as Tongue and Ear,  
How much Compassion would'st thou shew!  
Thy Flame, whilst living, or a Flow'r,  
Of less Beauty, and less ravishing Pow'r:

Alas I might as easily  
Sent thee to her, as describe her to thee.  
Repercussion Beams ingender Fire:

Shapes by Reflection Shapes beget;  
The Voice itself, when stop'd, does back retire;  
And a new Voice is made by it.  
Thus Things by Opposition  
The Gainers grow: My barren Love alone  
Does from her stony Breast rebound,  
Producing neither Image, Fire, nor Sound.

*Concl.*

He forc'd the Vallies to repeat  
The Accent of his sad Regret:  
And *Echo* from the hollow Ground  
His doleful Wailings did resound;  
More wistfully by many Times,  
Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhymes,  
That make her, in their ruthless Stories,  
To answer to Inter'gatories,  
And most unconscionably depose  
To things of which she nothing knows:  
And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.

*End.*

*Echo* in others Words her Silence breaks,  
Echoes herself but when another speaks.  
Can't begin, but waits for the Rebound,  
To catch his Voice, and to return the Sound.  
For 'tis she prattles in a fainter Tone,  
In mimic Sounds, and Speeches not her own.

*Add. Ovid.*

*ECLIPSE.*

The Silver Moon is all o'er Blood:  
Settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face;  
The Eclipse darkens the lab'ring Planet.  
And there, sound all our Instruments of War,  
Guns and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,  
Beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour.  
Shorn of his Beams, the Sun  
In Eclipse disastrous Twilight sheds.

*Lee Oedip.*

On half the Nations, and with fear of Change  
Perplexes Monarchs.

Struggling in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day  
On either Side of the black Orb that veil'd him. *Dryd. Don Se*

#### EDUCATION. See Religion.

Children, like tender Oziers, take the Bow,  
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:  
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone  
In Age we are by second Nature prone. *Dryd. Jun. Ju*

While thy moist Clay is pliant to Command,  
Unwrought, and easy to the Potter's Hand;  
Now take the Mold, now bend thy Mind to feel  
The first sharp Motions of the forming Wheel. *Dryd. B*

#### Soldierly Education.

Strong from the Cradle, of a sturdy Brood,  
We bear our new-born Infants to the Flood:  
There, bath'd amid the Stream, our Boys we hold,  
With Winter harden'd, and inur'd to Cold:  
They wake before the Day to range the Wood,  
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd Food.  
No Sports, but what belong to War they know,  
To break the stubborn Colt to bend the Bow:  
Our Youth, of Labour patient, earn their Bread,  
Always at work, with frugal Diet fed;  
From Plows and Harrows sent to seek Renown,  
They fight in Fields, and storm the shaken Town.  
No Part of Life from Toils of War is free;  
No Change in Age, or Diff'rence in Degree:  
We plough and till in Arms; our Oxen feel,  
Instead of Goads, the Spur and pointed Steel.  
Th'inverted Lance makes Furrows in the Plain:  
Our Helms defend the Young, disguise the Grey,  
We live by Plunder, and delight in Prey. *Dryd. H*

#### ELDER BROTHER.

Is not the Elder  
By Nature pointed out for Preference?  
Is not his Right enroll'd among those Laws  
Which keep the World's vast Frame in beauteous Order?  
Ask those thou nam'dst but now, what made them Lords  
What Titles had they had, if Merit only  
Could have conferr'd a Right? if Nature had not  
Strove hard to thrust the worst-deserving first.

and stamp the noble Mark of Eldership  
on their baser Metal?

*Row. Amb. Stepm.*

Birtheright's a vulgar Road to kingly Sway;  
ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's Way.

opt from above, he lights into a Throne,  
ows of a Piece with that he sits upon:

*(Auren. }  
Dryd. }*

av'n's Choicet a low, inglorious rightful Drone!

My Claim to her by eldership I prove.

Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.

*Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

I lov'd her first, and cannot quit my Claim,

it will preserve the Birtheright of my Passion. *Osw. Orph.*

E L E M E N T S.

For this eternal World is said of old,

four prolific Principles to hold;

four diff'rent Bodies: Two to Heav'n ascend,

and other two down to the Centre tend:

the first with Wings expanded mounts on high;

ere, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky:

then Air, because unclog'd, in empty Space,

comes after Fire, and claims the second Place;

the weighty Water, as her Nature guides,

comes on the Lap of Earth, and Mother Earth subsides;

all things are mix'd of these, which all contain,

and into these are all resolv'd again.

Earth rarifies to Dew; expanded more,

the subtil Dew in Air begins to soar,

beats as she flies, and, weary of her Name,

thenuates still, and changes into Flame:

thus having by Degrees Perfection won,

aimless, they soon untwist the Web they spun:

Fire begins to lose her radiant Hue,

mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to Dew;

the Dew condensing does her Form forego,

and sinks a heavy Lump of Earth below.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

The Force of Fire ascended first on high,

and took its Dwelling in the vaulted Sky;

then Air succeeds, in Lightness next to Fire,

those Atoms from unactive Earth retire:

Earth sinks beneath, and draws a num'rous Throng:

pond'rous, thick, unwieldy Seeds along;

about her Coasts unruly Waters roar,

and, rising on a Ridge, insult the Shoar.

*Dryd. Ovid.*



ELEPHANT. See *Paradise*.

## E L O Q U E N C E.

Whene'er he speaks, Heav'n! how the list'ning Throng,  
Dwell on the melting Musick of his Tongue:  
His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mien;  
Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' serene:  
And when the Pow'r of Eloquence he'd try,  
Here Lightning strikes you, there soft Breezes sigh.

When *Atræus*' Son harangu'd the list'ning Train,  
Just was his Sense, and his Expression plain;  
His Words succinct, yet full without a Fault,  
He spake no more than just the Thing he ought:  
But when *Ulysses* rose, in Thought profound,  
His modest Eyes he fix'd upon the Ground:  
As one unskill'd, or dumb, he seem'd to stand,  
Nor rais'd his Head, nor stretch'd his sceptred Hand:  
But when he speaks, what Elocution flows!  
Soft as the Fleeces of descending Snows  
The copious Accents fall with easy Art,  
Melting they fall, and sink into the Heart:  
Wond'ring we hear, and, fix'd in deep Surprise,  
Our Ears refute the Censure of our Eyes.

Pope H

## His Tongue

Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better Reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest Counsels: For his Thoughts were low,  
To Vice industrious, but to nobler Deeds  
Tim'rous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the Ear.

Nectar divine flow'd from his heavenly Tongue,  
And on his charming Lips Persuasion hung.

Words, sweet as Honey, from his Lips distill'd. Pope H

He drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue. Dryd. J

Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Fools,  
Or Knaves, who use them when they want good Sense:  
But Honesty needs no Disguise nor Ornament.

Osw. O

But here bright Eloquence does always smile  
In such a Choice, yet unaffected Style;  
As doth both Knowledge and Delight impart,  
The Force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art:  
Clear as a beautiful transparent Skin,  
Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in.  
Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,  
As smooth as Woman, but as strong as Man,

## E L Y S I U M,

the verdant Fields with thoſe of Heav'n may vie,  
in *Æther* veſted, and a purple Sky.

blifsful Seats of happy Souls below;

of their own, and their own Sun they know.

their airy Limbs in Sports they exerciſe,

on the Green contend the Wreſtler's Prize.

in heroic Verſe divinely ſing,

in artful Meaſures lead the Ring:

Chiefs behold their Chariots from afar,

their ſhining Arms, and Courſers train'd to War:

their Lances fix'd in Earth, their Steeds around,

from their Harneſs, graze the flow'ry Ground,

Love of Horſes which they had alive,

Care of Chariots, after Death ſurvive.

the chearful Souls were feaſting on the Plain;

ſome did the Song, and ſome the Choir maintain.

the Patriots live, who for their Countries Good,

fighting Fields were prodigal of Blood.

ſome of unblemish'd Lives here make Abode,

Poets worthy their inſpiring God.

ſome ſearching Wits of more mechanic Parts,

enrich'd their Age with new invented Arts.

ſome who to Worth their Bounty did extend,

to thoſe who knew that Bounty to commend:

Heads of theſe, which holy Fillets bound,

all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.

to fix'd Place the happy Souls reſide:

where they live, and lie on moſſy Beds,

crystal Streams that murmur thro' the Meads. *Dryd. Virg.*

here in the Lands of unexhausted Light,

which the God-like Sun's unweary'd Sight,

Ne'er winks in Clouds, or ſleeps in Night,

endleſs Spring of Age the Good enjoy:

neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy.

There neither Earth, nor Sea they plough,

Nor ought to Labour owe

Food, that while it nourishes does decay,

in the Lamp of Life conſumes away.

footed Winds with tuneful Voices there

Dance thro' the perfum'd Air.

the ſilver Rivers thro' enamel'd Meadows glide,

And Golden Trees enrich their Side.

*Th'illuſtious*

Th'illustrious Leaves no dropping Autumn fear,  
 And Jewels for their Fruit they bear;  
 Which by the Blest are gathered  
 For Bracelets to the Arm, and Garlands to the Head. *Cowl, P.*  
 Loose Breezes on their airy Pinions play,  
 And with refreshing Sweets perfume the Way:  
 Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide,  
 And as they pass, their painted Banks they chide:  
 These blissful Plains no Blights nor Mildews fear,  
 The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here. *G*

E M B R A C E. See *Venus*.

Then like some wealthy Island thou shalt lie,  
 And like the Sea about it, I:  
 Thou like fair *Albion* to the Sailors Sight,  
 Spreading her beauteous Bosom all in White;  
 Like the kind Ocean I will be  
 With loving Arms for ever clasping thee.  
 As the luxuriant Tendrils of the Vine  
 Around the Elm with wanton Windings twine. *(Ovid)*  
 My springing Arms flew round and lock'd in thine. *Den*  
 Eternal Comfort's in thy Arms:  
 To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease, *(A)*  
 Than downy Pillows deck'd with Leaves of Roses. *Orw.*  
 Oh my *Focasta*! 'tis for this the wet  
 Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground:  
 For this he bears the Storms  
 Of Winter Camp, and freezes in his Arms,  
 To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;  
 That I could hold thee ever! Let me hold thee  
 Thus to my Bosom: Ages let me grasp thee,  
 Life of my Life! and Treasure of my Soul!  
 Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms;  
 I'll break 'em with *Focasta* in my Arms:  
 Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;  
 And aet my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room. *Lee O*  
*A.* I thought how those white Arms would fold me in,  
 And strain me close, and melt me into Love;  
 So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,  
 And added all my Strength to ev'ry Blow.  
*C.* Come to me, come my Soldier, to my Arms,  
 You've been too long away from my Embraces;  
 But when I have you fast, and all my own,

th broken Murmurs and tumultuous Sighs,  
 say you were unkind and punish you,  
 d mark you red with many an eager Kiss,  
 My brighter *Venus*!

O my greater *Mars*!

Thou join'st us well, my Love!

opose me come from the *Phlegraean* Plains,  
 ere gasping Giants lay, cleft by my Sword,  
 d Mountain-Tops par'd off each other Blow,  
 bury those I slew. Receive me, Goddess!

*Cæsar* spread his subtle Nets, like *Vulcan*,

thy Embraces I would be beheld

Heav'n and Earth at once;

make their Envy what they meant their Sport.

those who took us blush: I would love on

th awful State, regardless of their Frown,

their superior God.

*Dryd. All for Love.*

*Venus* embracing *Vulcan*,

The Goddess strait her Arms of snowy Hue

out her unresolving Husband threw.

soft Embraces soon infuse Desire,

Veins, his Marrow, sudden Warmth inspire,

all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.

half so swift the rattling Thunder flies,

Streaks of Lightning flash along the Skies.

Goddess, proud of her successful Wiles,

conscious of her Form, in secret smiles.

The Power obnoxious to her Charms,

ing and half dissolving in her Arms,

Snatch'd the willing Goddess to his Breast,

in her Lap infus'd, he lay possess'd

ull Desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

*Dryd. Virg.*

For what do Lovers when they're fast

In one another's Arms embrac'd;

But strive to plunder and convey

Each other like a Prize away?

*Hud.*

EMPIRE and Emperor, See Greatness.

hen Empire in its Childhood first appears,

atchful Fate o'ersees its tender Years:

grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,

elbows all the Kingdoms round about:

Place thus made for its first Breathing free,

oves again for Ease and Luxury:

*Till*



Till, swelling by Degrees, it has possess'd  
 The greater Space, and now crowds up the rest.  
 When from behind there starts some petty State:  
 And pushes on its now unwieldy Fate:  
 Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,  
 And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose. *Dryd. Conq. of Gr*

Hast thou not seen my Morning Chambers fill'd  
 With sceptred Slaves, who waited to salute me?  
 With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun  
 To worship my Uprising? Menial Kings  
 Ran coursing up and down my Palace-Yards,  
 Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,  
 And at my least Command all started out  
 Like Racers for the Goal.

*Dryd. All for Love*

Emperor! Why that's the Style of Victory!  
 The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unselt Wounds,  
 Salutes his Gen'ral so! but never more  
 Shall that Sound reach my Ears.

For I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd  
 The Name of Soldier with inglorious Ease:  
 In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,  
 Sate still, and saw it press'd by other Hands. *Dryd. All for Love*

There's no true Joy in such unwieldy Fortune;  
 Eternal Gazers lasting Troubles make;  
 All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.  
 Why was I born a Prince? Proclaim'd a God?  
 Yet have no Liberty to look abroad.  
 Thus Palaces in Prospect bar the Eye,  
 Which, pleas'd and free, would o'er the Cottage fly,  
 O'er flow'ry Lawns to the gay distant Sky.  
 Farewel then Empire, and the Racks of Love!  
 By all the Gods I will to Wilds remove;  
 Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God, on Grass lie down,  
 And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.

*Lee Al*

Reign, reign, ye Monarchs that divide the World:  
 Busy Ambition ne'er will let ye know  
 Tranquility and Happiness like mine:  
 Like gawdy Ships, th' obsequious Billows fall,  
 And rise again to lift you to your Pride;  
 They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you. *Otw. Ven. B*

To you the Drudgery of Pow'r I give;  
 Cares be your Lot: Reign you, and let me live:  
 Were I a God, the drunken Globe should roul;  
 The little Emmets with the human Soul

e for themselves, while at my Ease I fate,  
 d second Causes did the Work of Fate. *Dryd. Auren.*  
 Oh that I had been born some happy Swain,  
 d never known a Life so great, so vain!  
 ere I Extreame might not be forc'd to chuse,  
 d blest with some mean Wife, no Crown could lose;  
 ere the dear Partner of my little State,  
 ile all her smiling Off-spring at the Gate,  
 fting my Labours, might my Coming wait;  
 ere in our humble Beds all safe might lie,  
 d not in curs'd Courts for Glory die. *Lee Theod.*

ENCELADUS. See *Ætna.*

ENJOYMENT.

I saw 'em kindle to Desire,  
 While with soft Sighs they blew the Fire;  
 Saw the Approaches of their Joy,  
 He growing more fierce, and she less coy:  
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays,  
 Exchanging Love a thousand Ways;  
 Kind was the Force on either Side,  
 Her new Desire she could not hide;  
 Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd.  
 The blessed Minute he pursu'd,  
 Till she, transported in his Arms,  
 Yields to the Conq'rour all her Charms.  
 His panting Breast to her's now join'd,  
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd:  
 Vast and luxuriant! such as prove  
 Th' Immortality of Love!  
 For who but a Divinity  
 Could mingle Souls to that Degree;  
 And melt them into Extasy!  
 Now, like the *Phoenix*, both expire,  
 While, from the Ashes of their Fire,  
 Sprung up a new and soft Desire.  
 Like Charmers thrice they did invoke  
 The God, and thrice new Vigour took.  
 Thus did this happy Pair their Love dispense,  
 h mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Sense.  
 God of Love was there a bidden Guest;  
 present at his own mysterious Feast,  
 azure Mantle underneath he spread,  
 scatter'd Roses on the nuptial Bed:

*Behn.*

While

While folded in each other's Arms they lay  
 He blew the Flames, and furnish'd out the Play, (Then  
 And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Sweat away. Dryd.

Long time dissolv'd in Pleasure thus they lay,  
 Till Nature could no more suffice their Play. Dr. Sig. & G.

*Celia* was coy and hard to win;

With artful Cunning play'd the Virgin's Part:

But when she once had try'd the Sin,

She hugg'd the charming tingling Dart;

Cry'd nearer, dearest, to my Heart;

Thou'rt Lord of all within.

*Mounif*

Love is a Burglarer, a Felon,

That at the Window-Eye does steal in,

To rob the Heart, and with his Prey

Steals out again a closer Way.

See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,

Next in Storms of Thunder speak:

Then a kind Show'r from above

Brings a Calm: So 'tis in Love.

Flames begin our first Address,

Like meeting Thunder we embrace;

Then, you know, the Show'rs that fall,

Quench the Fire, and quiet all.

How should I those Show'rs forget?

'Twas so pleasant to be wet:

They kill'd Love, I know it well,

I dy'd as oft as e'er they fell.

*Phillis* has a gentle Heart,

Willing to the Lover's courting;

Wanton Nature, all Love's Art

To direct her in her sporting:

In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,

All is real Inclination:

No false Raptures in the Bliss,

No feign'd sighing in the Passion.

But oh! who the Charms can speak,

Who the thousand Ways of toying!

When she does the Lover make,

All a God in her enjoying;

Who the Limbs that round him move

And constrain him to the Bliss!

Who the Eyes that swim in Love,

And the Lips that suck in Kisses!

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Oh the Freaks when mad she grows,  
 Raves all wild with the possessing!  
 Oh the silent Trance which shews  
 The Delight above expressing!  
 Ev'ry Way she does engage,  
 Idly talking, speechless lying,  
 She transports me with the Rage,  
 And she kills me in her dying.

Ye Gods! the Raptures of that Night!  
 What fierce Convulsions of Delight!  
 How in each other's Arms dissolv'd!  
 We lay, confounded, and involv'd!  
 Bodies mingling, Sexes blending,  
 Which should most be lost contending,  
 Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,  
 Plunging into boundless Blissess;  
 Our Bodies, as our Souls, on Fire,  
 Tost by a Tempest of Desire,  
 Till with utmost Fury driv'n,  
 Down at once we sunk to Heav'n.

thus when the youthful Pair more closely joyn, (twine,  
 in Arms in Arms they lock, and Thighs in Thighs they  
 in the raging Foam of full Desire,

in both press on, both murmur, both expire:  
 gripe, they squeeze, their humid Tongues they dart,  
 which would force their Way to t'other's Heart;  
 in: They only cruise about the Coast;  
 Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies lost;  
 are they strive to be, when both engage  
 at tumultuous momentary Rage,  
 angled in the Nets of Love they lie,  
 Man dissolves in that Excess of Joy.

when the gather'd Bag has burst its Way,  
 ebbling Tides the slacken'd Nerves betray,  
 life ensues; and Nature nods a while,  
 with recruited Rage new Spirits boil;  
 then the same vain Violence returns;  
 Flames renew'd th' erected Furnace burns:  
 they in each other would be lost;

ill by adamantine Bars are crost. *Dryd. Lucr.*

om ev'ry Part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,  
 feel the trickling Joys, and run with Vigour to the Goal.  
 with the same impetuous Desire,  
 Beasts, and Herds, and Mares their Males require;

Because



Because the throbbing Nature in their Veins  
Provokes them to allwage their kindly Pains.  
The lusty Leap th' expecting Female stands,  
By mutual Heat compell'd to mutual Bands.  
Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by Love are ty'd,  
Nor hooting Boys, nor Blows, their Union can divide.  
At either End they strive the Link to loose  
In vain, for stronger *Venus* holds the Noose.

Dryd.

'Tis with this Rage the Mother Lyon stung,  
Scours o'er the Plain, regardless of her Young:  
Demanding Rights of Love, she sternly stalks:  
And hunts her Lover in his lonely Walks:  
'Tis then the shapeless Bear his Den forsakes,  
In Woods and Fields a wild Destruction makes;  
Boars whet their Tusks, to Battel Tygers move,  
Enrag'd with Hunger; more enrag'd with Love.  
The Stallion snuffs the well-known Scent from far;  
And snorts, and trembles for the distant Mare:  
Nor Bits, nor Bridles can his Rage restrain;  
And rugged Rocks are interpos'd in vain.  
He makes his Way o'er Mountains, and contemns  
Unruly Torrents, and unforded Streams.  
The bristled Boar, who feels the pleasing Wound,  
New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the Ground:  
The sleepy Letcher shuts his little Eyes,  
About his churning Chaps the frothy Bubbles rise:  
He rubs his Sides against a Tree, prepares,  
And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.  
The youthful Bull is oft with Love possess'd;  
With two fair Eyes his Mistress burns his Breast,  
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his Rest,  
Forsakes his Food, and, pining for the Lass,  
Is joyless of the Grove, and spurns the growing Grass,  
The soft Seducer, with enticing Looks,  
The bell'wing Rivals to the Fight provokes.  
A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred;  
The stooping Warriors, aiming Head to Head,  
Engage their clashing Horns with dreadful Sound;  
The Forest rattles, and the Rocks rebound.  
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar,  
Their Dewlaps and their Sides are bath'd in Gore.  
Nor when the War is over, is it Peace,  
Nor will the vanquish'd Bull his Claim release:

feeding in his Breast his antient Fires,  
 cursing Fate, from his proud Foe retires.  
 In from his native Land to foreign Grounds,  
 with a gen'rous Rage resents his Wounds,  
 ignominious Flight, the Victor's Boast  
 more than both, the Loves, which unreveng'd he lost.  
 He turns his Eyes, and with a Groan,  
 eyes the pleasing Kingdoms, once his own;  
 therefore to repair his Strength he tries,  
 tiring his Limbs with painful Exercise,  
 rough upon the flinty Rock he lies.  
 prickly Leaves, and on sharp Herbs he feeds;  
 to the Prelude of a War proceeds.  
 Horns, yet fore, he tries against a Tree,  
 meditates his absent Enemy:  
 snuffs the Wind, his Heels the Sand excite:  
 when he stands collected in his Might,  
 ears, and promises a more successful Fight.  
 to redeem his Honour at a Blow,  
 moves his Camp, to meet his careless Foe:  
 with more Madness, rolling from afar,  
 spumy Waves proclaim the wat'ry War:  
 mounting upwards with a mighty Roar,  
 on onward, and insult the rocky Shore:  
 mate the middle Region with their Height,  
 fall no less than with a Mountain's Weight:  
 Waters boil, and, belching from below,  
 Sands as from a forceful Engine throw.  
 the Wars that spotted Linxes make  
 their fierce Rivals, for the Female's Sake;  
 howling Wolves, the Mastiff's am'rous Rage,  
 ev'n the fearful Stag dares for his Hind engage.  
 or above the rest the furious Mare,  
 from the Male, is frantic with Despair;  
 love defrauded in her longing Hour,  
 ears the Harness, and she rends the Rein:  
 love she'll force thro' Thickets of the Wood,  
 climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood.  
 ev'ry Creature, and of ev'ry kind,  
 secret Joys of sweet Coition find;  
 only Man's imperial Race, but they  
 wing the liquid Air, or swim the Sea,  
 ant the Desert, rush into the Flame:  
 love is Lord of all, and is in all the same.

Dryd. Virg.  
 Ev'n

Ev'n rugged Lyons love,  
And grapple, and compel their savage Dames. *Dryd. Don*

Once in a Season Beasts too taste of Love;  
Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,  
And in that Folly drudges all the Year. *Orm. O*

Love's Pow'r's too great to be withstood  
By feeble human Flesh and Blood :

'Twas he that brought upon his Knees  
The heft'ring Kill-Cow *Hercules*;  
Reduc'd his Leaguer-Lion's Skin  
T'a Petticoat, and made him spin;  
Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle  
T'a feeble Distaff and a Spindle.

He made the beauteous Queen of *Crete*  
To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet.

'Twas he made vestal Maids love-sick,  
And venture to be bury'd quick.

'Tis he that proudest Dames enamours  
On Lacquays and *Valets de Chambres*;  
Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,  
And makes them stoop to dirty Grooms;  
To flight the World, and to disparage  
Claps, Issue, Infamy, and Marriage,

The Thund'rer, who without the female Bed,  
Could Goddeses bring forth from out his Head;  
Chose rather Mortals this Way to create,  
So much h'esteem'd his Pleasure 'bove his State.

When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,  
But not complete till Bodies too combine,  
And closely as our Minds together join;  
But half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste,  
Till by Love in Heav'n at last  
Their Bodies too are plac'd.

The Ties of Minds are but imperfect Bands,  
Unless the Bodies join to seal the Contract. *Dryd. Don*

Then haste to Bed:

There let me tell my Story in thy Arms.  
There in the gentle Pauses of our Love,  
Between our Dyings, e'er we live again,  
Thou shalt be told the Battel and Success;  
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;  
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,  
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,

thou shalt ask, and I shall answer, things  
are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,  
Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech;  
Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love. *Dryd. Amphit.*

I speak I know not what.  
I speak ever so, and if I answer you  
I know not what, it shews the more of Love.  
He is a Child that talks in broken Language,  
when he speaks most plain. *Dryd. Troil. & Cress.*  
Love tunes the Organs of my Voice, and speaks  
known to me within me. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Oh with what soft Devotion in her Eyes,  
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice!  
How her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!  
Too near Sweets, they took my Sense away,  
I ev'n lost the Pow'r to reach at Joy!  
Those cross Witchcrafts soon unravel'd were,  
I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far,  
Anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,  
Lied on the Swellings of the floating Tide. *Osw. Don Car.*

When all were gone,  
None but I left with the charming Maid;  
That furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade!  
When open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,  
When Pangs I grasp'd her like a dying Man:  
The Light and Heat incorporate we lay;  
We bless'd the Night, and curs'd the coming Day. *Lee Sophon.*  
There's no Satiety of Love in thee!

Why should thou still art new: Perpetual Spring  
In thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,  
And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place;  
I grow rich by giving. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Your Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring  
In happy Climes; where some are in the Bud,  
Some green, and rip'ning some, while others fall. *Dryd. Amphit.*  
In thy Possession Years roll round on Years,

Joys in Circles meet new Joys again.  
Embraces, Languishings, and Deaths,  
From each other to each other move,  
Through the various Seasons of our Love. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*  
Our Life shall be but one long nuptial Day,  
Like chaf'd Odours melt in Sweets away:  
As the Night our Minutes shall be worn,  
As chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn. *Dry. Sec. Love.*



Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,  
Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry Pow'r dissolv'd. *Orw. O*

Let me not live, but thou art all Enjoyment ;  
So charming and so sweet, that not a Night,  
But whole Eternity were well employ'd, [*Spoken by Jupiter*]  
To love thy each Perfection as it ought. *Dryd. Amph.*

They took their full Delight,  
\*Twas restless Rage and Tempest all the Night ;  
For greedy Love each Moment would employ,  
And grudg'd the shortest Pauses of their Joy.  
Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,  
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd :  
The Stealth it self did Appetite restore,  
And look'd so like a Sin, it pleas'd the more. *(G) Dryd. Sig.*

How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were !  
With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine !  
I thought! oh no ! 'tis false, I could not think :  
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.  
And sure his Transports were not less than mine ;  
For by the high-hung Taper's Light,  
I could discern his Cheeks were glowing red ;  
His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,  
And sparkled thro' their Casements humid Fires :  
He sigh'd and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have spok  
But was too fierce to throw away the Time ;  
All he could say was, Love and *Leonora*. *Dryd. Span.*

What said he not, when in the bridal Bed  
He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms ?  
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,  
And moulding with his Hands my throbbing Breasts,  
He swore the Globes of Heav'n and Earth were vile  
To those rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,  
And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes. *Lee*

A doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,  
Then Wishes, and a Warmth unknown before ;  
What follow'd was all Ecstasy, all Trance !  
Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did dance,  
And speechless Joys, in whose sweet Tumult tost,  
I thought my Breath and Being both were lost. *Dryd. Stan.*

Oh how I flew into your Arms,  
And melted in your warm Embrace !  
Did not my Soul ev'n sparkle at my Eyes,  
And shoot it self into your much lov'd Bosom ?

not tremble with Excess of Joy,  
agonize with Pleasure at your Sight,  
such inimitable Proofs of Passion,  
false Love could feign ? *Dryd. Amphit.*

Hands he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank,  
over Head, with verdant Roof embow'r'd,  
her nothing loth: Flow'rs were the Couch,  
and Violets, and Asphodel,

Hyacinth; Earth's freshest, softest Lap :  
they their Fill of Love and Love's Disport  
largely ;

Till dewy Sleep

seiz'd them, wearied with their am'rous Play. *Milt.*

happy Mortals! whose sublimest Joy  
on it self, and does it self destroy. *Rock.*

I hate Fruition now 'tis past,

'Tis all but Nastiness at best ;

The homeliest thing that we can do :

Besides 'tis short and fleeting too.

A Squirt of slippery Delight,

That with a Moment takes its Flight ;

A fulsome Bliss that soon does cloy,

And makes us loath what we enjoy.

Then let us not too eager run,

By Passion blindly hurry'd on,

Like Beasts, who nothing better know,

Than what mere Lust incites them to ;

For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,

The Flames are by Enjoyment quench'd. *Old.*

why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,

Nature sums up all her Joys in one ?

all she can, and lab'ring still to give,

it so great, we can but taste and live ;

the Senses that the Soul seems fled,

Thought it self does for the Time lie dead :

like a String screw'd up with eager Haste,

snaps, and is too exquisite to last. *Dryd. Auren.*

full Fruition will but raise Desire ;

hav'n possess'd exalts the Zealot's Fire. *Den.*

Love, and Love alone, of all our Joys,

all Possession does but fan the Fire ;

more we still enjoy, the more we still desire. *Dryd. Lucr.*

ENTHUSIASM. See *Sibyl*.

He comes: Behold the God! Thus while she said,  
Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the same,  
And hollow Groans from her deep Spirit came:  
Her Hair stood up; convulsive Rage possess'd  
Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breast:  
Greater than Human-kind she seem'd to look,  
And with an Accent, more than mortal, spoke:  
Her staring Eyes with sparkling Fury roul,  
When all the God came rushing on her Soul.  
Thus full of Fate she grew, and of the God;  
Struggling in vain, impatient of her Load,  
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous God,  
The more she strove to shake him from her Breast,  
With more and far superior Force he press'd;  
Commands his Entrance, and without Controul  
Usurps her Organs and inspires her Soul.  
At length her Fury fell, her Foaming ceas'd,  
And, ebbing in her Soul, the God decreas'd.

*Dryd.*

Something I'd unfold,

If that the God would 'wake; for something still there  
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read thro' Mists:  
'Tis great, prodigious! 'tis a dreadful Birth  
Of wond'rous Fate! and now, just now, disclosing!  
I see, I see! how terrible it dawns,  
And my Soul sickens with it!  
Now the God shakes me! He comes, he comes! *Dryd.*

I feel him now

Like a strong Spirit, charm'd into a Tree,  
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind.  
The rowz'd God, as all this while he lay  
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself:  
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk  
With holy Fury; my old Arteries burst;  
My rivell'd Skin,  
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire:  
I shall be young agen! *Manto*, my Daughter,  
Thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard  
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging *Bacchanals*,  
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs:  
O charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom;  
Lull him with tuneful Notes and artful Strings,

th pow'rful Strains: *Manto*, my lovely Child,  
th the unruly Godhead to be mild.

*Lee.*

[Spoken by *Tiresias*, in *Oedipus*.]

The God of Battel rages in my Breast;  
as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury  
dles the Blood of the prophetick Maid,  
e bounded Deity does shoot her out,  
ws ev'ry Nerve thin as a Spider's Thread,  
d beats the Skins out like expanded Gold:  
with the Meditation of the Work  
ich my Soul bears, I swell almost to bursting. *Lee Mistr.*

PUBLICK ENTRIES.

Great *Bullingbrook*

unted upon a hot and fiery Steed,  
ich his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,  
h slow, but stately Pace, kept on his Course.  
would have thought the very Windows spoke,  
many greedy Looks of young and old  
o' Casements darted their desiring Eyes  
on his Visage; and that all the Walls,  
h painted Imag'ry, had said at once,  
ave thee, *Bullingbrook*.

as in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,  
r a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,  
idly bent on him that enters next,  
aking his Prattle to be tedious;  
so, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes  
scowle on *Richard*: No Man cry'd, God save him;  
oyful Tongue gave him his Welcome home:  
Dust was thrown upon his Sacred Head,  
ch with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,  
Face still combating with Tears and Smiles,  
(Badges of his Grief and Patience)  
had not God, for some strong Purpose steel'd  
Hearts of Men, they must perforce have melted,  
Barbarism it self have pity'd him. *Shak. Rich. II.*

our glorious Father, my victorious Lord,  
en with Spoils and ever-living Laurel,  
ring now in martial Pomp the Palace:  
hundred Mules precede his solemn March,  
h groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish* Wealth;  
ots of War, adorn'd with glitt'ring Gems,  
ed; and next a hundred neighing Steeds,



White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine Hills*,  
 That bound and foam, and champ the golden Bit,  
 As they disdain'd the Victory they grace:  
 Pris'ners of War in shining Fetters follow,  
 And Captains of the noblest Blood of *Africk*  
 Sweat by his Chariot-Wheels, and lick and grind,  
 With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise.  
 The swarming Populace spread ev'ry Wall,  
 And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce  
 Their Hold thro' clefted Stones, stretching and staring  
 As they were all of Eyes, and ev'ry Limb  
 Would feed its Faculty of Admiration. *Congr. Mour.*

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,  
 To grace in captive Bands his Chariot-Wheels!  
 Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,  
 To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney-Tops,  
 Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sat  
 The live-long Day with patient Expectation,  
 To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*?  
 And when you saw his Chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made a universal Shout,  
 That *Tyber* trembled underneath her Banks,  
 To hear the Replication of your Sounds,  
 Made in her concave Shores? *Shak. Jul.*

Loud Acclamations to the Clouds arise,  
 And propagate the Triumph to the Skies.  
 The confluent Tides to a high Deluge grow,  
 And Waves of thronging Heads roll to and fro:  
 The gazing Clusters to the Windows clung,  
 And on the Roofs sublime and Ridges hung;  
 Whence with luxurious Pomp they feed the Sight,  
 And with their greedy Looks devour'd Delight;  
 Their starting Eyes the Multitude did strain,  
 And from their eager Pleasure suffer Pain.

## E N V Y.

She sought out Envy in her dark Abode,  
 Defil'd with rosy Gore, and Glots of Blood:  
 Shut from the Winds, and from the wholesome Skies  
 In a deep Vale the gloomy Dungeon lies,  
 Dismal and cold, where not a Beam of Light  
 Invades the Winter or disturbs the Night. *Add.*

The Fury strait  
 Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her Weight

poisom Rag her pensive Temples bound,  
 faintly her parch'd Lips her Accents sound.  
 pois'nous Morsel in her Teeth she chew'd,  
 gorg'd the Flesh of Vipers for her Food.  
 loathing, turn'd away her Eye:  
 hideous Monster, rising heavily,  
 she stalking forward with a sullen Pace,  
 left her mangled Offals on the Place.  
 as she saw the Goddess gay and bright,  
 fetch'd a Groan at such a cheerful Sight.  
 and meagre were her Looks, her Eye  
 soul distorted Glances turn'd awry;  
 hoard of Gall her inward Parts possess'd,  
 spread a Greeness o'er her canker'd Breast;  
 Teeth were brown with Rust; and, from her Tongue,  
 hanging Drops, the stringy Poison hung.  
 never smiles but when the Wretched weep,  
 lulls her Malice with a Moment's Sleep,  
 less in Spite! while, watchful to destroy,  
 pines and sickens at another's Joy;  
 to her self, distressing and distress'd,  
 bears her own Tormentor in her Breast;  
 takes her Staff, hung round with Wreaths of Thorn,  
 sails along in a black Whirlwind born  
 Fields and flow'ry Meadows, where she steers  
 baneful Course, a mighty Blast appears,  
 ewes and Blights; the Meadows are desac'd,  
 Fields, the Flow'rs, and the whole Year laid waste:  
 Mortals next and peopled Towns she falls,  
 breathes a burning Plague among their Walls.  
 in Athens she beheld, for Arts renown'd,  
 Peace made happy, and with Plenty crown'd,  
 she could the hideous Fiend from Tears forbear,  
 and out Nothing that deserv'd a Tear.  
 execute *Minerva's* dire Command,  
 stroak'd *Aglauros* with her canker'd Hand;  
 prickly Thorns into her Breast convey'd,  
 stung to Madness the devoted Maid:  
 subtle Venom still improves the Smart,  
 in the Blood, and festers in the Heart.  
 beneath the gloomy Covert of an Eugh,  
 taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew;  
 Verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,  
 baneful Hemlock and cold Aconite:

GAR.

Add. Ovid.

In a dark Grot the baneful Haggard lay,  
Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day:  
Meagre, deform'd, and worn with spiteful Woes:  
The chearful Blood her livid Eyes forsook,  
And Basilisks fate brooding in her Look.

A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head,  
And Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed:  
From her chapp'd Nostrils scalding Torrents fall,  
And her sunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.

*Volcanos* labour thus with inward Pains,  
While Seas of melted Ore lay waste the Plains.

Around the Fiend in hideous Order fate  
Foul bawling *Infamy* and bold *Debate*:  
Gruff *Discontent*, thro' Ignorance misled,  
And clam'rous *Faction* at her Party's Head:  
Restless *Sedition*, still dissembling Fear,  
And sly *Hypocrisy* with pious Leer.  
Glouting with sullen Spight the Fury shook  
Her clotted Locks, and blasted with each Look.  
Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,  
Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrolls.  
She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form;  
So Lightning gilds the unrelenting Storm.

*Envy* at last crawls forth from Hell's dire Throng  
Of all the direfull'st! her black Locks hung long,  
Attir'd with curling Serpents; her pale Skin  
Was almost dropt from her sharp Bones within;  
And at her Breast stuck Vipers, which did prey  
Upon her panting Heart both Night and Day,  
Sucking black Blood from thence, which to repair,  
Both Day and Night they left fresh Poisons there.  
Her Garments were deep stain'd in human Gore,  
And torn by her own Hands, in which she bore  
A knotted Whip and Bowl, which to the Brim  
Did with green Gall and Juice of Wormwood swim;  
With which when she was drunk she furious grew,  
And lash'd her self. *Envy*, the worst of Fiends;  
*Envy* good only when she her self torments.

Afide he turn'd

For *Envy*, and with jealous Leer malign  
Ey'd them askaunce.

*Envy* never dwells in noble Hearts.

*Dryd. Pal. C.*

*Envy*, like the Sun, does beat  
With scorching Rays on all that's high and great.

For Envy magnifies whate'er she shews.

*Add. Ovid.*

*E T E R N I T Y.*

Eternity no Parent does admit,  
 at on it self did first it self beget:  
 Gulf whose large Extent no Bounds engage,  
 still-beginning, never-ending Age.  
 Eternity that boundless Race,  
 Which Time himself can never run,  
 swift as he flies with an unweary'd Pace;) *Cong.*  
 Which when ten thousand thousand Years are done,  
 still the same, and still to be begun.

*E V E N I N G.*

The Approach of Night,  
 the Skies yet blushing with departing Light,  
 when falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade,  
 and the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade. *Pope.*  
 While lab'ring Oxen, spent with Toil and Heat,  
 their loose Traces from the Field retreat;  
 while curling Smokes from Village-Tops are seen,  
 and the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green. *Pope.*  
 Now to the Main the burning Sun descends,  
 and sacred Night her gloomy Veil extends. *Pope Hom.*  
 The western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,  
 and faintly scatter'd the Remains of Day. *Add.*

The Sun

clin'd, was hasting now with prone Career  
 th' Ocean Isles, and in th' ascending Scale  
 Heav'n, the Stars that usher Ev'ning rose. *Milt.*  
 Now came still Ev'ning on, and Twilight grey  
 and in her sober Liv'ry all things clad. *Milt.*  
 And see, yon sunny Hill the Shade extends,  
 and curling Smoke from Cottages ascends. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 The setting Sun descends  
 swift to the western Waves; and guilty Night  
 swift to spread her Horrors o'er the World,  
 rides on the dusky Air. *Rowe Ulys.*  
 See from afar the Hills no longer smoke.  
 the sweating Steers, unharnes'd from the Yoke,  
 as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough:  
 the Shadows lengthen, and the Sun goes low;  
 the Breezes now the raging Heats remove. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Night rushes down, and headlong drives the Day. *Dryd.*



The Ev'ning now with Blushes warms the Air,  
 The Steer resigns his Yoke, the Hind his Care:  
 The Clouds aloft with golden Edgings glow,  
 And falling Dews refresh the Flow'rs below.  
 The Bat with sooty Wings flits thro' the Grove,  
 The Reeds scarce rustle, nor the Aspine move:  
 And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of Love. *Gar.*

When the low Sun is sinking to the Main,  
 When rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver Dews,  
 And the cool Ev'ning Breeze the Meads renews:  
 When Linnets fill the Woods with tuneful Sound,  
 And hollow Shores the *Halcyon's* Voice rebound. *Dryd. Vir.*  
 Now the Day wears, the Sun-beams faintly bound,  
 And taller Shadows stretch along the Ground.

The gilded Planet of the Day,  
 In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,  
 Was now descending to the Sea,  
 And left no Light to guide the World,  
 But what from *Chloris's* brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

As when from Mountain-Tops the dusky Clouds  
 Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heav'n's chearful Face, the low'ring Element  
 Scowls o'er the darken'd Snow, or Show'r;  
 If chance the radiant Sun, with farewell Sweet,  
 Extend his Ev'ning Beams, the Fields revive,  
 The Birds their Notes renew, and bleating Herds  
 Attest their Joy, that Hill and Valley rings.

## EUNUCH.

Pleasure forsook his earliest Infancy;  
 The Luxury of others robb'd his Cradle,  
 And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:  
 Cast out from Nature, disinherited  
 Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind. *Dr. All.*

Quoth he, it stands me much upon,  
 T'enervate this Objection;  
 And prove my self by Topick clear,  
 No Gelding, as you would infer.  
 Loss of Virility's averr'd  
 To be the Cause of Loss of Beard.  
 That does, like Embryo in the Womb,  
 Abortive in the Chin become.  
 This first a Woman did invent,  
 In Envy of Man's Ornament;

*Semiramis of Babylon,*

Who first of all cut Men o'th' Stone,  
To mar their Beards, and laid Foundation  
Of the Sow-geld'ring Operation:  
Look on this Beard, and tell me whether  
Eunuchs wear such, or Geldings either.

*Hud.*

EXAMPLE.

Example is a living Law, whose Sway  
Is more than all the written Laws obey. *Sed. Ant. & Cleop.*  
The Wise new Prudence from the Wise acquire,  
And one brave Hero fans another's Fire. *Pope Hom.*  
Since great Examples justify Command,  
Let glorious Acts more glorious Acts inspire,  
And catch from Breast to Breast the noble Fire. *Pope Hom.*

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Case is clear,  
As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice,  
No Argument like Matter of Fact is;  
And we are best of all led to  
Mens Principles by what they do.

*Hud.*

EXPERIENCE.

Sixty Years have spread  
Their grey Experience o'er thy hoary Head. *Cree. Fur.*  
Some Truths are not by Reason to be try'd, *(the Fox.)*  
But we have sure Experience for our Guide. *Dr. The Cock and*  
Best Guide! thou open'st Wisdom's Way,  
And giv'st Access, tho' secret she retire. *Milt.*  
The Confident of Age, the Youth's scorn'd Guide. *Dav.*

EYES. See *Beauty, Hell, Looks.*

He star'd, and roul'd his haggard Eyes around. *Dryd.*

Thus did his Fury rise,  
And Streaks of Fire flash'd from his raging Eyes. *Blac.*

Fate is in thy Face,  
And from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,  
And threatens e're thou speak'st. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,  
Ggging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love? *Roch. Valent.*

Then only hear her Eyes;

Tho' they are mute, they plead, nay more, command:  
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Pow'r. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Our glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,  
Whose Influence cheers the World he did create,

Shall

Shall smile on thee from his meridian Skies,  
 And bless the Kindred Beauties of thy Eyes.  
 Thy Eyes, which, could his own fair Beams decay. (*Steph.*)  
 Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day. *Rowe Am.*

So when the Night and Winter disappear,  
 The purple Morning rising with the Year,  
 Salutes the Spring; as her celestial Eyes  
 Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies. *Dryd. Theoc.*

Crown'd with Charms,  
 She shew'd her heav'nly Form without Disguise,  
 And gives her self to his desiring Eyes:  
 Proud of the Gift, he roll'd his greedy Sight  
 Around the Work, and gaz'd with vast Delight. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Soft am'rous Sighs, and silent Love of Eyes. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

F.

## F A C T I O U S.

Avoid the politick, the factious Fool,  
 The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave;  
 The quaint smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason,  
 Calls sawcy loud Sedition publick Zeal,  
 And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit. *Osw. Orph.*

## F A I R. See Beauty.

Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,  
 When Flow'rs first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,  
 And Winter had not yet deform'd th'inverted Year. *Dryd. Aur.*

Less fair are Orchards in their Autumn Pride,  
 Adorn'd with Trees, on some fair River's Side,  
 Less fair are Valleys, their green Mantles spread,  
 Or Mountains, with tall Cedars on their Head. *Cow.*

As fair

As Winter Stars, or Summer setting Suns. *Lee Theoc.*

Fair as the new-born Star that gilds the Morn. *Pope Hom.*

Fairer to be seen

Than the fair Lily on the flow'ry Green;  
 More fresh than *May* her self in Blossoms new:  
 For with the rosy Colour strove her Hiew. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Form join'd with Virtue is a Sight too rare;  
 Chaste is no Epithet to suit with Fair. *Dryd. Juven.*

## F A I R I E S.

About this Spring, if antient Fame say true,  
 The dapper Elves their Moon-light Sports renew;  
 Their Pigmy King and little Fairy Queen

circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,  
 while tuneful Sprites a merry Consort made,  
 and airy Musick warbled thro' the Shade. *Pope Jan. & May.*

Like Fairy Elves,  
 those midnight Revels, by a Forest-Side,  
 Fountain, some belated Peasant sees,  
 dreams he sees, while over head the Moon  
 is Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth  
 wheels her pale Course; they, on their Mirth and Dance  
 intent, with jocund Musick charm his Ear. *Milt.*

They dance their Ringlets to the whistling Wind:  
 the Honey-Bags steal from the Humble-Bees,  
 and for Night-Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,  
 and light them at the fiery Glow-worms Eyes;  
 and pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,  
 and fan the Moon-Beams from their sleeping Eyes. *Shak.*  
*(Midsummer Night's Dream.)*

In days of old, when *Arthur* fill'd the Throne,  
 those Acts and Fame to foreign Lands were blown,  
 the King of Elfs and little Fairy Queen  
 gambol'd on Heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry Green:  
 and where the jolly Troop had led the Round,  
 the Grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the Ground.  
 As darkling did they dance, the silver Light  
*Phoebe* serv'd to guide their Steps aright,  
 and, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the Night.  
 Beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,  
 no longer than she shed her Horns they stay'd,  
 from thence with airy Flight to foreign Lands convey'd,  
 save the rest, our *Britain* held they dear,  
 so solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,  
 and made more spacious Rings, and revel'd half the Year.  
 Speak of antient Times, for now the Swain  
 turning late may pass the Woods in vain,  
 never hope to see the nightly Train.  
 Again the Dairy now with Mints is dress'd,  
 the Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy Guest,  
 to skim the Bowls, and after pay the Feast.  
 sighs, and shakes her empty Shoes in vain,  
 for silver Penny to reward her Pain:  
 Priests with Pray'rs, and other godly Geer,  
 have made the merry Goblins disappear;  
 where they play'd their merry Pranks before,  
 they sprinkle Holy Water on the Floor:

And



And Fry'rs that thro' the wealthy Regions run,  
 Thick as the Motes that twinkle in the Sun,  
 Resort to Farmers rich, and bless their Halls,  
 And exorcise the Beds, and cross the Walls,  
 This makes the Fairy Quires forsake the place,  
 When once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of Grace.  
 But in the Walks where wicked Elves have been,  
 The Learning of the Parish now is seen,  
 The midnight Parson, posting o'er the Green,  
 With Gown tuck'd up, to Wakes; for Sunday next,  
 With humming Ale encouraging his Text,  
 Nor wants the holy Leer to Country Girl betwixt.  
 From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village free,  
 There haunts not any *Incubus*, but he.  
 The Maid, and Women need no Danger fear  
 To walk by Night, and Sanctity so near:  
 For by some Hay-cock, or some shady Thorn,  
 He bids his Beads both Even-Song and Morn.

*Dryd. Wif  
 (Bath's T*

*Robin-Goodfellow.*

I fright the Maidens of the Villages,  
 Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern;  
 And bootless make the breathless Housewife churn:  
 And sometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm;  
 Mislead Night-wand'ers, laughing at their Harm:  
 And sometimes lurk I in a Gossip's Bowl,  
 And when she drinks, against her Lips I bob,  
 And on her wither'd Dewlap pour the Ale.  
 The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest Tale,  
 Sometimes for three-foot Stool mistaketh me,  
 Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she;  
 And Taylor cries, and falls into a Cough,  
 And then the whole Quire hold their Hips and laugh,  
 And waxen in their Mirth, and sneeze, and swear  
 A merrier Hour was never wasted there.

*Shak. Midsum  
 (Night's Dr*

FALCON.

The Falcon from above,

Trusses in middle Air the trembling Dove:  
 Then plumes the Prey, in her strong Pounces bound;  
 The Feathers, foul with Blood, come tumbling to the Ground.

*(Dryd.*

As when a Falcon, pinch'd with Hunger, spies  
Long-neck'd Hern, that traverses the Skies;  
Per of Blood, and meditating Death,  
With vig'rous Wings he rises from beneath;  
With wond'rous Swiftness cuts his airy way,  
And soon in distance lost, pursues his tim'rous Prey. *Blad.*

Complaints of FALSHOOD. See Ingratitude.

She has a Tongue that can undo the World;  
Her eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me;  
Which were her Looks, so melting was her Language,  
Which false soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,  
When from her Lips I took the luscious Poison,  
When with that pleasing perjur'd Breath avowing,  
Her Whispers trembled thro' my cred'ulous Ears,  
And told the Story of my utter Ruin. *Lee Mithrid.*

*Castalio!* Oh! how often has he sworn,  
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,  
If he would falsify his Vows to me:  
Like haste Confusion then! Sun, lose thy Light!  
And Stars, drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth!  
For my *Castalio's* false!

As the Wind, the Water, or the Weather!  
As Tygers o'er their trembling Prey!  
Feel him in my Heart, he tears my Breast,  
And at each Sigh, he drinks the gushing Blood. *Orw. Orph.*

He hates, he loaths the Beauties that he has enjoy'd;  
He is false! that great, that glorious Man,  
Tyrant 'midst of his triumphant Spoils,  
Bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn!

That has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs;  
When cool'd 'em with his Tears! Dy'd on my Knees;  
Wept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,  
And groan'd, and sworn the wond'ring Stars away!

False to *Statira!* False to her that lov'd him!  
That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,  
And took him bath'd all o'er in *Persian* Blood;  
And the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o'er  
And o'er in Tears, then bound 'em with my Hair;  
And him all night, upon my panting Bosom,  
Would like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs! *Lee Alex.*

Yet this was she, ye Gods, the very she,  
Who in my Arms lay panting all the night;

Who

Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,  
 As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips  
 To meet mine there, and panted at the Passage;  
 Who, loth to find the breaking Day, look'd out,  
 Then shrunk into my Bosom, there to make  
 A little longer Darknes.

*Shak. Troil. & Cry*

There was a time,  
 When *Belvidera's* Tears, her Cries and Sorrows  
 Were not despis'd: When if she chanc'd to sigh,  
 Or but look sad, there was indeed a time,  
 When *Jaffier* would have ta'en her in his Arms,  
 Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,  
 And never left till he had found the Cause.

But now, let her weep Seas,  
 Cry till she rend the Earth, sigh till she burst  
 Her Heart asunder; still he bears it all,

Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken. *Otw. Ven. Pr*

Last Night he flew not with a Lover's haste:  
 Which eagerly prevents th'appointed Hour:  
 I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,  
 And listen'd to each softly-treading Step,  
 In hopes 'twas he; but still it was not he.  
 At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,  
 So wild, so ghastly, as some Ghost had met him:  
 All pale and speechless, he survey'd me round;  
 Then with a Groan he threw himself a-bed,  
 But far from me, as far as he could move;  
 And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me.  
 At last I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his side;  
 He pull'd it back, as if he'd touch'd a Serpent:  
 With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,  
 And ask'd him how I had offended him:  
 He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans.  
 So restless pass'd the Night, and at the Dawn,  
 Leap'd from the Bed, and vanish'd.

*Dryd. Span.*

What have I done, ye Pow'rs! what have I done,  
 To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love,  
 No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd?  
 And, like a Rose, just gather'd from the Stalk,  
 But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,  
 To wither on the Ground! Tell me, Heaven!  
 Why name I Heaven? There is no Heav'n for me:  
 Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul.

When I had rais'd his grov'ling Fate from Ground,  
 To Pow'r and Love, to Empire, and to me,  
 When each Embrace was dearer than the first;  
 Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;  
 Calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,  
 And loathsome!

The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,  
 The bills the closer: But ungrateful Man,  
 The barb'rous Man, the more we raise our Love,  
 The more we pall, and cool, and chill his Ardour.  
 Stings, Poisons, Daggers, rid me but of Life,  
 And any Death is welcome.

*Dryd. Span. Fry,*

Nothing so kind as he, when in my Arms;  
 A thousand Kisses, tender Sighs, and Joys,  
 Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted:  
 Dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest.

At when we met, and I with open Arms  
 To embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,  
 Then! he threw me from his Breast,  
 Like a detested Sin. As I hung too  
 Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cause,  
 He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,  
 And had no Pity on my Cries;

He sh'd me disdainfully away with Scorn.  
 He did: And more, I fear will ne'er be Friends,  
 Tho' I still love him with unbated Passion:  
 As! I love him still, and tho' I ne'er

Embrace him again within these longing Arms,  
 Yet bless him, bless him Gods, where-e'er he goes. *Osw. Orph,*  
 My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind,  
 And I could hate my self for being kind:

There be any Majesty above,  
 That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,  
 And, Heav'n, the swiftest Ruin on his Head,  
 Like the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead,  
 Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my Wrong,  
 The height of Pomp, when he is warm and young,  
 Rattled with Thunder let him rush along:

And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,  
 That I may stand to dart him with my Eyes:  
 Yes, after Death

Pursue his spotted Soul, and shoot him as he flies. *Lee Alex.*

I could tear out these Eyes that gain'd his Heart,

And



And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh the Curse  
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage !  
Bear witness, Gods ! you heard him bid me go ;  
You, whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows  
Of promis'd Faith : I'll die, I will not bear it :  
I can keep in my Breath, I can die inward,  
And choak this Love.

*Dryd. All for Love*

Oh I could tear my Flesh,  
Or him, or you, or all the World to pieces.  
My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow-room ;  
'Tis swell'd with this last Slight beyond all Bounds.  
Oh that it had a Space might answer to  
Its infinite Desire, where I might stand,  
And hurl the Spheres about, like sportive Balls.

*Lee Al*

Drive me, O drive me from that Traitor, Man ;  
So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell  
In Lions Haunts, or in some Tyger's Den !  
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,  
That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean :  
Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb ;  
Where starving on my cold and flinty Bed,  
I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,  
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep :  
Yet not e'en there, in that vast Whirl of Death  
Can there be found so terrible a Ruin,  
As Man ! false Man ! smiling destructive Man !

*Lee The*

Oh ! my hard Fate ! why did I trust her ever ?  
What Story is not full of Woman's Falshood ?  
The Sex is all a Sea of wide Destruction :  
We are the vent'rous Barks that leave our Home,  
For those sure Dangers which their Smiles conceal.  
At first they draw us in with flatt'ring Looks  
Of Summer Calms, and a soft Gale of Sighs :  
Sometimes like *Sirens*, charm us with their Songs,  
Dance on the Waves, and shew their golden Locks ;  
But when the Tempest comes, then, then they leave us,  
Or rather help the new Calamity ;  
And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman !  
The Lightning follow'd with a Thunderbolt  
Is marble-hearted Woman ! All the Shelves,  
The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands,  
Are Woman all ! the Wrecks of wretched Men !

*Lee Milt*

## F A M E.

Fame, the great Ill, from small Beginnings grows;  
 swift from the first, and every moment brings  
 new Vigour to her Flights, new Pinions to her Wings;  
 soon grows the Pigmy to gigantick Size;  
 her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies.  
 drag'd against the Gods, revengeful Earth  
 produc'd her last of the *Titanian* Birth:  
 swift is her Walk, more swift her winged Haste,  
 monstrous Phantom, horrible and vast.  
 many Plumes as raise her lofty Flight,  
 many piercing Eyes enlarge her Sight.  
 Millions of opening Mouths to *Fame* belong,  
 and ev'ry Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue,  
 and round with list'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung.  
 she fills the peaceful Universe with Cries,  
 no Slumbers ever close her wakeful Eyes:  
 Day from lofty Tow'rs her Head she shews,  
 and spreads thro' trembling Crouds disastrous News.  
 with Court-Informers haunts, and Royal Spies;  
 things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles Truth  
 with her Bus'ness, and her chief Delight, (with Lyes.  
 to tell of Prodigies, and cause Affright. *Dryd. Virg.*

There is a tall long-sided Dame,  
 But wondrous light, ycleped *Fame*,  
 That, like a thin Camelion, boards  
 Her self on Air, and eats her Words.  
 Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears,  
 Like Hanging-Sleeves, lin'd thro' with Ears;  
 And Eyes and Tongues, as Poets list,  
 Made good by deep Mythologist.  
 With these she thro' the Welkin flies,  
 And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lyes.  
 About her Neck a Packet-Mail,  
 Fraught with Advice; some fresh, some stale;  
 Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,  
 And Cows of Monsters brought to bed.  
 Two Trumpets she does sound at once,  
 But both of clean contrary Tones;  
 But whether both with the same Wind,  
 Or one before, and one behind,  
 We know not; only this can tell,  
 The one sounds vilely, th'other well;

And

And therefore vulgar Authors name  
Th'one Good, the other Evil Fame.

*Fame*, the loose Breathings of a clam'rous Croud,  
Ever in Lyes most confident and loud. Rech. Val.

While *Fame* is young, too weak to fly away,  
*Envy* pursues her like some Bird of Prey;  
But once on wing, then all the Dangers cease,  
*Envy* her self is glad to be at peace;  
Gives over, weary'd with so high a Flight,  
Above her Reach, and scarce within her Sight.  
But such the Frailty is of human Kind,  
Men toil for *Fame*, which no Man lives to find.  
Long rip'ning under Ground this *China* lies;  
*Fame* bears no Fruit till the vain Planter dies. Nor

How much the Thirst of Honour fires the Blood!  
How many would be great, how few be good!  
For who would Virtue for her self regard,  
Or wed without the Portion of Reward?  
Yet this mad Chace of Fame, by few pursu'd,  
Has drawn Destruction on the Multitude:  
This Avarice of Praise in Times to come,  
Those long Inscriptions crouded on the Tomb,  
Should some wild Fig-Tree take her native Bent,  
And heave below the gaudy Monument,  
Would crack the Marble Titles, and disperse  
The Characters of all the lying Verse.  
For Sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall  
In Time's Abyss, the common Grave of all. Dryd. Ju

And with what rare Inventions do we strive  
Our selves then to survive?  
Wife subtle Arts, and such as well besit

That Nothing Man's no Wit.  
Some with vast costly Tombs would purchase it,  
And by the Proofs of Death pretend to live.

*Here lies the Great*——False Marble, where?  
Nothing but small and sordid Dust lies there.  
Some build enormous Mountain-Palaces;  
A lasting Life in well-hewn Stone they rear:

So he, who on th'*Egyptian* Shore  
Was slain so many hundred Years ago,  
Lives in the dropping Ruins of his Amphitheatre.  
His Father-in-law a higher Place doth claim  
In the seraphick Entity of Fame:

He, since that Toy his Death,  
 fill all Mouths, and breathes in all Men Breath;  
 true, the two immortal Syllables remain;  
 Oh! ye learned Men explain,  
 What Essence, what Existence this,  
 What Substance, what Subsistence; what Hypostasis,  
 In six poor Letters is?  
 those alone does the Great *Cesar* live;  
 'Tis all the conquer'd World could give;  
 We Poets, madder yet than all,  
 with a refin'd phantastick Vanity,  
 think we not only have, but give Eternity.  
 Fain would I see that Prodigious,  
 Who his To-morrow would bestow  
 all old *Homer's* Life, e'er since he dy'd till now. *Cowl.*

PALACE of FAME.

Full in the midst of this created Space,  
 betwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, there stands a Place  
 confining on all three, with triple Bound;  
 whence all things, tho' remote, are view'd around,  
 and thither bring their undulating Sound. }  
 The Palace of loud *Fame*; her Seat of Pow'r,  
 'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r:  
 thousand winding Entries, long and wide,  
 receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide:  
 thousand Crannies in the Walls are made,  
 for Gates, nor Bars, exclude the busy Trade.  
 's built of Brass, the better to diffuse  
 the spreading Sounds, and multiply the News:  
 where Echoes in repeated Echoes play;  
 Mart for ever full, and open Night and Day.  
 Silence is within, nor Voice express,  
 but a deaf Noise of Sounds that never cease;  
 confus'd and chiding, like the hollow Roar  
 of Tides receding from th'insulted Shoar:  
 like the broken Thunder heard from far,  
 when *Jove* to Distance drives the rolling War.  
 The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din  
 of Crouds, or issuing forth, or entering in:  
 A Thorow-fare of News; where some devise  
 things never heard, some mingle Truth with Lyes:  
 the troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat;  
 bent to hear, and eager to repeat.



Error sits brooding there, with added Train  
 Of vain *Credulity*, and *Jays* as vain:  
*Suspicion*, with *Sedition* join'd, are near;  
 And *Rumours* rais'd, and *Murmurs* mix'd, and panick Fear,  
*Fame* sits aloft, and sees the subject Ground, (Dryd. Ory)  
 And Seas about, and Skies above, enquiring all around.

## F A M I N E.

This *Famine* has a sharp and meagre Face;  
 'Tis Death in an Undress of Skin and Bone:  
 Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark ta'n away,  
 Look all one common Sorrow. Dryd. Cle

Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Use,  
 Ev'n deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous Juice,  
 Wild Hunger eats; and to prolong our Breath,  
 We greedily devour our certain Death.  
 The Soldier in th'Assault, of Famine falls,  
 And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls. Dryd. Ind. Em

He daily dies by Hours and Moments,  
 All vital Nourishment but Air is wanting.  
 Three rising Days and two descending Nights  
 Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by turns,  
 But brought no kind Vicissitude to him.  
 His State is still the same, with Hunger pinch'd,  
 Waiting the slow Approaches of his Death,  
 Which halting onwards as his Life goes back,  
 Still gains upon his Ground. Dryd. Cle

Death, like a lazy Master, stands aloof,  
 And leaves his Work to the slow Hands of Famine. Dryd. Cle

## F A N.

*Flavia* the least and lightest Toy  
 Can with resistless Art employ:  
 This Fan, in meaner Hands, would prove  
 An Engine of small Force in Love;  
 Yet she, with graceful Air and Mien,  
 Not to be told, or safely seen,  
 Directs its wanton Motions so,  
 That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow;  
 Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,  
 To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

## F A N C Y.

There is a Place which Man most high does rear;  
 Small World's Heav'n, where Reason rules the Sphere;  
 In a Robe, which does all Colours show,  
 A wild Dame, with much lascivious Pride,  
 Twin-Camelions drawn, does gaily ride.  
 Coach there follows, and throngs round about,  
 Shapes and airy Forms an endless Rout.  
 Sea rolls on with harmless Fury there;  
 'Tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear:  
 In a moment are vast Armies made,  
 A quick Scene of War and Blood display'd:  
 Sparkling Wines, and brighter Maids come in,  
 Bawds for Sense, and living Baits for Sin:  
 Golden Mountains swell the cov'rous Place,  
 Centaurs ride themselves a painted Race.  
 When Reason sleeps, our mimick Fancy wakes,  
 Copies her Part, and wild Ideas takes  
 In Words and Things ill-suted and misjoin'd,  
 Anarchy of Thought, and Chaos of the Mind.

Cowl.

(Dryd. State of Innocence.)

Howe'er, 'tis well, that while Mankind,  
 Thro' Fate's fantastick Mazes errs,  
 They can imagin'd Pleasures find,  
 To combat against real Cares.  
 Fancies and Notions we pursue,  
 Which ne'er had Being but in Thought;  
 And, like the doating Artift, woo  
 The Image we our selves have wrought.

Prior.

F A T E. See Fortune, Predestination, and Free-Will.

The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees,  
 Executes on Earth what he foresees,  
 And Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway,  
 Acts with resistless Force, and finds or makes her Way:  
 Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r,  
 A moment can retard th'appointed Hour.  
 Sure whate'er we Mortals hate or love,  
 Hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above;  
 They move our Appetites to Good or Ill,  
 By Foresight necessitate the Will.

Dryd. Pal. &amp; Arc.

'Tis not in Man Jove's fix'd Decree to move;  
 Great will glory to submit to Jove.

Pope Hom.

An

An unseen Hand makes all our Moves:  
 And some are great, and some are small;  
 Some climb to good, some from good Fortune fall;  
 Some wise Men, and some Fools we call;  
 Figures, alas! of Speech, for Destiny plays us all.

'Tis Fate that casts the Dice, and as she flings,  
 Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings. *Dryd. J*  
 What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent. *Dry. An*  
 Predestinated Ills are never lost. *Dryd. Dem*

Fate and the dooming Gods are deaf to Tears. *Dryd. P*  
 Let thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind;  
 He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind. *How Ind. Qu*

'Tis our own Wisdom moulds our State:

Our Faults and Virtues make our Fate. *C*

Man makes his Fate according to his Mind.

The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,  
 But she's a Drudge, when hector'd by the Brave.  
 If Fate weave common Thread, he'll change the Doom,  
 And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom. *Dryd. Com*

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,  
 Some lucky Revolutions of their Fate:  
 Whose Motions if we watch and guide with Skill,  
 (For human Good depends on human Will)

Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent,  
 And from the first Impression takes the Bent:

But if unseiz'd, she glides away like Wind,

And leaves repenting Folly far behind. *Dryd. Abs. & A*

On what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and Fear  
 Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the Dark

Our Fortunes meet us

If Fate be not, then what can we foresee?

And how can we avoid it, if it be?

If by Free-Will in our own Paths we move,

How are we bounded by Decrees above?

Whether we drive, or whether we are driv'n,

If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the Act of Heav'n. *Dryd. Ta*

Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Destiny,  
 Took Pity, and indu'd his new-form'd Mass  
 With Temp'rance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,  
 And ev'ry kingly Virtue; but in vain:

For Fate, that sent him hood-wink'd to the World,  
 Perform'd its Work by his mistaken Hands. *Dryd. Ot*

To you, Great Gods, I make my last Appeal;  
 clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal:  
 wand'ring in the Maze of Fate I run,  
 backward trod the Paths I fought to shun;  
 impute my Errors to your own Decree;  
 Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Gods! would you be ador'd for doing good,  
 only fear'd for proving mischievous?  
 would you have your Mercy understood,  
 so could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,  
 stain'd, tho' guiltless, to be infamous?  
 prime first Causes! you whence all things flow,  
 whose Infiniteness does each Little fill:

you, who decree each seeming Chance below,  
 great in Pow'r, were you as good in Will,  
 could you ever have produc'd such Ill?  
 your eternal Minds been bent on Good,  
 old human Happiness have prov'd so lame?  
 fine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,  
 grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair, and Shame,  
 never found a Being nor a Name!  
 therefore less Impiety to say,  
 with you has Co-eternity;

in blindly taking it the other way,  
 merciful, and of Election free,  
 did create the Mischiefs you foresee.

*Roch. Valent.*

then is it vain in *Jove* himself to trust?  
 is it thus the Gods assist the Just?

in Crimes provoke us, Heav'n Success denies;  
 Dart falls harmless, and the Faulchion flies. *Pope Hom.*  
 the juster, Heav'n! such Virtue punish'd thus,  
 make us think that Chance rules all above,  
 shuffles with a random Hand the Lots

each Man is forc'd to draw. *Dryd. All for Love.*

thus with short Plummets Heav'n's deep Will we sound,  
 vast Abyss where human Wit is drown'd!  
 our small Skiff we must not launch too far:

here but Coasters, not Discoverers are. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

Eternal Deities!

rule the World with absolute Decrees,  
 write whatever Time shall bring to pass,  
 Pens of Adamant on Plates of Brass:  
 is the Race of Human-Kind your Care,  
 and what all his Fellow-Creatures are?

H

He



He with the rest is liable to Pain,  
 And, like the Sheep, his Brother Beast is slain.  
 Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure;  
 All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure.  
 Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience fail,  
 When the Good suffer, and the Bad prevail?  
 What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,  
 If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?  
 Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate;  
 Them, to pursue their Pleasures, you create;  
 We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our Will,  
 And your Commands, not our Desires fulfil.  
 Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,  
 Yet after Death at least he feels no Pain:  
 But Man, in Life surcharg'd with Woe before,  
 Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more. *Dryd. Pal.*

Good Heav'n's! why gave you me  
 A Monarch's Soul,  
 And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay?  
 Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,  
 And such a Span to grasp them? Sure my Lot,  
 By some o'er-hasty Angel, was misplac'd  
 In Fate's eternal Volume. *Dryd. Span.*

Tell me why, good Heaven!  
 Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit.  
 Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,  
 That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why  
 Didst thou not form me sordid as my Fate,  
 Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?  
 Why have I sense to know the Curse that's on me?  
 Is this just Dealing, Nature? *Otw. Ven.*

Was it for this, ye cruel Gods! you made me  
 Great, like your selves, and as a King to be  
 Your sacred Image? Was it but for this?  
 Why rather was I not a Peasant Slave,  
 Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,  
 And to my destin'd Load inur'd betimes? *Row. Amb. Str.*

Ye cruel Pow'rs!

Take me as you have made me, miserable!  
 You cannot make me guilty! 'Twas my Fate,  
 And you made that, not I. *Dryd. Don.*

'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain;  
 It may afflict, but Man may not complain. *Otw. O.*

Yet 'tis the Curse of mighty Minds oppress'd,  
 think what their State is, and what it should be:  
 patient of their Lot, they reason fiercely,  
 call the Laws of Providence unequal. *Rom. Ulyss.*

but why, alas! do mortal Men in vain,  
 Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?  
 gives us what he knows our Wants require,  
 better things than those which we desire:  
 we pray for Riches, Riches they obtain;  
 watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth are slain:  
 we pray from Prison to be freed; and come,  
 then guilty of their Vows, to fall at home;  
 order'd by those they trusted with their Life,  
 your'd Servant, or a Bosom Wife.

dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry day,  
 we know not for what things to pray.  
 the drunken Sots about the Streets we roam:  
 knows the Sot he has a certain Home;  
 knows not how to find th' uncertain Place,  
 blunders on, and staggers ev'ry Pace.  
 all seek Happiness, but few can find,  
 far the greater part of Men are blind. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The Gods are just;  
 how can Finite measure Infinite?  
 Son! alas! it does not know itself:  
 Man, vain Man, would with this short-lin'd Plummert  
 from the vast Abyss of heav'nly Justice.  
 whatever is, is in its Causes just;  
 all things are by Fate: But purblind Man  
 but a part o'th' Chain; the nearest Link;  
 Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam  
 poises all above. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Impute not then to me  
 Fault of Fortune, or the Fate's Decree:  
 call it Heaven's Imperial Pow'r alone,  
 which moves on Springs of Justice, tho' unknown:  
 this we see, tho' order'd for the best,  
 Bad exalted, and the Good oppress'd.  
 nited Laurels grace the lawless Brow,  
 Unworthy rais'd, the Worthy cast below. *Dryd. Sic. & Guis.*  
 and therefore wert thou bred to virtuous Knowledge,  
 Wisdom early planted in thy Soul,  
 thou might'st know to rule thy fiery Passions,  
 bind their Rage, and stay their headlong Course;

To bear with Accidents, and ev'ry Change  
 Of various Life; to struggle with Adversity;  
 To wait the leisure of the righteous Gods,  
 Till they, in their own good appointed Hour,  
 Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once;  
 A long and shining Train, till thou, well-pleased, (Row.  
 Shall bow, and blest thy Fate, and own the Gods are just

*F E A R. See Runaway.*

A deadly Fear o'er all his Vitals reigns,  
 And his chill'd Blood hangs curdled in his Veins.  
 Terror froze up his Hair, and on his Face  
 Show'rs of cold Sweat roll'd trembling down apace.  
 Aghast he wak'd, and starting from his Bed,  
 Cold Sweats in clammy Drops his Limbs o'er-spread.  
 His knocking Knees are bent beneath the Load,  
 And shiv'ring Cold congeals his vital Blood. *Dryd. V.*

The pale Assistants on each other star'd,  
 With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd:  
 The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,  
 And dy'd imperfect on the falt'ring Tongue. *Dryd. Theod. & E.*

I feel my Sinews slacken'd with the Fright,  
 And a cold Sweat trills down all o'er my Limbs,  
 As if I were dissolving into Water. *Dryd. T.*

At thy dread Anger the fix'd World shall shake,  
 And frighted Nature her own Laws forsake;  
 Do thou but threat, loud Storms shall make Reply,  
 And Thunder, echo'd to the trembling Sky;  
 While warring Seas swell to so bold a Height,  
 As shall the Fire's proud Element affright:  
 Th' old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten Way,  
 Shall at thy Voice start, and misguide the Day.  
 The jocund Orbs shall break their measur'd Pace,  
 And stubborn Poles change their allotted Place.  
 Heav'ns gilded Troops shall flutter here and there,  
 Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a Sphere.  
 Nay, their God too——For fear he did, when we  
 Took noble Arms against his Tyranny:  
 So noble Arms, and in a Cause so great,  
 That triumph they deserve for their Defeat.

*[Spoken by Envy to the De]*

With that, with his long Tail he lash'd his Breast,  
 And horribly spoke out in Looks the rest.

quaking Pow'rs of Night stood in Amaze,  
 at each other first could only gaze:  
 dreadful Silence fill'd the hollow Space,  
 bling the native Terror of Hell's Face.  
 ers of flaming Brimstone, which before  
 ously rag'd, crept softly by the Shore:  
 Hifs of Snakes, no Clank of Chains was known,  
 Souls amidst their Tortures durst not groan. *Cowl.*  
 the silver Moon with Terror paler grew,  
 neighb'ring *Hermon* sweated flow'ry Dew. *Cowl.*  
 the Stars, amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight;  
 shrunk within their Sockets, lost their Light. *Dr. Ovid.*

Who would believe what strange Bug-bears

Mankind creates itself of Fears!

That Spring, like Fern, that Insect Weed,

Equivocally, without Seed;

And have no possible Foundation,

But merely in th' Imagination.

And yet can do more dreadful Feats

Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats:

Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,

Than all their Nurseries of Elves.

For Fear does things so like a Witch,

'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which:

Sets up Communities of Senses

To chop and change Intelligences:

As *Rosicrusson Virtuosis*

Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses;

And when they neither see nor hear,

Have more than both supply'd by Fear:

That makes them in the Dark see Visions;

And hag themselves with Apparitions;

And when their Eyes discover least,

Discern the subtlest Objects best.

Do Things not contrary alone

To th' Force of Nature, but its own:

The Courage of the Bravest daunt,

And turn Poltroons to Valiant:

For Men as resolute appear

With too much, as too little Fear;

And when they're out of Hopes of flying,

Will run away from Death by dying,

Or turn again to stand it out,

And those that fled, like Lions, rout,

*Hud.*

For



For Fear oft braver Feats performs;  
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms.

It is an Ague, that forsakes  
And haunts by Fits those whom it takes.

Fear ever argues a degenerate Mind.

*Dryd.*

Fear is the last of Ills:

In time we hate that which we often fear. *Shak. Ant. c.*

#### F E M A L E.

All Females have Prerogative of Sex:

The She's, ev'n of the savage Herd, are safe;

All, when they snarl or bite, have no Return,

But Courtship from the Male.

*Dryd. D.*

#### F I G H T.

Now Shouts and Clamours wake the tardy Sun;

As with the Light the Warriours Toils begun.

Ev'n Jove, whose Thunder spoke his Wrath, distill'd

Red Drops of Blood o'er all the fatal Field;

The Woes of Men unwilling to survey,

And all the Slaughters that must stain the Day.

*Pope*

The *Trojans* rush tumultuous to the War,

Once more they glitter in refulgent Arms,

Once more the Fields are fill'd with dire Alarms.

*Pope*

In one firm Orb the Bands were rang'd around;

A Cloud of Heroes blacken'd all the Ground:

Thus, from the lofty Promontory's Brow,

A swain surveys the gath'ring Storm below:

Slow from the Main the heavy Vapours rise,

Spread in dim Streams, and sail along the Skies,

Till black as Night the swelling Tempest shows,

The Cloud condensing as the West-Wind blows;

He dreads th' impending Storm, and drives his Flock

To the close Covert of an arching Rock:

Such, and so thick, th' embattell'd Squadrons stood,

With Spears erect, a moving Iron Wood.

A shady Light was shot from glimm'ring Shields,

And their brown Arms obscur'd the dusky Fields.

*Pope*

Great *Hector*, cover'd with his spacious Shield,

Plies all the Troops, and orders all the Field:

As the red Star now shews his sanguine Fires

Thro' the dark Clouds, and now in Night retires;

Thus thro' the Ranks appear'd the God-like Man,

Plung'd in the Rear, or blazing in the Van;

While streamy Sparkles, restless as he flies,  
 Sh from his Arms, as Lightning from the Skies. *Pope Hom.*  
 Thus by their Leader's Care each martial Band  
 Moves into Ranks, and stretches o'er the Land. *Pope Hom.*  
 As when the Winds ascending by Degrees,  
 First move the whit'ning Surface of the Seas;  
 The Billows float in Order to the Shore;  
 The Wave behind rolls on the Wave before;  
 Then, with the growing Storm, the Deeps arise,  
 And o'er the Rocks, and thunder to the Skies:  
 To the Fight the thick Battalions throng;  
 Shields urg'd on Shields, and Men drove Men along.  
 Late and silent move the Grecian Bands;  
 No Sound, no Whisper, but their Chief's Commands,  
 Are only heard; with Awe the rest obey,  
 As if some God had snatch'd their Voice away.  
 So the Trojans; from their Host ascends  
 A general Shout that all the Region rends.  
 When the fleecy Flocks unnumber'd stand  
 In wealthy Folds, and wait the Milker's Hand;  
 The hollow Vales incessant Bleating fills;  
 The Lambs reply from all the neighb'ring Hills,  
 And Clamours rose from various Nations round;  
 'Till 'twas the Murmur, and confus'd the Sound. *Pope Hom.*  
 With Shouts the Trojans, rushing from afar,  
 Claim their Motions, and provoke the War.  
 When inclement Seasons vex the Plain  
 With piercing Frosts, or thick descending Rain,  
 Warmer Seas the Cranes embody'd fly,  
 With Noise and Order thro' the Mid-way Sky;  
 The pygmy Nations Wounds and Death they bring,  
 And all the War descends upon the Wing.  
 Silent, breathing Rage, resolv'd and skill'd  
 Mutual Aids to fix a doubtful Field,  
 First march the Greeks; the rapid Dust around  
 Whisking arises from the labour'd Ground.  
 As from his flaggy Wings when *Notus* sheds  
 A flight of Vapours round the Mountains Heads,  
 Swift-gliding Mists the dusky Fields invade,  
 Thieves more grateful than the midnight Shade;  
 So scarce the Swains their feeding Flocks survey,  
 Ere and confus'd amidst the thicken'd Day:  
 Wrapt in gath'ring Dust, the Grecian Train,  
 A moving Cloud, swept on, and hid the Plain. *Pope Hom.*

As when on *Ceres'* sacred Floor the Swain  
 Spreads the wide Fan to clear the golden Grain;  
 And the light Chaff, before the Breezes born,  
 Ascends in Clouds from off the heapy Corn;  
 The grey Dust, rising with collected Winds,  
 Drives o'er the Barn, and whitens all the Hinds,  
 So white with Dust the *Grecian* Host appears,  
 From trampling Steeds and thund'ring Charioteers.  
 The dusky Clouds from labour'd Earth arise,  
 And roul in smoking Volumes to the Skies.  
*Mars* hovers o'er them with his sable Shield,  
 And adds new Horrors to the darken'd Field.

Pope Ho

Now Front to Front the hostile Armies stand,  
 Eager of Fight, and only wait Command.

Pope Ho

Each Host now joins, and each a God inspires;  
 These *Mars* incites, and those *Minerva* fires:  
 Pale *Flight* around and dreadful *Terrour* reign,  
 And *Discord* raging bathes the purple Plain.

Embody'd close, the lab'ring *Grecian* Train  
 The fiercest Shock of charging Hosts sustain:  
 Unmov'd and silent the whole War they wait,  
 Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as Fate:  
 So when th'embattl'd Clouds, in dark Array,  
 Along the Skies their gloomy Lines display:  
 When now the *North* his boist'rous Rage has spent,  
 And peaceful sleeps the liquid Element;  
 The low-hung Vapours, motionless and still,  
 Rest on the Summits of the shaded Hill;  
 'Till the Mass scatters as the Winds arise,  
 Dispersed and broken thro' the ruffled Skies.

Pope Ho

*Mars*, stern Destroyer! and *Bellona* dread,  
 Flame in the Front, and thunder at their Head:  
 This swells the Tumult, and the Rage of Fight;  
 That shakes a Spear that casts a dreadful Light:  
 Where *Hector* march'd the God of Battels shin'd,  
 Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Pope Ho

Now Shield with Shield, with Helmet Helmet clos'd,  
 To Armour Armour, Lance to Lance oppos'd:  
 Host against Host with shadowy Squadrons drew;  
 The sounding Darts in iron Tempests flew:  
 Victors and Vanquish'd join promiscuous Cries,  
 And shrilling Shouts and dying Groans arise:  
 With streaming Blood the slipp'ry Fields are dy'd,  
 And slaughter'd Heroes swell the dreadful Tide:

Torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous Rills;  
 With Rage impetuous down their echoing Hills;  
 Rush to the Vales, and, pour'd along the Plain,  
 Run thro' a thousand Channells to the Main;  
 The distant Shepherd trembling hears the Sound;  
 Mix both Hosts, and so their Cries rebound. *Pope Hom.*  
 As when sharp *Boreas* blows abroad, and brings  
 The dreary Winter on his frozen Wings;  
 Breath the low-hung Clouds the Sheets of Snow  
 Descend, and whiten all the Fields below.  
 Swift the Darts on either Army pour;  
 Down the Rampires rolls the rocky Show'r,  
 Heavy and thick; resound the batter'd Shields,  
 And the deaf Echo rattles round the Fields. *Pope Hom.*  
 Dark Show'rs of Jav'lines fly from Foes to Foes:  
 Now here, now there, the Tide of Combate flows.  
 Like *Troy's* fam'd Streams that bound the deathful Plain.  
 On either Side, ran purple to the Main. *Pope Hom.*  
 As sweating Reapers, in some wealthy Field,  
 Engag'd in two Bands, their crooked Weapons wield,  
 Run down the Furrows till their Labours meet;  
 Then fall the heapy Harvests at their Feet:  
*Greece* and *Troy* the Field of War divide,  
 The falling Ranks are strew'd on either Side.  
 He stoop'd a Thought to base inglorious Flight;  
 Horse to Horse, and Man to Man they fight.  
 Rabid Wolves more fierce contest their Prey,  
 In wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the Day.  
 And with Joy the Scene of Death describes,  
 And drinks large Slaughter at her sanguine Eyes.  
 And alone of all th'immortal Train,  
 Tells the red Horrors of the direful Plain. *Pope Hom.*  
 As o'er their Prey rapacious Wolves engage,  
 One dies on Man, and all is Blood and Rage.  
 With copious Slaughter all the Fields are red,  
 Heap'd with growing Mountains of the Dead.  
 Fought each Host, with Thirst of Glory fir'd,  
 Crouds on Crouds triumphantly expir'd.  
 See *Discord* storms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,  
 He calls, *Mars* thunders, and the Field's in Flames. *Pope Hom.*  
 As on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,  
 Two stubborn Swains with Blows dispute their Bounds,  
 They tug, they sweat, but neither gain nor yield  
 The Foot, one Inch of the contended Field:



Thus obstinate to Death they fight, they fall.

Pope H

As when two Scales are charg'd with equal Loads,  
From Side to Side the trembling Balance nods;  
(While some laborious Matron, just and poor;  
With nice Exactness weighs her woolly Store.)  
Till, pois'd aloft, the resting Beam suspends,  
Each equal Weight, nor this, nor that descends:  
So stood the War. —————

Pope H

Thus, while the Morning Beams, increasing bright,  
O'er Heav'n's pure Azure spread the growing Light,  
Commatural Death the Face of War confounds,  
Each adverse Battel gor'd with equal Wounds.  
But now, what Time, in some sequester'd Vale,  
The weary Woodman spreads his sparing Meal,  
When his tir'd Arms refuse the Axe to rear,  
And claim a Respite from the *Sylvan* War;  
But not till half the prostrate Forest lay  
Stretch'd in long Ruin, and expos'd to Day:  
Then, nor till then, the *Greeks* impulsive Might  
Pierc'd the black Phalanx, and let in the Light.

Now by the Foot the flying Foot were slain;  
Horse, trod by Horse, lay foaming on the Plain.  
From the dry Fields thick Clouds of Dust arise,  
Shade the black Host, and intercept the Skies:  
The brass-hoof'd Steeds tumultuous plunge and bound;  
And the thick Thunder beats the lab'ring Ground.

The Driver's Lash resounds,  
Swift thro' the Ranks the rapid Chariot bounds:  
Stung by the Stroke the Coursers scour the Fields  
O'er Heaps of Carcasses and Hills of Shields:  
The Horses Hoofs are bath'd in Heroes Gore;  
And, dashing Purple all the Car before,  
The groaning Axle sable Drops distills,  
And mangled Carnage clogs the rapid Wheels.

Then *Hector*, with a Bound,  
Vaults from his Chariot on the trembling Ground,  
In clanging Arms: He grasps in either Hand  
A pointed Lance, and speeds from Band to Band;  
Revives their Ardour, turns their Steps from Flight,  
And wakes anew the dying Flames of Fight.  
As the bold Hunter cheers his Hounds to tear  
The brindied Lion, or the tusked Bear,

With Voice and Hand provokes their doubting Heart,  
 And springs the foremost with his lifted Dart:  
 Godlike *Hector* prompts his Troops to dare;  
 For prompts alone, but leads himself the War.  
 New Force, new Spirit to each Breast returns:  
 The Fight renew'd with fiercer Fury burns:  
 The King leads on, all fix on him their Eye,  
 And learn from him to conquer or to die.  
 In the black Body of the Foes he pours:  
 From the Clouds deep Bosom, swell'd with Show'rs,  
 A sudden Storm the purple Ocean sweeps,  
 Gives the wild Waves, and tosses all the Deeps.  
 As a Western Whirlwind, charg'd with Storms,  
 Dispells the gather'd Clouds that *Notus* forms;  
 The Gust, continu'd, violent and strong,  
 Scatters sable Clouds in Heaps on Heaps along:  
 Now to the Skies the foaming Billows rears,  
 Now breaks the Surge, and wide the Bottom bares:  
 Thus raging *Hector* with resistless Hands.  
 Returns, confounds, and scatters all their Bands. *Pope Hom.*  
 He like a Whirlwind, toss'd the scatt'ring Throng,  
 Tangled the Troops, and drove the Field along.  
 In midst the Dogs and Hunters daring Bands,  
 The force of his Might, a Boar or Lion stands:  
 Arm'd Foes around a dreadful Circle form,  
 And hissing Jav'lines rain an Iron Storm:  
 His Pow'rs untam'd their bold Assaults defy,  
 And where he turns, the Rout disperse or die:  
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,  
 And if he falls, his Courage makes him fall. *Pope Hom.*  
 As when a Torrent, swell'd with wintry Rains,  
 Pours from the Mountains o'er the delug'd Plains,  
 And Pines and Oaks, from their Foundation torne,  
 The Countrey's Ruin! to the Seas are borne.

Thus he o'erwhelms the yielding Throng:  
 Men, Steeds and Chariots roul in Heaps along.  
 Loud Groans proclaim his Progress thro' the Plain,  
 And deep *Scamander* swells with Heaps of Slain.  
 His Sword deforms the beauteous Ranks of Fight.  
 Still slaught'ring on the King of Men proceeds:  
 The distant Army wonders at his Deeds.  
 When the Winds with raging Flames conspire,  
 And o'er the Forests roul the Flood of Fire,

In blazing Heaps the Groves old Honours fall,  
 And one refulgent Ruin levels all:  
 Before *Atrides*' Rage so sinks the Foe;  
 Whole Squadrons vanish, and proud Heads lie low:  
 The Steeds fly trembling from his waving Sword,  
 And many a Car, now lighted of its Lord,  
 Wide o'er the Field with guideless Fury rous'd,  
 Breaking their Ranks, and crushing out their Souls.

And now the Combat bleeds:

The Horse and Foot in mingled Deaths unite,  
 And Groans of Slaughter mix with Shouts of Fight.

Meanwhile, on ev'ry Side around the Plain,  
 Dispers'd, disorder'd fly the *Trojan* Train.  
 So flies a Herd of Bees, that hear, dismay'd,  
 The Lion roaring thro' the midnight Shade.  
 On Heaps they tumble with successless Haste;  
 The Savage seizes, draws and rends the last.  
 Not with less Fury stern *Atrides* flew,  
 Still press'd the Rout, and still the hindmost flew.  
 Hurl'd from their Cars the bravest Chiefs are kill'd,  
 And Rage and Death and Carnage load the Field. *Pope Hom*

#### FIGHTING at Sea. See *Battle, Duel, War.*

The Ships wide Caves collected Vengeance bear,  
 Turgid with Death, and prominent with War.

Now they begin the Tragick Play,  
 And with their smoky Cannon banish Day.  
 At the first Shock, with Blood and Powder stain'd,  
 Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former Face retain'd.  
 Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,  
 They trouble Nature, and her Visage change.  
 Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meets,  
 And in their sable Arms embrace the Fleets.  
 Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,  
 And of one Wound Hundreds together die:  
 Born under diff'rent Stars, one Fate they have.  
 The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave;  
 The Sea that blush'd with Blood.

Deform'd Destruction, and wild Horror ride  
 In fearful Pomp upon the Crimson Tide.

The wond'ring Skies with foreign Lightning shone,  
 And rung with Peals of Thunder, not their own.  
 The thundering Canons,

their loud Roar, the angry Seas assuage;  
 the lifting Winds, and calm their weaker Rage. *Blac.*  
 The mighty Foe with Indignation burns,  
 Fire for Fire, and Peal for Peal returns :  
 Broadside and Broadside they together lie,  
 with alternate Deaths each other ply :  
 the dreadful Noise the bellowing Cannon play,  
 mutual Wounds in mutual Fire convey :  
 the Destruction from their Vessels broke,  
 pond'rous Deaths flew thick in Clouds of Smoke. *Blac.*  
 on either side the Foe outrageous grew,  
 Deaths unseen in dreadful Tempests flew :  
 Destruction they exchange ; by turns they give  
 loaded Ruin, and by turns receive.  
 Cannons Roar did distant Regions scare,  
 the all the Shores, and torture all the Air ;  
 when a strange Tempest did becalm the Deep,  
 compose the Waves, and lay the Winds asleep. *Blac.*  
 since Jove from Ida did both Hosts survey,  
 when he pleas'd to thunder, part the Fray :  
 Heav'n in vain that kind Retreat should sound ;  
 louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd. *Wall.*  
 fast Sheets of Flame, and pitchy Clouds arise,  
 burning Vomit spouts against the Skies :  
 Tempests of Fire th'astonish'd Heav'n's annoy,  
 as those Storms that from their Clouds destroy. *Blac.*  
 now Seas, of Water mix'd with Seas of Blood,  
 crimson Billows reek along the Flood :  
 half-burnt Ships, which on the Ocean glide,  
 an ignominious Wreck deform the Tide. *Blac.*  
 the burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply,  
 no Light shines but that by which Men die. *Wall.*  
 to the tall Masts the raging Flame aspires,  
 Neighbour sits to Heav'n's contiguous Fires :  
 th'd Bodies, broken Masts, and smoking Beams,  
 in viscous Ruin ! float along the Streams. *Blac.*  
 lost by a Whirlwind of tempestuous Fire,  
 thousand Wretches in the Air expire. *Den.*  
 to the Waves some their pale Bodies throw,  
 fly from Death above to Death below. *Blac.*  
 the Elm, which of its Arms the Ax bereaves,  
 Strength and Vigour from its Wounds receives :  
 Rage by Loss of Blood is kindled more,  
 with their Guns, like Hurricanes, they roar. *Like*



Like Hurricanes, the knotted Oaks they tear,  
 Scourge the vex'd Ocean, and torment the Air.  
 Whilst Earth, Air, Sea, in wild Confusion hurl'd,  
 With universal Wreck and *Chaos* threat the World.  
 Such would the Noise be, should this mighty All,  
 Crush'd and confounded, into Atoms fall.  
 The Ships, which in magnificent Array,  
 But just before did their proud Flags display,  
 And seem'd with warring Destiny to play;  
 Now from our Rage, despoil'd of Rigging tow,  
 Or burn, or up into the Air they blow.  
 Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain  
 The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain:  
 With their aspiring Heads they reach the Sky,  
 Their huge extended Arms the Wings defy:  
 The Tempest sees their Strength, and sighs, and passes by  
 When *Jove*, concern'd that they so high aspire,  
 Amongst them sends his own revenging Fire:  
 Which does with dismal Havock on them fall;  
 Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all:  
 From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torne,  
 And from their Heads their scatter'd Glories borne:  
 Upon the Heath they blasted stand, and bare;  
 And those, whom once they shelter'd, now they scare.  
 Amid the Main two mighty Fleets engage;  
 Their brazen Beaks oppos'd with equal Rage:  
 Moving they fight, with Oars and forky Prows  
 The Froth is gather'd, and the Water glows:  
 It seems as if the *Cyclades* again  
 Were rooted up, and jostled in the Main;  
 Or floating Mountains, floating Mountains meet;  
 Such is the fierce Encounter of the Fleet.  
 Fireballs are thrown, and pointed Jav'lins fly;  
 The Fields of *Neptune* take a purple Dye.

Dryd.

## F I R E. See Funeral.

As when in Summer welcome Winds arise,  
 The watchful Shepherd to the Forest flies,  
 And fires the midmost Plants: Contagion spreads,  
 And catching Flames infect the neighb'ring Heads;  
 Around the Forest flies the furious Blast,  
 And all the leafy Nation sinks at last,  
 And *Vulcan* rides in Triumph o'er the Waste.

The Pastor, pleas'd with his dire Victory,  
 Holds the satiate Flames in Sheets ascend the Sky. *Dr. Virg.*  
 The conqu'ring Flames advance with lawless Pow'r,  
 And with outrageous Heat the Trees devour.  
 The spreading Burning lays the Forest waste,  
 And footy Spoils lie smoaking where it pass'd. *Blac.*

The Laurels crackle in the burning Fire,  
 The frighted *Sylvans* from their Shades retire. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 For first the smouldring Flame the Trunk receives;  
 Ascending thence it crackles in the Leaves:  
 At length victorious to the Top aspires,  
 Involving all the Wood in smoky Fires:  
 At most, when, driv'n by Winds, the flaming Storm,  
 Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Thus when a Flood of Fire by Winds is born,  
 Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing Corn. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Flames were blown aside,  
 And by the Winds, and gave a ruffled Light. *Dr. Pal. & Arc.*

When strong rising Flames Resistance find,  
 At downwards by a fierce impetuous Wind;  
 The liquid Pyramids with labour bend  
 Their Tops, and sink, still struggling to ascend. *Blac.*  
 If in some Town a Fire breaks out by Chance,  
 Impetuous Flames with lawless Pow'r advance;  
 Their ruddy Wings the bright Destruction flies,  
 Follow'd with Ruin, and amazing Cries:  
 The flaky Plague spreads swiftly with the Wind,  
 And ghastly Desolation howls behind. *Blac.*

The crackling Flames appear on high,  
 And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky:  
 Driv'n on the Wings of Winds whole Sheets of Fire,  
 Their Air transported, to the Roofs aspire;  
 With *Vulcan's* Rage the rising Winds conspire. *Dryd. Virg.*

*Ships on Fire. See Fighting at Sea.*

The kindled Vengeance rears its dreadful Head,  
 And all around *Aetnaean* Terrors spread.  
 With dismal Wings the crackling Flames arise,  
 And put out their ruddy Tongues, and lick the Skies;  
 The airy Region shines with hideous Light;  
 And horrid Day dispels less horrid Night.  
 Dreadful Outcry on the Deep began;  
 Ships fell on Ships, Gallies on Gallies ran;

Rigging with Rigging met, and Mast with Mast,  
 And sails with fatal Friendship Sails embrac'd.  
 With fruitless Toil the Crew oppose the Flame;  
 No Art can now the spreading Mischief tame:  
 Some choak'd and smother'd did expiring lie,  
 Burn with their Ships, and on the Waters fry:  
 Some, when the Flames could be no more withstood,  
 By wild Despair directed, midst the Flood  
 Themselves in haste from their tall Vessels threw,  
 And from a dry to liquid Ruin flew.  
 Sad Choice of Death! when those who shun the Fire,  
 Must to as fierce an Element retire.

Uncommon Suff'rings did these Wretches wait:  
 Both burnt and drown'd, they met a double Fate.

What ghastly Ruin then deform'd the Deep!  
 Here glowing Planks, and flaming Ribs of Oak:  
 Here smoaking Beams, and Masts in sunder broke;  
 Nor Coal intirely, nor intirely Wood,  
 Roll on the Billows, and pollute the Flood.  
 Here gilded Sterns, there ample Lanthorns float,  
 And curious Shapes by Master-Carvers wrought.  
 There half-burnt Lions on the Water grin,  
 And sooty Leopards lose their spotted Skin.  
 The gazing Fish are all amaz'd to see  
 The Monsters of the Forest swim the Sea.

The Flame, unstop'd at first, more Fury gains,  
 And *Vulcan* rides at large with loosen'd Reins;  
 Triumphant to the painted Sterns he soars,  
 And seizes in his way the Banks and crackling Oars.  
 A Storm of Sparkles and of Flames arise,  
 Nor will the raging Fires their Fury cease;  
 But lurking in the Seams with seeming Peace,  
 Work on their way amid the smould'ring Tow,  
 Sure in Destruction, but in Motion slow.  
 The silent Plague thro' the green Timber eats,  
 And vomits out a tardy Flame by Firs.  
 Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,  
 The Fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:  
 Not Buckets pour'd, nor Strength of Human Hand,  
 Can the victorious Element withstand,  
 Or stop the fiery Pest.

The Billows from the kindling Prow retire;  
 Pitch, Rosin, Searwood, on red Wings aspire;  
 And *Vulcan* on the Seas exerts his Attribute of Fire.

Dryd.

F I R

**FIRE-WORKS.**

Before th'Imperial Palace tow'ring stood  
 e Works of Fire, encas'd in painted Wood;  
 ose rival Glories did to Heav'n arise,  
 H Earth-born Thunder run along the Skies.  
 e Heav'ns amaz'd, with borrow'd Lustre shone,  
 ch Lights and Meteors of a Race unknown,  
 ch foreign Stars, as thick and splendid as their own.  
 h Noife, such Flames fill'd all the ambient Air,  
 very Triumph seem'd another War,  
 with the dreadful Joy did all the People scare. *Blac.*

**FIRMAMENT.** See *Creation*.

**FISH.** See *Creation, Muse*.

**FLATTERY.**

Give me Flattery,

ry, the Food of Courts, that I may rock him;  
 ull him in the Down of his Desires. *Beaum. Rol.*

o Flattery, Boy! an honest Man can't live by't:

a little sneaking Art, which Knaves  
 to cajole and soften Fools withal.

ou hast Flattery in thy Nature, out with it;  
 end it to a Court; for there 'twill thrive. *Orw. Orph.*

is next to Money current there;

be seen daily in as many Forms,

ere are Sorts of Vanities and Men.

uperstitious Statesman has his Sneer,

mooth a poor Man off, who cannot bribe him:

grave dull Fellow of small Business sooths

Humourist, and will needs admire his Wit.

without Spleen could see a hot-brain'd Atheist

king a surly Doctor for his Sermon?

grave Counsellor meet a smooth young Lord,

ze him by th'Hand, and praise his good Complexion?

*(Orw. Orph.)*

ere, like a Statue thou hast stood besieg'd

ycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts:

e thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gawdy Round,

othing but a Lye in ev'ry Face;

he gross Flatt'ry of a gaping Croud,

us who first should catch, and first applaud

stuff, or Royal Nonsense. When I spoke,

My



My honest homely Words were carp'd and censur'd,  
 For want of courtly Style: Related Actions,  
 Tho' modestly reported, pass'd for Boast:  
 Secure of Merit, if I ask'd Reward,  
 Thy hungry Minions thought their Rights invaded,  
 And the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites. *Dr. Don.*  
 Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what Advancement may I hope from thee?  
 Thou no Revenue hast but thy good Spirits,  
 To feed and clothe thee. Why should the Poor be flatter'd?  
 No, let the candy'd Tongue lick absurd Pomp,  
 And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,  
 Where Gain may follow Feigning. *Shak. H.*

Nothing mis-becomes  
 The Man that would be thought a Friend, like Flattery:  
 Flatt'ry, the meanest Kind of base Dissembling,  
 And only us'd to catch the grossest Fools. *Row Amb.*

#### FLOOD. See Deluge.

Thus Deluges, descending on the Plains,  
 Sweep o'er the yellow Year, destroy the Pains,  
 Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peasant's Gains;  
 Unroot the Forest Oaks, and bear away  
 Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undistinguish'd Prey.  
 The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and fees from far  
 The wastful Ravage of the wat'ry War. *Dryd.*

Not with so fierce a Rage the foaming Flood  
 Roars, when he finds his rapid Course withstood;  
 Bears down the Dams with unresisted Sway,  
 And sweeps the Cattel and the Cots away. *Dryd.*

#### The fruitful Nile

Flow'd o'er the wonted Season, with a Torrent  
 So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,  
 That the wild Deluge overtook the Haste  
 Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it. Men and Beasts  
 Were born upon the Tops of Trees, that grow  
 On th' utmost Margin of the Water-Mark:  
 Then with so swift an Ebb the Flood drove backward,  
 It slipp'd from underneath the scaly Herd:  
 Here monstrous *Phoca* panted on the Shore;  
 Forsaken Dolphins there, with their broad Tails  
 Lay lashing the departing Waves: hard by 'em,  
 Sea-Horses flound'ring in the slimy Mud,  
 Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ooze about 'em. *(for Daff)*

The flowing Water o'er the Valley spreads,  
 And with a welcome Tide regales the Meads.  
 Each joyful Field, caref'd by fruitful Streams,  
 With verdant Births and gay Conceptions teems.

Blac.

FLOWERS. See *Blush, Bower, Corps, Garden, Noon, Rose,*  
*Tulip, Youth.*

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy  
 The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie;  
 All the glad Summons of a genial Ray  
 Bind the Glebe, and call them out to Day.  
 Hence Pancies trick themselves in various Hiew,  
 And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant Dew:  
 Hence the Carnation and the bashful Rose,  
 Their Virgin-Blushes to the Morn disclose:  
 Hence the chaste Lily rises to the Light,  
 Veils her snowy Breast, and charms the Sight:  
 Hence Arbors are with twining Greens array'd,  
 Oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.

Gae.

You took her up a little tender Flower,  
 That sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost  
 Snapt; and with a careful loving Hand  
 Implanted her into your own fair Garden,  
 Where the Sun always shines: There long she flourish'd,  
 Sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye;  
 At the last a cruel Spoiler came,  
 Snapt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness;  
 Then cast it, like a loathsome Weed, away.

Orw. Orph.

These Flowers last but for a little Space,  
 Short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace.  
 This Way and that the feeble Stem is driven;  
 To sustain the Storms and Injuries of Heav'n.  
 Snapt by the Spring, it lifts aloft the Head;  
 Of a sickly Beauty, soon to shed,  
 Summer living, and in Winter dead.

}

Things of tender Kind, for Pleasure made,  
 Rot up with swift Increase, and sudden are decay'd. *Dryd.*  
 (*The Flower and the Leaf.*)

All Flowers will droop in Absence of the Sun,  
 That wak'd their Sweets.  
 Such on the Ground the fading Rose we see,  
 Some rude Blast torn from the Parent Tree.  
 The Daffodil so leans his languid Head,  
 Fully mown down upon his grassy Bed:

*Dryd. Aswen.*

Tho.

Tho' from the Earth no more Supplies they gain,  
The splendid Form, in part, and lovely Hiew remain.

Farewel, ye Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care  
I watch'd, and to the chearful Sun did rear.

Who now shall bind your Stems? Or, when you fall,  
With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall?

(State of

**F O G S.** See *Clouds, Mists.*

Thick Damps and lazy Fogs arise,  
And with their sluggish Treasures clog the Skies:  
Some from dark Caverns far remote from Day,  
From each embowel'd Mount and hollow Vault,  
Crude Exhalations and raw Vapours brought.  
Some from deep Quagmires, Ponds, and sedgy Moors,  
Drive the dull Reeks, and shove the haizy Stores.  
To their appointed Station they repair,  
And with their heavy Wings encumber all the Air:  
The pond'rous Night's impenetrable Steams  
Exclude the Sun, and choak his brightest Beams.

**F O N D.** See *Love, Marriage, Want.*

Fonder than Mothers to their first-born Joys.

O she dotes on him!

Feeds on his Looks; eyes him, as pregnant Women  
Gaze at the precious things their Souls are set on. *Lee Cas. B.*

She would hang on him,

As if Increase of Appetite had grown

By what it fed on.

*Shak. Ham.*

Let me not live,

If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,

Was ever half so fond.

*Dryd. All for Love*

I joy more in thee,

Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,

And bless'd the Gods for all her Travail past. *Orw. Ven. P.*

So the soft Mother, tho' the Babe be dead,

Will have the Darling on her Bosom laid;

Will talk and rave, and with the Nurfes strive:

And fond it still, as if it were alive;

Knows it must go, yet struggles with the Croud,

And shrieks to see them wrap it in the Shroud.

(*Lee Luc. Jun. B.*)

**F O O L.** See *Fortune.*

Some took him for a Tool

That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.

Fools are known by looking wise,  
 As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes. *Hud.*  
*Fortune* takes care that Fools should still be seen:  
 places them aloft, o'th' top-most Spoke  
 all her Wheel. Fools are the daily Work  
 Nature, her Vocation: If she form  
 Man, she loses by't; 'tis too expensive;  
 would make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy. *Dryd. Oedip.*  
 He was a Fool thro' Choice, not want of Wit.  
 Foppery, without the Help of Sense,  
 could ne'er have risen to such an Excellence:  
 Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,  
 as a Philosopher: The very Top  
 of Dignity of Folly we attain  
 by studious Search and Labour of the Brain;  
 Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought:  
 I never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat.  
 I owe that Name to Industry and Arts;  
 an eminent Fool must be a Man of Parts. *Roch.*  
 For Fools are double Fools, endeavouring to be wise. *Dryd.*  
 (*Hind. & Pan.*)  
 And Folly as it grows in Years,  
 is more extravagant appears. *Hud.*

## FOREST.

There stood a Forest on a Mountain's Brow,  
 that over-look'd the shaded Plain below:  
 sounding Ax presum'd those Trees to bite;  
 equal with the World, a venerable Sight! *Dryd. Ovid.*  
 Black was the Forest, thick with Beech it stood,  
 mid with Fern, and intricate with Thorn;  
 the Paths of human Feet, or Tracts of Beasts were worn.  
 (*Dryd. Virg.*)

## FORTITUDE.

Resign'd in ev'ry State,  
 with Patience bear, with Prudence push your Fate:  
 suffering well, our Fortune we subdue;  
 when she frowns, and when she calls pursue. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 endure and conquer; Fate will soon dispose  
 our future Good our past and present Woes:  
 tune your Courage, and dismiss your Care;  
 Your Hour will come with Pleasure to relate  
 your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.



Endure the Hardships of your present State;  
Live, and reserve your selves for better Fate.

Dryd. V.

But thou, secure of Soul, unbent with Woes,  
The more thy Fortune frowns, the more oppose.

No Terroure to my View,  
No frightful Face of Danger can be new.

Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare;

(Dryd. V.)

The Fates without my Pow'r, shall be without my Care.

Nor am I less, e'en in this despicable Now,

Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights,

And froze your Hearts beneath the Torrid Zone. Dryd. Don. S.

Dejected! No, it never shall be said,  
That Fate had Pow'r upon a *Spartan* Soul:

My Mind on its own Centre stands unmov'd,

And stable, as the Fabrick of the World,

Propt on it self. Still I am *Cleomenes*:

I fought the Battel bravely which I lost;

And lost it but to *Macedonians*,

The Successors of those who conquer'd *Asia*.

'Twas for a Cause too! such a Cause I fought!

Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword.

*Greece*, like a lovely Heifer, stood in View,

To see the rival Bulls each other gore;

But wish'd the Conquest mine.

I fled; and yet I languish not in Exile;

But here in *Egypt* whet my blunted Horns,

And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loss. Dryd. Cle.

My Mind cannot be chang'd by Place or Time:

The Mind is its own Place, and in itself

Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

E'en Time, that changes All, yet changes us in vain:

The Body, not the Mind; nor can controul

Th'immortal Vigour, or abate the Soul.

Dryd. V.

What tho' the Fjeld be lost,

All is not lost! th'unconquerable Will,

And Study of Revenge; immortal Hate,

And Courage never to submit or yield;

And what is else not to be overcome?

That Glory never shall his Wrath or Might

Extort from me. To bow, and sue for Grace

With suppliant Knee, and deify his Power,

Who from the Terror of this Arm so late

Doubted his Empire; that were low indeed,

were an Ignominy and Shame beneath  
Downfal.

Milt.

Empire o'er the Sea and Main,  
Heav'n that gave, can take again:

But a Mind that's truly brave,

Stands despising

Storms arising;

And can ne'er be made a Slave. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

In struggling with Misfortunes

the true Proof of Virtue: On smooth Seas

many bawble Boats dare set their Sails,

make an equal Way with firmer Vessels?

et the Tempest once enrage the Sea,

then behold the strong-ribb'd *Argosie*

ding between the Ocean and the Air,

*Perseus* mounted on his *Pegasus*:

where are those weak Rivals of the Main?

avoid the Tempest fled to Port,

made a Prey to *Neptune*. Even thus

empty Show and true priz'd Worth divide

arms of Fortune.

*Shak. & Dryd. Troil. & Cress.*

th such unshaken Temper of the Soul

ear the swelling Tide of prosp'rous Fortune,

deserve that Fortune. In Adversity

Mind grows rough by buffeting the Tempest;

in Success dissolving, sinks to Ease,

loses all her Firmness.

*Rowe Tamerl.*

Thou hast been

in suffering all that suffers nothing:

in who Fortune's Buffets and Rewards

even with equal Thanks: And blest are they

whose Blood and Judgment mingled are so well,

they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,

and what Stop she please.

*Shak. Hamlet.*

who, like thee, can boast a Soul sedate,

only Proof to all the Shocks of Fate?

Force, like Steel, a temper'd Hardness shews,

big'd to wound, and still untir'd with Blows:

Steel, up-lifted by some strenuous Swain,

falling Woods to strew the wasted Plain.

*Pope Hom.*

Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,

a Soul, that like an ample Shield,

take in all, and Verge enough for more.

Fate

Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's;  
Souls know no Conquerors.

*Dryd. Don.*

We wage unequal War,  
With Men unconquer'd in the lifted Field;  
Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.

*Dryd.*

So tho' less worthy Stones are drown'd by Night,  
The faithful Di'mond keeps his native Light;  
And is oblig'd to Darkness for a Ray,  
That would be more oppress'd than help'd by Day.

Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done,  
And better bear like Men, than vainly seek to shun.

*Dryd.*

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop  
To Fortune, or be said to droop,  
Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse,  
And Sayings of Philosophers:

Quoth he,

I am not now in Fortune's Power,  
He that is down, can fall no lower:  
And as we see th'eclipsed Sun,  
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,  
Than when adorn'd with all his Light,  
He shines in serene Sky most bright:  
So Valour in a low Estate  
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.  
As Beards, the nearer that they tend  
To th' Earth, still grow more reverend;  
And Cannons shoot the higher Pitches,  
The lower we let down their Breeches:  
I'll make this low dejected State  
Advance me to a greater Height.

*F O R T U N E.* See *Fate, Fool, Viceffitude.*

On high, where no hoarse Winds nor Clouds resort,  
The hood-wink'd Goddess keeps her partial Court,  
Upon a Wheel of Amethyst she sits;  
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.  
In this still Labyrinth around her lie  
Spells, Philtres, Globes and Schemes of Palmistry.  
A Sigil in this Hand the Gipsy bears,  
In th'other a prophétick Sieve and Shears.

O *Fortune*, fair like all thy treach'rous Kind;  
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the Wind:

Painted Monster, form'd Mankind to cheat  
With Pleasing Poison, and with soft Deceit.

Pope Jan.  
(C. May.)

Where Nature has deny'd, her Favours flow:  
She that gives, (so mighty is her Pow'r!)  
To the Jew, Complexion to the Moor.  
Is the Wretch's Wish, the Rook's Pretence,  
The Sluggard's Ease, the Coxcomb's Providence:  
To heav'nly-born her faithless Boons defy;  
The Brave is to himself a Deity.

Gar.

Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone;  
The Wise are always Masters of their own. F. Dryd. Jun. Juv.  
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the Wise,  
But set aloft by Fools, usurps the Skies. Dryd. Juv.  
She for her Pleasure can her Fools advance,  
And toss 'em top-most on the Wheel of Chance. Dryd. Juv.

Fortune! made up of Toys and Impudence,  
You common Jade, that hast not common Sense!  
Fond of Bus'ness, insolently dares  
Attempt to rule, and spoil the World's Affairs.  
She flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws  
To the next met, not minding what she does,  
Nor why, nor whom she helps or injures, knows.  
Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves,  
And seldom truly loves but Fools or Knaves.

}

For her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her:  
While she stays with me I'll be civil to her;  
But if she offer once to move her Wings,  
Flinging her back all her vain gawaw things;  
And arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious stand,  
Than if the Bitch still bow'd at my Command.  
I marry Honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,  
Rather than follow such a blind dull Whore.

Buck.

Fortune's a Mistress that with Caution's kind,  
Shows that the Constant merit her alone:  
They, who tho' she seem froward, yet court on. Otw. Don. Carl.  
Were she a common Mistress, kind to all,  
Her work would cease, and half the World grow idle. Otw. Orph.

When Fortune means to Men most Good,  
She looks upon them with a threat'ning Eye. Shak. K. John.  
Fortune, that with malicious Joy  
Does Man, her Slave, oppress;  
Proud of her Office to destroy,  
Is seldom pleas'd to bless.



Still various, and inconstant still,  
 But with an Inclination to be ill,  
 Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,  
 And makes a Lottery of Life.  
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;  
 But when she dances in the Wind,  
 And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,  
 I puff the Prostitute away.

The Little or the Much she gave is quietly resign'd:  
 Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;  
 A Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,

Who never fail in her unfaithful Sea,  
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black,  
 If the Mast split, and threaten Wreck?  
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear  
 For his ill-gotten Gain,  
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,  
 While the debating Winds and Billows bear  
 His Wealth into the Main,

For me, secure from Fortune's Blows,  
 Secure of what I cannot lose,  
 In my small Pinnacle I can sail,  
 Contemning all the blust'ring Roar;  
 And running with a merry Gale,  
 With friendly Stars my Safety seek  
 Within some little winding Creek,  
 And see the Storm ashore.

Dryd. B.

Good Fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcome. Dr. O.

Whose Fortune is not fitted to his Will,  
 Too great or little, is uneasy still:  
 Our Shoes and Fortunes sure are much allay'd,  
 We limp in strait, and stumble in the wide.

Staff. B.

O Mortals! blind in Fate, who never know  
 To bear high Fortune, or endure the low!

Dryd. W.

Pleasure has been the Bus'ness of my Life,  
 And every Change of Fortune easy to me,  
 Because I still was easy to my self.

Dryd. Don.

In all my Wars Good Fortune flew before me;  
 Sublime I sat in Triumph on her Wheel.

Dryd. Don.

Fortune came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it;  
 And purpled Greatness met my ripen'd Years.  
 When first I came to Empire, I was borne  
 On Tides of People crouding to my Triumphs:

With of Nations, and the willing World  
 I'd me as its Pledge of future Peace:  
 so great, so happy, so belov'd,  
 could not ruin me; till I took pains,  
 I work'd against my Fortune; chid her from me;  
 turn'd her loose, yet still she came again.  
 Careless Days, and my luxurious Nights  
 length have wearied her; and now she's gone,  
 gone, divorc'd for ever.  
 What is *Cæsar's* now, and what am I?

I am now so sunk from what I was,  
 I find fit me at my lowest Water-mark:  
 Rivers, that ran in and rais'd my Fortunes,  
 I dry'd up, or take another Course.

I have left is from my native Spring;  
 Still a Heart that swells in scorn of Fate,  
 lifts me to my Banks.

Button of Fortune! thy devouring Youth  
 I dry'd thy wanton Age.

*Dryd. All for Love?*

Ay me! what Perils do environ

The Man that meddles with cold Iron!

What plaguy Mischiefs and Mis-haps

Do dog him still with After-claps!

For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile,

And leer upon him for a while;

She'll after shew him, in the nick

Of all his Honours a Dog-tick.

For *Hudibras*, who thought had won

The Field as certain as a Gun;

And, having routed the whole Troop,

With Victory was cock-a-hoop;

Found in few Minutes to his Cost,

He did but count without his Host;

And that a Turn-stile is more certain,

Than in Events of War Dame Fortune.

*Had.*

Events are doubtful which on Battels wait;

where's the Doubt to Souls secure of Fate?

*Dryd. Virg.*

How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see

Fate, which waits on Pow'r and Victory!

*How.*

'tis better not to be, than be unhappy!

'tis better not to be, than to be *Creon*:

thinking Soul is Punishment enough;

when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,

every Thought draws Blood.

My Soul's ill married to my Body:  
 I would be young, be handsome, be belov'd.  
 Could I but breathe my self into *Adrastus*!  
 Were but my Soul in *Oedipus*, I were a King!  
 Then I had kill'd a Monster! Gain'd a Battell!  
 And had my Rival Pris'ner! Brave, brave Actions!  
 Why have not I done these? My Fortune hinder'd:  
 There's it: I have a Soul to do 'em all:  
 But *Fortune* will have nothing done that's great,  
 But by young handsome Fools! Body and Brawn  
 Do all her Work; *Hercules* was a Fool,  
 And strait grew famous; A mad boist'rous Fool!  
 Nay worse a Woman's Fool.  
 Fool is the Stuff of which Heav'n makes a Hero.

[Spoken by Creon in *Oedipus*]

Nature meant me

A Wife, a silly harmless household Dove,  
 Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit:  
 But *Fortune*, that has made a Mistress of me,  
 Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd (*All for Love*)  
 Of Falshood to be happy.

[Spoken by Cleopatra.] *Dryd.*

Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,  
 Which knows not to disguise its Grievs and Weakness:  
 But bears its Workings outward to the World?

I'm made a shallow-forded Stream,  
 Seen to the bottom: All my Clearness scorn'd,  
 And all my Faults expos'd.

*Dryd. All for Love*

Fate's dark Recesses we can never find,  
 But *Fortune*, at some Hours, to all is kind;  
 The Lucky have whole Days, which still they chuse;  
 Th'Unlucky have but Hours, and those they lose. *Dr. Tyr. Love*  
 Who knows what changeful *Fortune* may produce?

F O W L. See *Mercury*.

So spread upon a Lake, with upward Eye  
 A Plump of Fowl behold their Foe on high:  
 They close their trembling Troop, and all attend  
 On whom the sousing Eagle will descend. *Dryd. Theod. & E*  
 See over-head a Flock of new-sprung Fowl  
 Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul;  
 Dark'ning the Sky they hover o'er, and shroud  
 The wanton Sailors with a feather'd Cloud.

**F R E E D O M.** See *Liberty*.

*Freedom*, the first Delight of human kind! *Dr. Pers.*

*Freedom* with *Vertue* takes her Seat,

Her proper Place, her only Scene

Is in the golden Mean.

lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great.

Wings of those *Necessity* has clipt,

And they're in *Fortune's* Bridewel whipt,

To the laborious Task of Bread :

se are by various Tyrants captive led.

w wild *Ambition*, with imperious Force,

es, reins, and spurs them, like th' unruly Horse:

And servile *Avarice* yokes them now,

Like toilsome Oxen, to the Plough:

sometimes *Lust*, like the misguiding Light,

ws them thro' all the Labyrinths of Night.

ny few among the Great there be

in these insulting Passions free :

Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see

Custom, Bus'ness, Crowds, and formal Decency,

wherefo'er they stay, and wherefo'er they go,

Impertinencies round them flow.

These are the small uneasy things;

Which about Greatness still are found,

And rather it molest than wound :

GNATS, which too much Heat of Summer brings:

Cares do swarm there too, and those have Stings. *Comh.*

**F R I E N D.**

had a Friend that lov'd me:

as his Soul: He liv'd not but in me:

were so clos'd within each other's Breast,

Rivets were not found that join'd us first,

at does not reach us yet: We were so mix'd,

meeting Streams; both to ourselves were lost,

were one Mass, we could not give or take,

from the same: for he was I; I, He:

urn my better Half, and give me all myself,

thou art all!

have any Joy when thou art absent,

udge it to myself: Methinks I rob

ce of thy Part.

*Dryd. All for Love.*



Thou Brother of my Choice: A Band more sacred  
Than Nature's brittle Tie. By holy Friendship,  
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival;  
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,  
And languish'd for thy Absence; like a Prophet  
That waits the Inspiration of its God.

Rowe

Art thou not half my self?  
One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reason  
Guided our Wills.

Rowe Fair

Thus from our Infancy we hand in hand  
Have trod the Path of Life in Love together:  
One Bed has held us; and the same Desires,  
The same Aversions still employ'd our Thoughts.  
Whene'er had I Friend that was not *Polydor's*,  
Or *Polydor* a Foe that was not mine?

Osw.

Who knows the Joys of Friendship?  
The Trust, Security, and mutual Tenderness?  
The double Joys, where each is glad for both?  
Friendship our only Wealth, our last Retreat and Strength  
Secure against ill Fortune and the World.

Rowe Fair

Neither has any thing he calls his own,  
But of each other's Joys as Grievs partaking:  
So very honestly, so well they love,  
As they were only for each other born.

Osw.

They both were Servants, they both Princes were.  
If any Joy to one of them was lent,  
It was most his to whom it least was meant:  
And *Fortune's* Malice betwixt both was cross'd;  
For striking one, it wounded th' other most.

Then *Theseus*, join'd with bold *Pirithous*, came,  
A single Concord in a double Name.

Dryd.

Their Love in early Infancy began,  
And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man:  
Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,  
That when one dy'd, as antient Stories tell,

His Fellow, to redeem him, went to Hell.

Dry. Pal. &amp; Ar.

There have been fewer Friends on Earth than Kings,  
Friendship, of itself a holy Tie,

Is made more sacred by Adversity.

Dryd. Hind. &amp; Pa

A gen'rous Friendship no cold Medium knows;  
Burns with one Love, with one Resentment glows:  
One should our Interests and our Passions be;  
My Friend must hate the Man that injures me.

Pope

The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,  
 Apple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel. *Shak. Hamk.*

Ever note, *Lucilius,*

When Love begins to sicken and decay,

uses an enforced Ceremony.

There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:

Like hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,

Like gallant Shew and Promise of their Mettle;

When they should endure the bloody Spur,

They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,

Fail in the Trial.

*Shak. Jul. Cas.*

*Protestations of Friendship.*

'Tis not indeed my Talent to engage

Costly Trifles, or to swell my Page

With Wind and Noise; but freely to impart

To a Friend, the Secrets of my Heart:

And in familiar Speech to let thee know

How much I love thee, and how much I owe.

Lock on my Heart, for thou hast Skill to find

It be solid, or be fill'd with Wind;

And thro' the Veil of Words thou view'st the naked Mind.

For this a hundred Voices I desire,

To tell thee what a hundred Tongues would tire;

For never can be worthily express'd,

How deeply thou art seated in my Breast!

*Dryd. Pers.*

Oh! thou'rt so near my Heart, that thou may'st see

*(Ven. Pres.)*

Bottom; found its Strength and Firmness to thee.

*Osw.*

No Fate my vow'd Affection shall divide

From thee, Heroick Youth! Be wholly mine!

Take full Possession! All my Soul is thine!

My Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend;

My Life's Companion, and my Bosom-Friend!

*Dryd. Virg.*

But if some Chance, as many Chances are,

And doubtful Hazards in the Deeds of War;

One should reach my Head, there let it fall,

And spare thy Life; I would not perish All.

*Dryd. Virg.*

F R O S T. See *Winter.*

F R O W N.

With hostile Frown, and Visage all inflam'd.

*Dryd.*

Mark, my *Sebastian*, how that sullen Frown,

Like flashing Lightning, opens angry Heav'n,

And while it kills, delights.

*Dryd. Don. Seb.*

All

All these Wrongs  
Have never made me sour my patient Cheek,  
Or bend one Wrinkle on my Face.

*Shak. Rich.*

As when two black Clouds,  
With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the *Caspian*; then stand front to front,  
Hov'ring a Space, till Winds the Signal blow,  
To join their dark Encounter in mid Air:  
So frown'd the mighty Combatants.

He parted frowning from me, as if Ruin  
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lion  
Upon the daring Huntsman, who has gall'd him ;  
Then makes him nothing.

*Shak. Hen.**ROMAN FUNERAL.*

Mean time the Rites and Fun'ral Poms prepare,  
Due to your dead Companions of the War:  
The last Respect the Living can bestow,  
To shield their Shadows from Contempt below.  
That conquer'd Earth be theirs, for which they fought,  
And which for us with their own Blood they bought.

They raise the Piles along the winding Strand:  
Their Friends convey the Dead to Fun'ral Fires.  
Then thrice around the kindled Piles they go,  
Thrice Horse and Foot about the Fires are led,  
And thrice with loud Laments they hail the Dead.  
Tears trickling down their Breasts, bedew the Ground ;  
And Drums and Trumpets mix their mournful Sound.  
Amid the Blaze their pious Brethren throw  
The Spoils in Battel taken from the Foe:  
Helm, Bits emboss'd, and Swords of shining Steel,  
One casts a Target, one a Chariot-Wheel :  
Some to their Fellows their own Arms restore ;  
The Fauchions, which in luckless Fight they bore :  
Their Bucklers pierc'd, their Darts bestow'd in vain,  
And shiver'd Lances, gather'd from the Plain.  
Whole Herds of offer'd Bulls about the Fire,  
And bristled Boars, and woolly Sheep expire.  
Around the Piles a careful Troop attends,  
To watch the wasting Flames, and weep their burning Friends.  
Part in the Places, where they fell, are laid,  
And Part are to the neighb'ring Fields convey'd.  
The Corps of Kings, and Captains of Renown,  
Borne off in State, are bury'd in the Town :

*The*

e rest unhonour'd, and without a Name,  
 e cast a common Heap to feed the Flame.  
 Now had the Morning thrice renew'd the Light,  
 d thrice dispell'd the Shadows of the Night;  
 hen those, who round the wasted Flames remain,  
 form the last sad Office to the Slain.  
 ey rake the yet warm Ashes from below;  
 ese, and the Bones unburn'd, in Earth bestow:  
 ese Relicks with their Country's Rites they grace,  
 d raise a Mount of Turf around the Place. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Mean while the Trojan Troops, with weeping Eyes,  
 dead *Misennus* pay his Obsequies.  
 Altar-wise a stately Pile they rear,  
 Pitch-Trees, Oaks, and Pines, and unctuous Fir,  
 e Basis broad below, the Top advanc'd in Air,  
 e Fabrick's Front with Cypress Twigs they strew,  
 d stick the Sides with Boughs of baleful Yew;  
 e topmost Part his glitt'ring Arms adorn;  
 rm Waters then, in brazen Cauldrons born,  
 pour'd to wash the Body Joint by Joint,  
 d fragrant Oils the stiffen'd Limbs anoint.  
 th Groans and Cries *Misennus* they deplore,  
 en on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o'er,  
 e breathless Body, thus bewail'd, they lay;  
 d fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away;  
 h rev'rend Rites their Fathers us'd to pay.  
 e Oil and Incense on the Fire they throw,  
 d Fat of Victims which his Friends bestow.  
 ese Gifts the greedy Flames to Dust devour,  
 en, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour.  
 d last, the Relicks by themselves dispose,  
 ich in a brazen Urn the Priests inclose.  
 d *Chorineus* compass'd thrice the Crew,  
 d dipt an Olive-Branch in holy Dew;  
 ich thrice he sprinkl'd round, and thrice aloud  
 ok'd the Dead, and then dismiss'd the Croud. *Dryd. Virg.*

## FUNERAL PROCESSION.

*Aeneas* took his Way,

ere, new in Death, lamented *Pallas* lay:

ates watch'd the Corps.

Attendants of the Slain his Sorrow share;

Troop of *Trojans* mix'd with those appear,

d mourning Matrons with dishevel'd Hair.



Soon as the Prince appears, they raise a Cry,  
 All beat their Breasts, and Echoes rend the Sky.  
 They rear his drooping Forehead from the Ground:  
 But when *Aeneas* view'd the grisly Wound,  
 Which *Pallas* in his manly Bosom bore,  
 And the fair Flesh distain'd with purple Gore;  
 First, melting into Tears, the pious Man  
 Deplor'd so sad a Sight:

Then gave the Word around,  
 To raise the breathless Body from the Ground;  
 And chose a Thousand Horse, the Flow'r of all  
 His warlike Troops to wait the Funeral:  
 To bear him back, and share *Evander's* Grief;  
 A well-becoming, but a weak Relief.  
 Of oaken Twigs they twist an easy Bier,  
 Then on their Shoulders the sad Burden rear.  
 The Body on this rural Horse is borne:  
 Strew'd Leaves and funeral Greens the Bier adorn.  
 Then two fair Vests of wond'rous Work and Cost,  
 Of Purple woven, and with Gold emboss'd,  
 For Ornament the *Trojan* Hero brought;  
 One Vest array'd the Corps, and one they spread  
 O'er his clos'd Eyes, and wrapt around his Head;  
 That when the yellow Hair in Flame should fall,  
 The catching Fire might burn the golden Caul.  
 Besides, the Spoils of Foes in Battel slain,  
 Arms, Trappings, Horses, by the Horse are led  
 In long Array (th' Atchievements of the Dead.)  
 Then, pinion'd with their Hands behind, appear  
 Th' unhappy Captives marching in the Rear:  
 Appointed Off'rings in the Victor's Name,  
 To sprinkle with their Blood the Fun'ral Flame.  
 Inferior Trophies by the Chiefs are borne,  
 Gauntlets and Helms their loaded Hands adorn:  
 And fair Inscriptions fix'd, and Titles read,  
 Of *Latian* Leaders conquer'd by the Dead.

*Acates* on his Pupil's Corps attends,  
 With feeble Steps, supported by his Friends,  
 Pausing at ev'ry Pace.  
 The Champion's Chariot next is seen to roll,  
 Besmear'd with hostile Blood, and honourably foul.  
 To close the Pomp, *Aethon*, the Steed of State,  
 Is led, the Fun'ral of his Lord to wait:

ript of his Trappings, with a fullen Pace  
walks; and the big Tears run rolling down his Face.  
the Lance of Pallas, and the crimson Crest,  
borne behind; the Victor seiz'd the rest:  
the March begins: The Trumpets hoarsly sound;  
the Pikes and Lances trail along the Ground.  
long Procession rank'd, they thus direct their Course  
to Pallantean Tow'rs.

Nothing from out the Gate, the People stand,  
each with a Fun'ral Flambeau in his Hand:  
wildly they stare, distracted with Amaze:  
the Fields are lighten'd with a fiery Blaze,  
that cast a fullen Splendor on their Friends.  
the marching Troop, which their dead Prince attends,  
with Parties meet; they raise a doleful Cry,  
the Matrons from the Walls with Shrieks reply;  
and their mixt Mourning rends the vaulted Sky.  
the Town is fill'd with Tumult and with Tears. *Dryd. Virg.*

## Grecian FUNERAL.

The Peasants were enjoind,

ere-Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to find.

With sounding Axes to the Grove they go,

fell, split, and lay the Fewel on a Row;

Heavenly Food: A Bier is next prepar'd,

in which the lifeless Body should be rear'd,

cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was laid

the Corps of *Arcite* in like Robes array'd.

White Gloves were on his Hands, and on his Head

Wreath of Laurel, mix'd with Mirtle, spread.

Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,

the warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field:

there was his manly Visage on the Bier;

tenac'd his Count'nance, ev'n in Death severe.

Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the Knight,

to lie in solemn State, a publick Sight:

roans, Cries, and Howlings fill the crowded Place,

and unaffected Sorrow fate on ev'ry Face.

And *Palamon* above the rest appears,

in sable Garments dew'd with gushing Tears:

his auborn Locks on either Shoulder flow'd,

Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd.

But *Emily*, as Chief, was next his Side,

A Virgin Widow, and a Mourning Bride.

The Steed that bore him living to the Fight,  
 Was trap'd with polish'd Steel, all shining bright,  
 And cover'd with th' Atchievements of the Knight,  
 The Riders rode abreast, and on his Shield,  
 His Lance of Cornel-Wood another held:  
 The third his Bow: And glorious to behold  
 The costly Quiver, all of burnish'd Gold.  
 The noblest of the *Grecians* next appear,  
 And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the Bier;  
 With sober Pace they march'd, and often stay'd,  
 And thro' the Master-street the Corps convey'd.  
 The Houses to their Tops with black were spread,  
 And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourning bid.  
 The right Side of the Pall old *Egeus* kept,  
 And on the left the royal *Theseus* wept:  
 Each bore a golden Bowl of Work divine,  
 With Honey fill'd, and Milk; and mix'd with ruddy Wine.  
 Then *Palamon*, the Kinsman of the Slain,  
 And after him appear'd th' illustrious Train.  
 To grace the Pomp came *Emily* the bright,  
 With cover'd Fire, the fun'ral Pile to light.  
 So lofty was the Pile, a *Parthian* Bow,  
 With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft below.  
 The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad,  
 With crackling Straw beneath, in due Proportion strow'd,  
 The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green,  
 With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between,  
 To feed the Flames: The Straw was laid below;  
 Of Chips and Sere-wood was the second Row;  
 The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd;  
 The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours held,  
 And Pearls, and precious Stones, and rich Array;  
 In midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.  
 The Service sung, the Maid with mourning Eyes  
 The Stubble fir'd; the smouldring Flames arise,  
 While the devouring Fire was burning fast,  
 Rich Jewels in the Flames the Wealthy cast;  
 And some their Shields, and some their Lances threw,  
 And gave the Warrior's Ghost a Warrior's Due.  
 Full Bowls of Wine, of Honey, Milk, and Blood,  
 Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning Wood;  
 And hissing Flames receive, and hungry lick the Food.  
 Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride around  
 The Fire, and *Arcite's* Name they thrice resound:

ail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain;  
 thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they turn'd again.  
 Till as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring Shields,  
 the Women mix their Cries, and Clamour fills the Fields.  
 the warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night, ( *Pal. & Arc.*  
 and fun'ral Games were play'd at new-returning Light. *Dryd.*

**FURIES.** See *Alceto*.

Step in the dismal Regions void of Light,  
 Three Daughters at a Birth were born to Night:  
 These their brown Mother, brooding on her Care,  
 Endu'd with windy Wings to sit in Air,  
 With Serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing Hair.  
 Heav'n the *Dire* call'd; and still at hand,  
 Before the Throne of angry *Jove* they stand:  
 Ministers of Wrath! and ready still,  
 To fill the Minds of mortal Men with Fears to fill;  
 To vex the moody Sire, to wreak his Hate,  
 On Realms or Towns deserving of their Fate,  
 To send down Diseases, Death, and deadly Care,  
 To terrify the guilty World with War: *Dryd. Virg.*

Infernal Offsprings of the Night,  
 Debar'd of Heav'n, their native Right;  
 And from the glorious Fields of Light,  
 Condemn'd in Shades to drag the Chain,  
 And fill with Groans the gloomy Plain:  
 Whose Good is Ill, whose Joy is Woe,  
 Whose Works t'embroil the Worlds above,  
 To disturb their Union, disunite their Love, ( *Alb. & Alb.*  
 To blast the beauteous Frame of their victorious Foe. *Dryd.*

**FUTURITY.**

Dust and Darkness of a future State,  
 The poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.  
 In itself is nothing, but we fear  
 What we know not what, we know not where. *Dr. Auren.*  
 To be or not be! that is the Question!  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer  
 Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,  
 Than to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,  
 And by opposing end them? To die! to sleep!  
 No more! and by a Sleep to say we end  
 Our Heart-ach, and the thousand nat'ral Shocks  
 That Flesh is Heir to! 'Tis a Consummation

Devout



Devoutly to be wish'd. To die! to sleep!  
 To sleep, perchance to dream! Ay, there's the Rub;  
 For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,  
 When we have shuff'd off this mortal Coyle,  
 Must give us Pause. There's the Respect  
 That makes Calamity of so long Life:  
 For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,  
 Th' Oppressor's Wrong, the poor Man's Contumely,  
 The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,  
 The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns  
 That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his *Quintus* make  
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardles bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary Life,  
 But that the Dread of something after Death,  
 The undiscover'd Country, from whose Borne  
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,  
 And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native Hiew of Resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Thought;  
 And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,  
 With this Regard their Currents turn away,  
 And lose the Name of Action.

Shak. H.

In whatsoever Character  
 The Book of Fate is writ,  
 'Tis well we understand not it:  
 We should grow mad with too much Learning there.  
 Upon the Brink of ev'ry Ill we did foresee,  
 Undecently and foolishly,  
 We should stand shiv'ring, and but slowly venture  
 The fatal Flood to enter.  
 Since willing or unwilling, we must do it,  
 They feel least Cold and Pain who plunge at once into it.  
 Then ask not Bodies doom'd to die,  
 To what Abode they go;  
 Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spys,  
 'Tis better not to know.  
 Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,  
 And draw the distant Landskip as they please:  
 But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,  
 To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws? Dryd. D.

Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day,  
 How you will tremble there to stand expos'd  
 The foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts,  
 That must be doom'd for Murder! think on Murder!  
 That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes:  
 The Damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,  
 As far more black, and more forlorn than they.  
 'Tis terrible! it shakes, it staggers me:  
 I know this Truth, but I repell'd the Thought.  
 There is none but fears a future State;  
 And when the most obdurate swear they do not, *(Span. Fry.*  
 Their trembling Hearts bely their boasting Tongues. *Dryd.*  
 Consider former Ages past and gone.  
 Whose Circles ended long ere thine begun:  
 Then tell me, Fool, what Part in them thou hast;  
 Thus may'st thou judge the Future by the Past.  
 What Horror seest thou in that quiet State?  
 What Bugbear Dreams to fright thee after Fate?  
 No Ghosts, no Goblins, that still Passage keep,  
 But all is there serene in that eternal Sleep.  
 For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,  
 Are verifi'd on Earth; and not in Hell:  
 No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful Eye,  
 Nor dreads th'impending Rock to crush him from on high.  
 No fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easy Hours,  
 Nor vain-imagin'd Wrath of vain-imagin'd Pow'rs.  
 No *Tityus*, torn by Vultures, lies in Hell;  
 Nor could the Lobes of his rank Liver swell  
 To that prodigious Mass for their eternal Meal.  
 Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd o'er  
 Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;  
 Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Giant's Floor,  
 Nor in eternal Torments could he lie;  
 Nor could his Corps sufficient Food supply:  
 Not he's the *Tityus*, who, by Love oppress'd,  
 A Tyrant Passion preying on his Breast,  
 And ever-anxious Thoughts, is robb'd of Rest.  
 Not *Sisyphus* is he, whom Noise and Strife  
 Deprive from all the soft Retreats of Life;  
 Nor vex the Government, disturb the Laws;  
 Nor sink with the Fumes of popular Applause,  
 Nor courts the giddy Croud to make him great,  
 Nor sweats and toils in vain to mount the sov'reign Seat.

For still to aim at Pow'r, and still to fail,  
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail;  
 What is it but, in Reason's true Account,  
 To heave the Stone against the rising Mount?  
 Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with Pain,  
 Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes along the Plain  
 Then still to treat thy ever-craving Mind  
 With ev'ry Blessing, and of ev'ry kind;  
 Yet never fill thy rav'ning Appetite,  
 Tho' Years and Seasons vary thy Delight;  
 Yet nothing to be seen of all thy Store;  
 But still the Wolf within thee barks for more.  
 This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell  
 Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell,  
 To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill,  
 To Vessels of their Sex, which none could ever fill,  
 As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,  
 The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,  
 And all the vain, infernal Trumpery,  
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.  
 But here on Earth the Guilty have in view  
 The mighty Pains to mighty Mischiefs due;  
 Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock;  
 Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoke;  
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,  
 Th' avenging Horror of a conscious Mind,  
 Whose deadly Fear anticipates the Blow,  
 And sees no End of Punishment and Woe;  
 But looks for more at the last Gasp of Breath;  
 This makes a Hell on Earth, and Life a Death. *Dryd. Luc.*  
 Thus Men, too careless of their future State,  
 Dispute, know nothing, and repent too late. *Dr. D. of Gu.*  
 Then, whither went his Soul, let such relate,  
 Who search the Secrets of the future State.  
 Divines can say but what themselves believe;  
 Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative:  
 For were all plain, then all Sides must agree,  
 And Faith itself be lost in Certainty.  
 To live uprightly then is sure the best,  
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest. *Dr. Pal. & A.*

G. See Paradise.

*The Story of GANYMEDE in Needle-work.*

There *Ganymede* is wrought with living Art,  
 passing thro' *Ida's* Grove the trembling Hart.  
 Pathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;  
 When from aloft descends in open view  
 The Bird of *Jove*, and fousing on his Prey,  
 With crooked Talons bears the Boy away.  
 In vain with lifted Hand and gazing Eyes,  
 The Guards behold him soaring thro' the Skies;  
 And Dogs pursue his Flight with imitated Cries. *Dryd. Virg.*

## GARDEN.

Now did I not so near my Labours end  
 Like Sail, and haff'ning to the Harbour tend;  
 Song to flow'ry Gardens might extend.  
 Teach the vegetable Arts, to sing  
 The *Pæstian* Roses, and their double Spring:  
 How Succ'ry drinks the running Streams, and how  
 The Beds of Parsley near the River grow:  
 How Cucumbers along the Surface creep,  
 With crooked Bodies, and with Bellies deep;  
 How late *Narcissus*, and the winding Trill  
 Bears-foot, Myrtle green, and Ivy pale.  
 Where with stately Tow'rs *Tarentum* stands,  
 How deep *Galesus* soaks the yellow Sands;  
 How oft an old *Corycian* Swain to know,  
 Of few Acres, and those barren too;  
 Fit for Sheep or Vines, and more unfit to sow.  
 How lab'ring well his little Spot of Ground,  
 The scatt'ring Pot-herbs here and there he found;  
 How with cultivated with his daily Care,  
 How bruised with Vervain, were his frugal Fare:  
 Sometimes white Lilies did their Leaves afford,  
 How wholesome Poppy Flow'rs to mend his homely Board.  
 When returning home, he supp'd at Ease,  
 How wisely deem'd the Wealth of Monarchs less;  
 How little of his own, because his own, did please.  
 How suit his Care, he gather'd first of all,  
 How bringing the Roses, Apples in the Fall;  
 When cold Winter split the Rocks in twain,  
 How the running Rivers did restrain;

He



He strip'd the Bears-foot of its leafy Growth,  
 And calling western Winds, accus'd the Spring of Sloth.  
 He therefore first among the Swains was found  
 To reap the Product of his labour'd Ground,  
 And squeeze the Combs with Golden Liquor crown'd.  
 His Limes were first in Flow'r, his lofty Pines  
 With friendly Shade secur'd his tender Vines;  
 For ev'ry Bloom his Trees in Spring afford,  
 An Autumn Apple was by Tale restor'd.  
 He knew to rank his Elms in even Rows,  
 For Fruit the grafted Pear-tree to dispose,  
 And tame to Plums the Sourness of the Sloes.  
 With spreading Planes he made a cold Retreat,  
 To shade Good-fellows from the Summer's Heat. *Dryd.*

Bear me, some God, to *Bain's* gentle Seats,  
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green Retreats.  
 Where ev'n rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,  
 And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume,  
 Where Western Gales eternally reside,  
 And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride:  
 Blossoms, and Fruits, and Flow'rs together rise,  
 And the whole Year in gay Confusion lies.

O blessed Shades! O gentle cool Retreat  
 From all th'immoderate Heat,  
 In which the frantick World does burn and sweat;  
 Where Birds, that dance from Bough to Bough,  
 And sing above in ev'ry Tree,  
 Are not from Fears and Cares more free,  
 Than we, who lie, or walk below.

What Prince's Choir of Musick can excel  
 That which within this Shade does dwell?  
 To which we nothing pay or give:  
 Birds, like all other Poets, live  
 Without Reward or Thanks for their obliging Pains:  
 'Tis well if they become not Prey.

The whistling Winds add their less artful Strains,  
 And a grave Base the murm'ring Fountains play.  
*Nature* does all this Harmony bestow;  
 But to our Plants, *Ari's* Musick too,  
 The Pipe, Theorbo, and Chittar we owe;  
 The Lute it self, which once was green and mute:  
 When *Orpheus* struck th'inspir'd Lute,  
 The Trees danc'd round, and understood,  
 By Sympathy the Voice of Wood.

These are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite,  
 And nothing does within Resistance make,  
 Which yet we moderately take.

Who would not chuse to be awake,  
 When he's incompass'd round with such Delight,  
 To th' Ear, the Smell, the Touch, the Taste, the Sight?

When *Venus* would her dear *Ascanius* keep  
 Pris'ner in the downy Bands of Sleep;  
 The od'rous Herbs and Shrubs beneath him spread,

As the most soft and sweetest Bed;  
 Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.  
 Where no where Art do so triumphant see,

As when it grafts or buds the Tree;  
 Other things we count it to excel,  
 As it a docil Scholar can appear

To Nature, and but imitate her well;  
 Over-rules, and is her Master here:  
 Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring Hand

Over all the vegetable World command?  
 He bids th'ill-natur'd Crab produce  
 The gentle Apple's winy Juice.

He does the savage Hawthorn teach  
 To bear the Medlar and the Pear:  
 He bids the rustick Plum to rear

A nobler Trunk, and be a Peach.  
 Ev'n *Daphne's* Coyneiss he does mock,  
 And weds the Cherry to her Stock;

Tho' she refus'd *Apollo's* Suit,  
 Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin Tree,  
 Now wonders at her self, to see

That she's a Mother made, and blushes in her Fruit.  
 I think I see great *Dioclesian* walk  
 In the *Salonian* Garden's noble Shade,

Which by his own imperial Hands were made.  
 I think I see him smile, while he does talk  
 To the Embassadors, who come in vain

To invite him to a Throne again:  
 My Friends, says he, should to you show  
 The Delights that in this Garden grow,

'Tis likelier much that you would with me stay,  
 Than 'tis that you should carry me away:  
 Trust me not, my Friends, if ev'ry Day

I walk not here with more Delight,  
 Than ever, after the most happy Fight,

In Triumph to the Capitol I rode,  
To thank the Gods, and to be thought myself almost a God.

GARDEN of Eden. See Paradise.

## GAUNTLETS.

He threw

Two pond'rous Gauntlets down in open View;  
Gauntlets which Eryx wont in Fight to wield,  
And sheath his Hands with, in the lifted Field.  
With Fear and Wonder seiz'd, the Croud beholds  
The Gloves of Death, with seven distinguish'd Folds  
Of rough Bull-Hides: The Space within is spread  
With Iron, or with Loads of heavy Lead.  
These round their Shoulders to their Wrists they ty'd;  
Both on the Tip-toe stand, at full Extent,  
Their Arms aloft, their Bodies inly bent:  
Their Heads from aiming Blows they bear afar;  
And clashing Gauntlets then provoke the War.  
One on his Youth and pliant Limbs relies,  
One on his Sinews and his Giant Size:  
The last is stiff with Age, his Motion slow;  
He heaves for Breath, and staggers to and fro;  
And Clouds of issuing Smoke his Nostrils loudly Blow.  
Yet equal in Success, they ward, they strike;  
Their Ways are different, but their Art alike.  
Before, behind, the Blows are dealt around;  
Their hollow Sides the rattling Thumps resound.  
A Storm of Strokes, well meant, with Fury flies,  
And errs about their Temples, Ears, and Eyes:  
Not always errs; for oft the Gauntlet draws  
A sweeping Stroke along the crackling Jaws.  
Heavy with Age, *Entellus* stands his Ground,  
But with his warping Body wards the Wound:  
His Hand and watchful Eye keep even Pace:  
While *Dares* traverses and shifts his Place:  
With Hands on high *Entellus* threatens the Foe,  
But *Dares* watch'd the Motion from below,  
And slipt aside, and shun'd the long-descending Blow.  
*Entellus* wastes his Forces on the Wind,  
And thus deluded of the Stroke design'd,  
Headlong and heavy fell; his ample Breast,  
And weighty Limbs his antient Mother prest.

He lays on load with either Hand amain;  
 And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the Plain;  
 Nor stops, nor stays, nor Rest, nor Breath allows,  
 Storms of Strokes descend about his Brows,  
 Rattling Tempest, and a Hail of Blows.  
 Mouth and Nostrils pour'd a purple Flood,  
 Pounded Teeth came rushing with the Blood;  
 He stagger'd thro' the hissing Throng,  
 Hung his Head, and trail'd his Legs along.

*Dryd, Virg.*

**GENERAL.** See *Battel. Soldier. War.*

In the Shock of charging Hosts unmoy'd,  
 Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,  
 Min'd all the dreadful Scenes of War:  
 Peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,  
 Fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,  
 Fir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,  
 Taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.  
 When an Angel, by Divine Command,  
 Raising Tempests shakes a guilty Land;  
 And serene he drives the furious Blast:  
 Pleas'd the Almighty's Orders to perform,  
 In the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.  
 Each Leader now his scatter'd Force conjoins  
 In close Array; and forms the deep'ning Lines:  
 With more ease the skilful Shepherd Swain  
 Leads his Flock from Millions on the Plain.  
 King of Kings, majestically tall,  
 O'er his Armies, and out-shines them all;  
 Like some proud Bull, that round the Pastures leads  
 Subject Herds; the Monarch of the Meads.  
 As the Gods th'exalted Chief is seen;  
 Strength like Neptune, and like Mars his Mien:  
 O'er his Eyes celestial Glories spread,  
 Dawning Conquest play'd around his Head.  
 From Rank to Rank he moves, and orders all:  
 Stately Ram thus measures o'er the Ground,  
 Master of the Flock, surveys them round.  
 From Troop to Troop he toils thro' all the Plain;  
 Fond of Glory, with severe Delight,  
 Seeking Bosom claim'd the rising Fight.  
 Foot thro' all the martial Ranks he moves;  
 These encourages, and those reproveth.

*Pope Hom.*

*Pope Hom.*

*Pope Hom.*

*Pope Hom.*

On



Onward he drives them, furious to engage  
Where the Fight burns, and where the thickest Rage.

Rapt thro' the Ranks, he thunders o'er the Plain:  
Now here, now there, he darts from Place to Place,  
Pours on their Rear, or lightens in their Face.

He animates his drooping Bands,  
Revives their Ardour, turns their Steps from Flight,  
And wakes anew the dying Flames of Fight.

Thus he resistless rul'd the Stream of Fight,  
In Rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in Might;  
Thro' all his Host, inspiring Force, he flies,  
And bids the Thunder of the Battel rise.

Swift as a Whirlwind, drives the scatt'ring Foes,  
And dyes the Ground in Purple as he goes.

Where-e'er he pass'd a purple Stream pursu'd  
His thirsty Faulchion, sat with hostile Blood;  
Bath'd all his Footsteps, dy'd the Fields with Gore;  
And a low Groan re-murmur'd thro' the Shore,  
So the grim Lion from his nightly Den,  
O'erleaps the Fences, and invades the Pen;  
On Sheep or Goats, resistless in his Way,  
He falls, and, foaming, rends the guardless Prey.

#### G H O S T. See Necromancer, Night.

Forms without Body, and impassive Air,  
The squalid Spectres, that in dead of Night  
Break my short Sleep, and skim before my Sight;

Thin Shades, the Sports of Winds, are toss'd  
O'er dreary Plains, or tread the burning Coast.

I've heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful,  
At whose Approach, when starting from his Dungeon,  
The Earth will shake, and the old Ocean groan;  
Rocks are remov'd, and Trees are thunder'd down,  
And Walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant,  
Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

It faded at the Crowing of the Cock,

And started like a guilty Thing  
Upon a fearful Summons.

Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;  
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell;  
Be thy Events wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape,  
That I will speak to thee: Oh! oh! answer me:

me not burst in Ignorance, but tell  
 thy canoniz'd Bones, hearsed in Earth,  
 burst their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,  
 wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,  
 op'd its ponderous and marble Jaws,  
 let thee out again? What may this mean,  
 that thou, dear Corse, again in compleat Steel  
 visit'st thus the Glimpses of the Morn,  
 King Night hideous, and us Fools of Nature,  
 horribly to shake our Disposition,  
 Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls?

I am thy Father's Spirit,  
 I'm'd for a certain Time to walk the Night;  
 for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires;  
 the foul Crimes, done in my Days of Nature,  
 burnt and purg'd away.

*Shak. Ham.*

### G I R D L E.

That which her slender Waste confin'd,  
 Shall now my joyful Temples bind.  
 No Monarch but would give his Crown,  
 His Arms might do as this has done.  
 My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,  
 Did all within this Circle move.  
 A narrow Compass! and yet there  
 Dwelt all that's Good, and all that's Fair.  
 Give me but what this Ribband bound;  
 Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

*Wall.*

### G O A T.

no more, my Goats, shall I behold you climb  
 Steepy Cliffs, or crop the flow'ry Thyme:  
 more extended in the Grot below,  
 see you browsing on the Mountain's Brow  
 prickly Shrubs, and after on the Bare  
 down the deep Abyss, and hang in Air.

*Dryd. Virg.*

### G O L D. See Money.

ld! yellow, glittering, precious Gold!  
 that will make black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;  
 noble; old, young; coward, valiant!  
 ou Gods, why this  
 ug your Priests and Servants from your Sides;

Pluck

Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads!  
 This yellow Slave  
 Will knit and break Religions; bless th'accurs'd;  
 Make the hoar Leprosy ador'd; place Thieves,  
 And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,  
 With Senators on the Bench.

Shack. Tim. of

Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave;  
 A Dwarf an *Atlas*; a *Thersites* brave;  
 It cancels all Defects.  
 It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind:  
 No Bankrupt ever found a Fair-one kind.

Virtue now, nor noble Blood,

Nor Wit by Love is understood;

Gold alone does Passion move:

Gold monopolizes Love.

A Curse on her, and on the Man,

Who this Traffick first began.

A Curse, all Curses else above,

On him who us'd it first in Love!

Gold begets, in Brothers, Hate;

Gold, in Families, Debate;

Gold does Friendship separate.

Gold does Civil Wars create.

These the smallest Harms of it;

Gold, alas! does Love beget.

Cowl.

For Love in all his am'rous Battels,

N'Advantage finds like Goods and Chattels.

Take heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,

Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd;

Thy self for Money! Oh! Let no Man know

The Price of Beauty fall'n so low:

What Danger ought'st thou not to dread,

When Love that's blind, is by blind Fortune led?

Can Gold, alas! with thee compare!

The Sun that makes it not so fair,

Thou'rt so divine a Thing, that thee to buy

Is to be counted Simony.

Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold;

But glorious Beauty is not to be sold:

Or, if it be, 'tis at a Rate so high,

That nothing but adoring it should buy.

Love, what a poor Omnipotence hast thou,

When Gold and Titles buy thee?

Dryd. Spau

O sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold!  
 What Bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold? *Dryd. Virg.*  
 When I made

This Gold, I made a greater God than Jove, *Dryd. Amphit.*  
 And gave mine own Omnipotence away. [*Spoken by Jupiter.*]

## GRASS-HOPPER.

Happy Insect! What can be  
 In Happiness compar'd to thee?  
 Fed with Nourishment Divine,  
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine;  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant Cup does fill:  
 All the Fields which thou dost see,  
 All the Plants belong to thee;  
 All that Summer-hours produce,  
 Fertile made with early Juice,  
 Man for thee doth sow and plough;  
 Farmer he, and Landlord thou,  
 Thee Country-Hinds with Gladness hear,  
 Prophet of the ripen'd Year!  
 To thee, of all Things upon Earth,  
 Life is no longer than thy Mirth.  
 Happy Insect! happy thou,  
 Dost neither Age nor Winter know;  
 But when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd, and sung  
 Thy Fill, the flow'ry Leaves among,  
 Voluptuous, and wise withal,  
 Epicurean Animal;  
 Sated with thy Summer-Feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endless Rest. *Cowl. Anac.*

In Summer-days the Grass-hoppers rejoice:  
 bloodless Race, that send a feeble Voice. *Pope Hom.*

## GREATNESS.

How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate,  
 so much more unhappy as we're great! *Otw. Don. Carl.*  
 Greatness, thou gaudy Torment of our Souls,  
 be wise Man's Fetter, and the Rage of Fools. *Otw. Alcibiad.*  
 Greatness, most envy'd when least understood,  
 thou art no real, but a seeming Good:  
 look at the Heart, thou in the Face look'st well;  
 thy exalted State we only gain,  
 to be more wretched than the Vulgar can. *Seld. Ant. & Cleop.*  
 Greatness we owe to Fortune or to Fate,  
 but Wisdom only can secure that State. *Denh. Sophy.*



We look on Men, and wonder at such Odds,

'Twixt Things that were the same by Birth;

We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth.

These Giants are but Pigmies to the Gods.

The humblest and the proudest Oak

Are but of equal Proof against the Thunder-stroke.

Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r,

Have their short flourishing Hour;

And love to see themselves, and smile,

And joy in their Pre-eminence a while:

E'en so in the same Land,

Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs together stand:

Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial Hand.

And all ye Men, whom Greatness does so please,

You feast, I fear, like *Damocles*.

If you your Eyes should upward move,

But you, I fear, think nothing is above,

You would perceive by what a little Thread

The Sword is hanging o'er your Head;

No sparkling Wine would drown your Cares;

No Mirth, no Musick over-noise your Fears:

The Fear of Death would you so watchful keep,

As not t'admit the Image of it, Sleep.

Go level Hills, and fill up Seas,

Spare nought that may your Fancy please:

But trust me, when you've done all this,

Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss. *Cow.*

Of Power and Honour, the deceitful Light

Might half excuse our cheated Sight,

If it of Life the whole small Time should stay,

And be our Sun-shine all the Day:

Like Lightning, that begot but in a Cloud,

Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud,

While it begins, concludes its violent Race.

And where it gilds it wounds the Place.

Oh Scene of Fortune! which dost fair appear,

Only to Men that stand not near!

Proud Poverty! that tinsel Brav'ry wears,

And, like a Rainbow, painted Tears;

Be prudent, and the Shore in Prospect keep;

In a weak Boat trust not the Deep:

Plac'd beneath Envy, above Envying rise,

Pity Great Men, Great things despise.

Farewel, a long Farewel to all my Greatness!

This is the State of Man: To day he puts forth

tender Leaves of Hopes; to-morrow blossoms;  
 bears his blushing Honours thick upon him:  
 third day comes a Frost, a killing Frost;  
 when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely,  
 Greatness is a-ripening, nips his Root,  
 then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 little wanton Boys that swim on Bladders,  
 many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,  
 far beyond my Depth. My high-blown Pride  
 length broke under me, and now has left me,  
 dry and old with Service, to the Mercy  
 of a rude Stream that must for ever hide me. *Shak. Hen. 5.*  
 upon the slipp'ry Tops of human State,

The gilded Pinnacles of Fate,  
 others proudly stand, and for a while,  
 in giddy Danger to beguile,  
 Joy, and with Disdain look down on all;

Till their Heads turn, and so they fall.

O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near,

That I no Fall to Earth may fear,

O ye Gods, at a good Distance seat

From the long Ruins of the Great.

Let my Life with as much Silence slide;

As Time, that measures it, does glide

Let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,

From Town to Town echo about my Name:

Let my homely Death embroider'd be

With Scutcheon or with Elegy:

An old *Plebeian* let me die.

All then are such as well as I.

*Cowl. Sen.*

Now begin to loath all human Greatness:

By all Courts, and Love shall be my Guide;

That's more worth than all the World beside.

As are barr'd the liberty to roam;

Better'd Mind still languishes at home:

Golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round,

And Cares eternally abound;

When for Air the Goddesses would unbind,

Logg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns confin'd. *Lee Theop.*

From publick Noise and factious Strife,

From all the busy Ills of Life,

Take me, my *Cloe*, to thy Breast.

And lull my weary'd Soul to Rest:

For ever in this humble Cell,

Let thee and I, my Fair one, dwell.

To painted Roofs and shining Spires,  
 Th' uneasy Seats of high Desires,  
 Let the unthinking Many croud,  
 Who dare be covetous and proud,  
 In golden Bondage let them wait,  
 And barter Happiness for State.  
 But Oh! my *Cloe*, when thy Swain  
 Desires to see a Court again;  
 May Heav'n around this destin'd Head,  
 The choicest of its Curses shed.  
 To sum up all the Rage of Fate,  
 In the two things I dread and hate,  
 May'st thou be false, and I be Great.

For I disdain

All Pomp when thou art by: Far be the Noise  
 Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls  
 Our kinder Stars have steer'd another way,  
 Free as the Forest-Birds we'll pair together,  
 Without remembring who our Fathers were;  
 Fly to the Arbours, Grotts, and flow'ry Meads,  
 And in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls:  
 Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,  
 Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields:  
 And when the golden Evening calls us home,  
 Wing to our downy Beds, and sleep till Morn.

Thus I from tedious Toils of Empire free,  
 The servile Pomp of Government despise;  
 Find Peace, and Joy, and Love, and Heav'n in thee,  
 And seek for all my Glory in those Eyes.

Poor are the brutal Conquests we obtain  
 O'er barb'rous Nations by the Force of Arms:

But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,  
 And plant our Trophies on our Conqueror's Charms,  
 Such Triumphs ev'n to us may Honour bring:  
 No Glory's vain, which does from Pleasure spring.

Curse then thy Birthright,  
 Thy glorious Titles and ill-suited Greatness,  
 Since *Athenais* scorns thee. Take again  
 Your ill-tim'd Honours; take 'em, take 'em, Gods!  
 And change me to some humble Villager:  
 If so, at least for Toils at scorching Noon,  
 In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields,  
 At Night she will but crown me with a Smile,  
 Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bless me;

State grows uneasy when it hinders Love;  
 glorious Burden, which the Wise remove.  
 from Heav'n would blest, from Pomp it will remove,  
 and make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. *Dryd. Aurel.*

**GRIEF.** See *Despair, Funeral, Melancholy, Sorrow, Tears, Weeping.*

'Tis not alone my inky Cloak,  
 or customary Suits of solemn Black,  
 or windy Sufpiration of forc'd Breath;  
 nor the fruitful River in the Eye,  
 together with all Forms, Modes, Shows of Grief,  
 it can denote me truly. These indeed seem;  
 they are Actions that a Man might play:  
 I have that within which passes show,  
 else but the Trappings and the Suits of Woe. *Shak. Hamk.*

My Grief lies all within;  
 those external Manners of Laments  
 are merely Shadows to the unseen Grief,  
 it swells with Silence in my tortur'd Soul:  
 there lies the Substance. *Shak. Rich. 2.*

Alas! I have no Words to tell my Grief;  
 my Sorrow, would be some Relief:  
 but Suff'rings give us Leisure to complain;  
 I groan, but cannot speak, in greater Pain. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
 Sorrow Words: The Grief that does not speak,  
 disperses the o'erfraught Heart, and bids it break. *Shak. Mack.*  
 I am dumb, as solemn Sorrow ought to be:  
 had my Grief speak, the Tale would have no End. *Otw. C. Mar.*  
 Terror in all his Pomp was there:

and magnificent, without a Tear: *Dryd.*  
 'tis the Wretch's Comfort still to have  
 the small Reserve of near and inward Woe,  
 the unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,  
 which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,  
 Glutton-like, devour alone. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

Time gives Increase to my Afflictions.  
 circling Hours that gather all the Woes,  
 which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,  
 are heavy laden with th' oppressing Weight  
 on me! with me successively they leave  
 Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,  
 all the Damps of Grief that did retard their Flight;  
 they shake their downy Wings, and scatter all



Their dire collected Dews on my poor Head,  
 Then fly with Joy and Swiftneſs from me. *Cong. Mourn. B.*  
 Of Comfort no Man ſpeak;  
 Let's talk of Graves, and Worms, and Epitaphs!  
 Make Duſt our Paper, and with rainy Eyes  
 Write Sorrow in the Boſom of the Earth. *Shak. Rich.*

O let no other Accents fill the Air,  
 But Strains of raging Grief, and Yellings of Deſpair.

I have been in ſuch a diſmal Place,  
 Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers;  
 Bound in with Darkneſs, over-ſpread with Damps:  
 Where I have ſeen (if I could ſay I ſaw)  
 The good old King, majeſtick in his Bonds,  
 And 'midſt his Griefs moſt venerably great,  
 By a dim winking Lamp, which ſeely broke  
 The gloomy Vapours: He lay ſtretch'd along  
 Upon th' unwholeſome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward,  
 And ever and anon a ſilent Tear  
 Stole down, and trickled from his hoary Beard:  
 My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,  
 As early Bloſſoms are with Eaſtern Blaſts.  
 He ſent for me, and while I rais'd his Head,  
 He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;  
 And ſeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe.  
 So leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,  
 We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow. *Dr. Spau.*

His Griefs have rent my aged Heart aſunder;  
 Stretch'd on the damp unwholeſome Earth he lies,  
 Nor had my Pray'rs or Tears the Pow'r to raiſe him.  
 Now motionleſs as Death his Eyes are fix'd,  
 And then anon he ſtarts and caſts them upwards,  
 And groaning, cries, I am th' accurs'd of Heaven. *Rowe Fair*

O take me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee:  
 I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear;  
 And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,  
 Mine ſhall ſupply the Stream, and weep for both. *Rowe Fair*

No further Voice her mighty Grief affords;  
 For Sighs came ruſhing in betwixt her Words,  
 And ſtopt her Tongue; but what her Tongue deny'd,  
 Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints ſupply'd. *D.*

In Sorrow drown'd,  
 Betwixt their Arms he ſinks upon the Ground;  
 Where, grov'ling while he lies, in deep Deſpair,  
 He beats his Breaſt, and rends his hoary Hair. *Dryd.*

Great *Agamemnon* griev'd above the rest,  
 Superior Sorrow swell'd his royal Breast;  
 Solemn Sadness and majestic Grief,  
 The King amidst the mournful Circle rose;  
 Down his wan Cheeks a briny Torrent flows:  
 From silent Fountains, from a Rock's tall Head,  
 From fable Streams soft-trickling Waters shed  
 With more, than vulgar Grief he stood oppress'd, (Hom.)  
 Words, mix'd with Sighs, thus bursting from his Breast. Pope  
 Forgetful of his State, he runs along  
 With a distracted Pace, and cleaves the Throng;  
 Falls on the Corps, and groaning there he lies,  
 With silent Grief that speaks but at his Eyes.  
 Short Sighs and Sobs succeed, till Sorrow breaks  
 Passage, and at once he weeps and speaks. Dryd. Virg.

Thus long my Grief has kept me dumb:

Where there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe;

Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow:

Years for a Stroke foreseen afford Relief;

But unprovided for a sudden Blow,

Like *Niobe*, we Marble grow,

And petrify with Grief! Dryd.

His drooping Head was rested on his Hand;

His grisly Beard his pensive Bosom sought;

And all on *Laisus* ran his restless Thought. Dryd. Virg.

He sat upon his Rump,

His Head, like one in doleful Dump,

Betwixt his Knees, his Hands apply'd

Unto his Cheeks, on either Side;

And by him, in another Hole,

Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Jowl. Hud.

But to persevere

obstinate Condolement, is a Course

of impious Stubborness: 'Tis unmanly Grief:

It shews a Will most uncorrect to Heav'n,

A Heart unfortify'd, a Mind impatient,

A Understanding simple and unschool'd.

For, what we know must be, and is as common

as any the most vulgar Thing to Sense,

Why should we in our peevish Opposition

Make it to Heart? Fie! 'tis a Fault to Heav'n;

A Fault against the Dead; a Fault to Nature;

A Reason most absurd, whose common Theme

Is Death of Fathers; and who still hath cry'd,

From the first Corse to his that dy'd To-day,

*This must be so.*

Grief tho' not curs'd, is eas'd by Company.

*Shak. Ham.*

That eating Canker, Grief, with wasteful Spite,

*Dryd. Aurem.*

Preys on the rosy Bloom of Youth and Beauty.

*Rowe Amb. Step.*

GROVE. See *Paradise.*

And now my Muse what most Delights her fees,

A living Gallery of aged Trees:

Bold Sons of Earth! that thrust their Arms so high,

As if once more they would invade the Sky.

In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,

Slept in their Shades, and Angels entertain'd:

With such wise Counsellors they did advise,

And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise,

*Wall.*

Strait as a Line, in beauteous Order stood,

Of Oaks unshorn a venerable Wood:

Fresh was the Grass beneath, and ev'ry Tree

At Distance planted in a due Degree.

Their branching Arms in Air with equal Space,

Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long Embrace,

And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were seen,

Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter Green.

The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring,

Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to sing.

Both Ears and Eyes receiv'd a like Delight

*(and the Leaf)*

Enchanting Musick, and a charming Sight.

*Dryd. The Flower*

This shadowing Defart, unfrequented Woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled Towns.

Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes

*(of Ver.*

Tune my Distresses, and record my Woes.

*Shak. The two Gent.*

Ah happy Grove! dark and secure Retreat

Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal Seat:

How well your cool and unfrequented Shade

Suits with the chaste Retirement of a Maid!

Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,

To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;

All my Ambition I would here confine,

And only this *Elysium* should be mine!

*Rosc. Past. Fide.*

Dear solitary Groves, where Peace does dwell!

Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!

How willingly could I for ever stay

Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens,

*List'ning*

list'ning to th' Harmony of warbling Birds,  
 and with the gentle Murmur of the Streams:  
 upon whose Banks in various Livery,  
 the fragrant Offspring of the early Year,  
 their Heads, like graceful Swans, bent proudly down,  
 their own Beauties in the crystal Flood. *Rock. Val.*

G R Y P H O N. *See Chaos.*

G Y P S Y.

A Gypsy *Jewess* whispers in your Ear,  
 and begs an Alms: A High-Priest's Daughter she;  
 vers'd in their *Talmud* and Divinity;  
 and prophecies beneath a shady Tree.  
 her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed;  
 she strolls, and, telling Fortunes, gains her Bread.  
 things, and some small Moneys, are her Fees;  
 she interprets all your Dreams for these:  
 she tells th'Estate, when the rich Uncle dies,  
 and sees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice.  
 she claps the pretty Palm, to make the Lines more fair;  
 the poorest of the Sex have still an Itch  
 to know their Fortunes equal to the Rich:  
 the Dairy-Maid enquires if she shall take  
 the trusty Taylor, and the Cook forsake. *Dryd. Fwo.*

H.

H A G. *See Witch.*

in a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,  
 I saw a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,  
 leaning on dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self:  
 Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red,  
 and Palsy shook her Head, her Hands seem'd wither'd;  
 on her crooked Shoulders had she wrap'd  
 the tatter'd Remnants of an old strip'd Hanging,  
 which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold:  
 there was nothing of a Piece about her,  
 the lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
 with diff'rent-colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,  
 seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness. *Orw. Orph.*

H A I L.

The pattering Hail comes pouring on the Main,  
 when *Jupiter* descends in harden'd Rain;  
 the bellowing Clouds burst with a stormy Sound,  
 with an armed Winter strew the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

K. 5

Thus



Thus when some Storm its crystal Quarry rends,  
 And *Jove* in rattling Show'rs of Ice descends;  
 Mount *Aethos* shakes the Forests on his Brow,  
 While down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents flow, (*Ga.*)  
 And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-spread the Vale below.

As when thick Hail comes ratt'ling in the Wind,  
 The Ploughman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind,  
 For shelter to the neighb'ring Coverts fly,  
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow Caverns lie;  
 But that o'erblown, when Heav'n above them smiles,  
 Return to Travail, and renew their Toils.

Dryd. *V.*

H A I R. See *Paradise, Venus.*

His golden Hair did on his Shoulders shine,  
 Like Locks of Sun-Beams, curl'd with Art divine.

Adown her Shoulders fell her Length of Hair,  
 A Ribband did her braided Tresses bind;

The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the Wind. *Dryd. Pal. & A.*

His amber-colour'd Locks in Ringlets run,  
 With graceful Negligence, and shone against the Sun. *Dryd. A.*

My Locks, the plenteous Harvest of my Head,  
 Hang o'er my manly Face; and dangling down,  
 As with a shady Grove, my Shoulders crown.

Dryd. *O.*

H A P P I N E S S.

All Happiness is seated in Content.

Ow. *C. M.*

In wishing nothing we enjoy still most;  
 For ev'n our Wish is in Possession lost:

Restless we wander to a new Desire,  
 And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire.

We toss and turn about our feverish Will,  
 When all our Ease must come by lying still:

For all the Happiness Mankind can gain,  
 Is not in Pleasure, but in Rest from Pain.

Dryd. *Ind. E.*

We barbarously call those blest'd,  
 Who are of largest Tenements possess'd,  
 While swelling Coffers break their Owners Rest.

More truly happy those that can  
 Govern the little Empire, Man;  
 Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will  
 Thro' all the glitt'ring Paths of charming Ill;  
 Who in a fix'd unalterable State,

Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,  
 And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate:

Who Poison less than Falshood fear,  
 Loth to purchase Life so dear ;  
 But kindly for their Friend embrace their Death, (*Steph. Hen.*  
 And seal their Country's Love with their departing Breath,  
 No Happines can be where is no Rest,  
 Th'unknown, untalk'd-of Man is only blest.  
 He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,  
 From thence he views the Labours of the Deep :  
 The Gold-fraught Vessel which mad Tempests beat,  
 He sees now vainly make to his Retreat ;  
 And when from far the tenth Wave does appear,  
 Shrinks up in silent Joy that he's not there. (*Dryd. Tyr. Love.*  
 To be Good is to be Happy : Angels  
 Are happier than Men, because they're better.  
 Guilt is the Source of Sorrow ; 'tis the Fiend,  
 Th'avenging Fiend, that follows us behind  
 With Whips and Stings : The Bless'd know none of this ;  
 But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind, (*Fair Pen.*  
 And find the Height of all their Heav'n in Goodness. (*Rosa*

## H A R E. See Hunting.

The Hare in Pastures or in Plains is found,  
 Emblem of Human Life ! who runs the Round ;  
 And after all his wandring Ways are done,  
 His Circle fills, and ends where he begun,  
 Just as the setting meets the rising Sun.

Dryd.

## H A R P I E S.

Monsters more fierce offended Heav'n ne'er sent  
 From Hell's Abyss for human Punishment ;  
 With Virgin-Faces, but with Wombs obscene,  
 Foul Paunches, and with Ordure still unclean,  
 With Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean.

With hideous Cry,  
 And clatt'ring Wings the hungry Harpies fly :

Their fated Skin is proof to Wounds,  
 And from their Plumes the shining Sword rebounds. (*Dr. Virg.*

## H A V E N.

Within a long Recess there lies a Bay,  
 An Island shades it from the rolling Sea,  
 And forms a Port secure for Ships to ride.  
 Broke by the jutting Land on either side,  
 In double Streams the briny Waters glide,

Between two Rows of Rocks: A sylvan Scene  
 Appears above, and Groves for ever green.  
 A Grot is form'd beneath with mossy Seats,  
 To rest the *Nereids*, and exclude the Heats.  
 Down through the Crannies of the living Walls,  
 The crystal Streams descend in murm'ring Falls:  
 No Haulsers need to bind the Vessels here,  
 Nor bearded Anchors: for no Storms they fear. *Dryd. Virg.*

Here th'opening Land, invites with out-stretch'd Arms,  
 The troubled Seas, free from the loud Alarms  
 Of the rough windy Pow'rs, to take their Ease,  
 And on its Bosom lie diffus'd in Peace:  
 The flowing Waters smooth their furrow'd Face,  
 And gently roll into the Land's Embrace;  
 To secret Creeks the weary Billows creep,  
 And stretch'd on oozy Beds securely sleep. *Blac.*

The Land lies open to the raging East;  
 Then bending like a Bow, with Rocks compress'd,  
 Shuts out the Storms; The Winds and Waves complain,  
 And vent their Malice on the Cliffs in vain.  
 The Port lies hid within; on either side  
 Two tow'ring Rocks the narrow Mouth divide. *Dryd. Virg.*

Two craggy Rocks, projecting to the Main,  
 The roaring Winds tempestuous Rage restrain:  
 Within, the Waves in softer Murmurs glide,  
 And Ships secure without their Haulsers ride. *Pope Hom.*

## H E A L T H.

The Salt of Life, which does to all a Relish give;  
 Its standing Pleasure, and intrinsic Wealth,  
 The Body's Virtue, and the Soul's good Fortune. *Coml.*

Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephyr's* Wings;  
 She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,  
 More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.  
 Hail blooming Goddess! thou propitious Pow'r,  
 Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore;  
 With so much Lustre your bright Looks endear,  
 That Cottages are Courts when those appear.  
 Mankind, you vouchsafe to smile or frown,  
 Find Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown. *Gar.*

## H E A R T.

My heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woe,  
 Forebodes some Ill at hand. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

My

My lab'ring Heart, that swells with Indignation,  
 tries to discharge its Burden; that once done,  
 busy thing shall rest within its Cell,  
 never beat again.

*Rowe Fair Pen.*

Now Heart,  
 I'll bind thee with Iron for this one Attempt;  
 I'll stop thy Sluices, send the vig'rous Blood  
 to ev'ry active Limb for my Relief:  
 I'll take thy Rest within thy quiet Cell,  
 thou shalt drum no more.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

His mounting Heart  
 presses against my Hands, as if it would  
 burst off his manly Soul.

*Dryd. Cleom.*

### H E I R E S S.

What did ever Heiress yet  
 By being born to Lordships get?  
 When the more Lady she's of Manors,  
 She's but expos'd to more Trepanners;  
 Pays for their Projects and Designs,  
 And for her own Destruction fines;  
 And does but tempt them with her Riches;  
 To use her as the Devil does Witches;  
 Who takes it for a special Grace,  
 To be their Cully for a Space,  
 That when the Time's expir'd, the Drazels  
 For ever may become his Vassals.  
 So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,  
 Betrays her self and all sh'inherits;  
 Is bought and sold like stol'n Goods,  
 By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds;  
 Until they force her to convey,  
 And steal the Thief himself away.

*Hud.*

### H E L L.

Realms, yet unreveal'd to human Sight,  
 Gods, who rule the Regions of the Night,  
 Hiding Ghosts, permit me to relate  
 My mystick Wonders of your silent State.  
 Here *Lucifer* the mighty Captive reigns,  
 Amidst his Woes, and Tyrant in his Chains.

*Dryd. Virg.*

*Cowl.*

Him th'Almighty Pow'r  
 Headlong flaming from th'ethereal Sky,  
 Hideous Ruin and Combustion, down

To



The bottomless Perdition, there to dwell  
In adamantinè Chains and penal Fire.

Down, like Lightning with him struck, he came;  
And roar'd at his first Plunge into the Flame;  
Myriads of Spirits fell wounded round him there;  
With dropping Lights thick shone the smog'd Air.

Hell heard th'unfufferable Noise: Hell saw  
Heav'n running from Heav'n, and would have fled  
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark Foundations.

Nine Days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,  
And felt ten-fold Confusion in their Fall,  
Thro' his wild Anarchy; so huge a Rout  
Incumber'd him with Ruin: Hell at last  
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;  
Hell, their fit Habitation, fraught with Fire  
Unquenchable; the House of Woe and Pain.

Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night  
To mortal Men, he with his horrid Crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery Gulph;  
Confounded, tho' immortal: But his Doom  
Reserv'd him to more Wrath; for now the Thought  
Both of lost Happiness and lasting Pain  
Torments him: Round he throws his baleful Eyes,  
That witness'd huge Affliction and Dismay,  
Mix'd with obdurate Pride and stedfast Hate:  
At once, as far Angels ken, he views  
The dismal Situation, waste and wild;  
A Dungeon horrible, on all Sides round,  
As one great Furnace, flam'd; yet from these Flames  
No Light, but rather Darknèss visible,  
Serv'd only to discover Sight of Woe,  
Regions of Sorrows, doleful Shades, where Peace  
And Rest can never dwell, Hope never comes,  
That comes to all; but Torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge fed  
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd.  
There the Companions of his Fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous Fire,  
He soon discern'd, lie weltering about him:  
His Head up-lift above the Wave, his Eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides  
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a Rood; in Bulk as huge

whom the Fables name of monstrous Size,  
*Chimæra*, or *Typhon*, whom the Den  
 of antient *Tarſus* held :  
 stretch'd out, huge in Length, the Arch-Fiend lay,  
 chain'd on the burning Lake.  
 Northwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
 his mighty Stature : On each Hand the Flames  
 driv'n backward, slope their pointed Spires, and roll'd  
 in Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale :  
 then with expanded Wings he steers his Flight  
 aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air,  
 that felt unusual Weight ; till on dry Land  
 the lights, if it be Land that ever burn'd  
 with solid, as the Lake with liquid Fire.

He walk'd

over the burning Marle ; the torrid Clime  
 mote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire,  
 yet this he so indur'd, till on the Beach  
 of that inflamed Sea he stood, and call'd  
 his Legions : Angel Forms, who lay intrench'd  
 thick as autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
 in *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* Shades  
 high over-arch'd imbow'r.  
 they heard and were abash'd, and up they sprung,  
 hovering on Wing under the Cope of Hell,  
 'twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires.  
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime,  
 upon the Wing, or in swift Race contend,  
 as at th' *Olympian* Games or *Pythian* Fields ;  
 part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal  
 with rapid Wheels ; or fronted Brigades form :  
 as when to warn proud Cities, War appears  
 vag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies rush  
 to Battel in the Clouds ; before each Van  
 trick forth the airy Knights, and couch their Spears,  
 till thickest Legions close ; with Feats of Arms  
 from either Side of Heav'n the Welkin burns.  
 Others with vast *Typhœan* Rage more fell,  
 ascend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air  
 in Whirlwind : Hell scarce holds the wild Uproar.

Others more mild,

retreated in a silent Valley, sing  
 with Notes angelical to many a Harp,  
 their own heroick Deeds and hapless Fall

By Doom of Battel; and complain that Fate  
 Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance;  
 Their Song was partial, but the Harmony  
 Suspended Hell, and took with Ravishment  
 The thronging Audience. In Discourse more sweet,  
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)  
 Others apart set on a Hill retir'd,  
 In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate;  
 Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute,  
 And found no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.  
 Of Good and Evil much they argu'd then,  
 Of Happiness and final Misery,  
 Passion and Apathy, Glory and Shame;  
 Vain Wisdom all, and false Philosophy.  
 Yet with a pleasing Sorcery could charm  
 Pain for a while, or Anguish; and excite  
 Fallacious Hope; or arm th'obdurate Breast  
 With stubborn Patience as with triple Steel.  
 Another Part in Squadrons and gross Bands,  
 On bold Adventure, to discover wide  
 That dismal World bend  
 Four Ways their flying March, along the Banks  
 Of four infernal Rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning Lake their baleful Streams.  
 Abhorred *Styx* the Flood of deadly Hate;  
 Sad *Acheron*, of Sorrow black and deep:  
*Cocytus*, nam'd of Lamentation loud,  
 Heard on the rueful Stream: Fierce *Phlegethon*,  
 Whose Waves, of torrent Fire enflame with Rage;  
 Far off from these a slow and silent Stream,  
*Lethe*, the River of Oblivion, rolls  
 Her wat'ry Labyrinth: whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former State and Being forgets,  
 Forgets both Joy and Grief, Pleasure and Pain.  
 Beyond this Flood a frozen Continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual Storms  
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm Land  
 Thaws not, but gathers Heap, and Ruin seems  
 Of antient Pile: All else deep Snow and Ice.  
 The parching Air  
 Burns froze, and Cold performs th'Effect of Fire.  
 Thither by Harpy-footed Furies haul'd,  
 At certain Revolutions, all the Damn'd

e brought, and feel by Turns the bitter Change  
 fierce Extremes, Extremes by Change more fierce;  
 om Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice  
 eir soft ethereal Warmth, and there to pine  
 movable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 iods of Time; thence hurry'd back to Fire,  
 ey ferry over this *Lethaan* Sound  
 h to and fro, their Sorrows to augment;  
 wish, and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 e tempting Stream, with one small Drop to lose  
 weet Forgetfulness all Pain and Woe.  
 Fate withstands, and to oppose th' Attempt  
 usa with *Gorgonian* Terror guards  
 Ford, and of itself the Water flies  
 taste of living Wight, as once it fled  
 Lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on,  
 onfus'd March, forlorn, th' advent'rous Bands  
 h shudd'ring Horror pale, and Eyes aghast,  
 y'd first their lamentable Lot, and found  
 Rest: Thro' many a dark and dreary Vale  
 y pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,  
 many a frozen, many a fiery *Alp*,  
 ks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and Shades of Death;  
 iverse of Death,  
 re all Life dies, Death lives, and Nature breeds  
 erse, all monstrous, all prodigious Things,  
 minable, inutterable, and worse  
 a Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd;  
 ns, and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.  
 obscure they went thro' dreary Shades, that led  
 g the waste Dominions of the Dead.  
 wander Travellers in Woods by Night,  
 e Moon's doubtful and malignant Light;  
 e *Jove* in dusky Clouds involves the Skies,  
 the faint Crescent shoots by Fits before their Eyes;  
 in the Gates, and in the Jaws of Hell,  
 angeful Cares, and fullen Sorrows dwell;  
 pale Diseases, and repining Age,  
 Fear, and Famine's unresisted Rage:  
 Toils, and Death, and Death's half-Brother, Sleep,  
 us terrible to view, their Centry keep;  
 anxious Pleasures of a guilty Mind,  
 Frauds before, and open Force behind:

The



The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife, that shakes  
 Her hissing Tresses, and unfolds her Snakes.  
 Full in the midst of this infernal Road,  
 An Elm displays her dusky Arms abroad:  
 The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head,  
 And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are spread:  
 Of various Forms unnumber'd Spectres more,  
*Centaurs* and double Shapes besiege the Door;  
 Before the Passage horrid *Hydra* stands,  
*Briareus* with all his hundred Hands,  
*Gorgons*, *Geryon* with his triple Frame,  
 And vain *Chimæra* vomits empty Flame.  
 Before the Gates the Cries of Babes new-born,  
 Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,  
 Assault his Ears: Then those whom Form of Laws  
 Condemn'd to die, when Traitors judg'd their Cause;  
 Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review  
 The wrongful Sentence, and award a-new:  
*Minos*, the strict Inquisitor, appears,  
 And Lives, and Crimes, with his Assessors hears:  
 Round in his Urn the blended Balls he rolls,  
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty Souls.  
 The next in Place and Punishment are they,  
 Who prodigally throw their Souls away:  
 Fools, who, repining at their wretched State,  
 And loathing anxious Life, suborn'd their Fate.  
 With late Repentance now they would retrieve  
 The Bodies they forsook, and wish to live:  
 Their Pains and Poverty desire to bear,  
 To view the Light of Heav'n, and breath the vital Air.  
 But Fate forbids: The *Strygian* Pools oppose, (Dryd.)  
 And, with nine circling Streams, the captive Souls inclose.  
 They hasten'd onward to the pensive Grove,  
 The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.  
 Here *Jealousy* with Jaundice Looks appears,  
 And broken Slumbers, and fantastick Tears:  
 The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,  
 And to the Woods in mournful Number sings.  
 No Winds but Sighs are there; no Floods but Tears:  
 Each conscious Tree a tragic Signal bears:  
 Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,  
 And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.  
 Not far from thence the mournful Fields appear,  
 So call'd from Lovers that inhabit there:

The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,  
 In secret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,  
 Make endless Moans, and pining with Desire,  
 Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire.  
 The Hero, looking on the Left, espy'd,  
 A lofty Tow'r, and strong on ev'ry Side  
 With treble Walls, which *Phlegethon* surrounds;  
 Whose fiery Blood the burning Empire bounds;  
 And press'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing Noisefounds.  
 Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high,  
 With adamantine Columns threats the Sky.  
 'Tis the Force of Man, and Heav'n as vain,  
 To crush the Pillars which the Pile sustain:  
 Sublime on these a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd,  
 And dire *Tisiphone* there keeps the Ward:  
 First in her sanguine Gown by Night and Day,  
 Observant of the Souls that pass the downward Way:  
 From hence are heard the Groans of Ghosts, the Pains  
 Of sounding Lashes, and of dragging Chains:  
 And loud Laments that rend the liquid Air.

These dire Abodes

contain the Tortures of th' avenging Gods:  
 These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate,  
 And awful *Rhadamanthus* rules the State:  
 He hears and judges each committed Crime,  
 Requires into the Manner, Place, and Time:  
 The conscious Wretch must all his Acts reveal,  
 And to confess, unable to conceal,  
 From the first Moment of his vital Breath,  
 To his last Hour of unrepenting Death.  
 'Tis o'er the guilty Ghosts the Fury shakes  
 Her sounding Whip, and brandishes her Snakes;  
 The pale Sinner, with her Sisters, takes  
 'Tis o'er their Heads a mould'ring Rock is plac'd,  
 Which promises a Fall, and shakes at ev'ry Blast.  
 They lie below on golden Beds display'd,  
 Where genial Feasts with regal Pomp are made:  
 The Queen of Furies by their Sides is set,  
 Who snatches from their Mouths th' untasted Meat;  
 Which if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears,  
 And rings her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.  
 Then they, who Brothers better Claim disown,  
 And their Parents, and usurp the Throne;  
 And their Clients, and to Lucre sold,  
 Brooding on unprofitable Gold;

Who

Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend  
 To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend;  
 Vast is the Throng of these; nor less the Train  
 Of lustful Youths for foul Adult'ry slain:  
 Hosts of Deserters, who their Honour sold,  
 And basely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold.  
 All these within the Dungeon's Depth remain,  
 Despairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.  
 Some roll a weighty Stone; some laid along,  
 And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheels are hung  
 To Tyrants others have their Country sold,  
 Imposing foreign Lords for foreign Gold.  
 Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statutes made,  
 Not as the People pleas'd, but as they paid.  
 With Incest some their Daughter's Bed profan'd;  
 All dar'd the worst of Ills; and what they dar'd attain'd.  
 Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,  
 And Throats of Brass, inspir'd with Iron Lungs,  
 I could not half those horrid Crimes repeat,  
 Nor half the Punishments those Crimes have met. *Dryd. Virg.*

*H E R O. See Butcher. Fortune.*

*H O N E S T Y.*

I pay my Debts;  
 I steal from no Man; would not cut a Throat,  
 To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse,  
 Or a Whore's Bed; I'd nor betray my Friend,  
 To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to flatter  
 A blown-up Fool above me, or crush the Wretch beneath me.

*Honest as the Nature. (Osw. Ven. Prof.)*

Of Man first made; e'er Fraud and Vice were Fashions.

*H O N O U R.*

Honour! a raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul;  
 A painful Burden which great Minds must bear;  
 Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear. *Dryd. Ind. Em.*

Honour is like a Widow, won

With brisk Attempt, and pushing on;

With entring manfully, and urging;

Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.

O Honour! frail as Life, thy fellow Flow'r,  
 Cherish'd, and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd;  
 Then worn for short Adornment of an Hour;  
 And is, when lost, no more to be redeem'd! *D'Ar.*

Honour is like that glassy Bubble,  
Which finds Philosophers such Trouble:  
Whose least Part crackt, the whole does fly,  
And Wits are crackt to find out why. *Hud.*

That Man is sure to lose,  
That fouls his Hands with dirty Foes;  
For where no Honour's to be gain'd,  
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd. *Hud.*

Honour in the Breech is lodg'd,  
As wise Philosophers have judg'd;  
Because a Kick in that Part, more  
Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before. *Hud.*

Honour, the Error and the Cheat,  
Of the ill-natur'd busy Great!  
Fond Idol of the slavish Croud!  
Nonsense invented by the Proud!

Oh cursed Honour! thou who first didst damn  
A Woman to the Sin of Shame!

Honour, who first taught lovely Eyes the Art;  
To wound, and not to cure the Heart;

With Love t'invite, but to forbid with Awe,  
And to themselves prescribe a cruel Law;

Whose chiefest Attributes are Pride and Spight;  
Whose Pow'r is robbing Lovers of Delight!

Honour, that puts our Words that should be free,  
Into a set Formality!

Thou base Debaucher of the gen'rous Heart;  
That teaches all our Looks and Actions Art?

What Love design'd a sacred Gift;  
What Nature made to be possess'd;

Mistaken Honour made a Theft:  
Thou Foe to Pleasure! Nature's worst Disease!

Thou Tyrant over mighty Kings!  
Be gone to Princes Palaces;

But let the humble Swain go on  
The blest Paths of the first Race of Man;

That nearest were to Gods ally'd,  
And, form'd for Love, disdain'd all other Pride. *Behn.*

Have I o'ercome all real Foes,  
And shall this Phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! Stalking Shade!  
By what Witchcraft wert thou made?

Empty Cause of solid Harms!  
'Tis



'Tis Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave;  
Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave;  
The Hero's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave,  
Born in the noisy Camp, it lives on Air;  
And both exists by Hope, and by Despair:  
Angry whene'er a Moment's Ease we gain;  
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.

It lives when in Death's Arms the Hero lies;  
But if his Safety he consults, it dies.  
Bigotted to this Idol, we disclaim  
Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name!

What is this vain, fantastick Pageant, Honour,  
This busy, angry thing, that scatters Discord  
Amongst the mighty Princes of the Earth,  
And sets the madding Nations in an uproar?

This Honour is the veriest Mountebank;  
It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,  
And makes us freakish. What a Cheat must that be,  
Which robs our Lives of all their softer Hours?  
Beauty, our only Treasure, it lays waste;  
Hurries us over our neglected Youth,  
To the detested State of Age and Ugliness:  
Tearing our dearest Heart's Desire from us.  
Then, in Reward of what it took away,  
Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes and Delights,  
It bountifully pays us all with Pride.  
Poor Shifts! still to be proud, and never pleas'd!  
Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

Not all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,  
A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown,  
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind  
Of him who to strict Honour is inclin'd.  
Tho' all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait  
On Publick Places and Affairs of State,  
Should fondly court him to be base and great:  
With even Passions and with settled Face,  
He would remove the Harlot's false Embrace.  
Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise,  
That Church-Magicians in their Cells devise,  
And from their settled Basis Nations tear,  
He would unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;  
Secure an Innocence, contemn them all,  
And decently array'd in Honour fall.

honour, that Spark of the celestial Fire,  
 That above Nature makes Mankind aspire,  
 Nobles the rude Passions of our Frame  
 With Thirst of Glory, and Desire of Fame;  
 The richest Treasure of a gen'rous Breast,  
 That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.  
 Wit, Strength, and Courage are wild dang'rous Force,  
 Unless this soften and direct their Course.  
 Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,  
 With maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice;  
 Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,  
 And stifles what they wish to act, with Shame:  
 But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive  
 That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live;  
 They stop not here their Course, but safely in,  
 Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin;  
 To no Principles, press forward still,  
 And only bound by Appetite their Will;  
 Now fawn and flatter while this Tide prevails,  
 And shift with ev'ry veering Blast their Sails.  
 Higher Springs true Men of Honour move,  
 'Tis their Service, and unbought their Love:  
 When Danger calls, and Honour leads the Way,  
 With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.

Hal:

## H O P E.

Hope, of all Ills that Men endure  
 The only cheap and universal Cure!  
 Thou Captive's Freedom, and thou sick Man's Health,  
 Thou Loser's Victory, and thou Beggar's Wealth!  
 Thou Manna, which from Heaven we eat,  
 To ev'ry Taste a several Meat!  
 Thou strong Retreat! thou sure-entail'd Estate,  
 Which nought has Power to alienate!  
 Thou pleasant honest Flatterer; for none  
 But thee unhappy Men but thou alone!  
 Hope, thou First-Fruits of Happiness,  
 Thou gentle Dawning of a bright Success,  
 Who out of Fortune's Reach doth stand,  
 And art a Blessing still in hand,  
 Happiness it self all one  
 In thee, or in Possession;  
 In the Future's thine, the Present his;  
 Thine's the more hard and noble Bliss;

Best

Best Apprehender of our Joys, which hast  
So long a Reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope, thou sad Lovers only Friend!  
Thou Way that may'st dispute it with the End!  
Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee

Some other way again to thee.

Hope, whose weak Being ruin'd is  
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss!  
Whom Good or Ill does equally confound,  
And both the Horns of *Fate's* Dilemma wound!

Vain Shadow, which does vanish quite,  
Both at full Noon, and perfect Night!

Hope, thou bold Taster of Delight!  
Who, while thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite!  
Thou bring'st us an Estate; yet leav'st us poor,  
By clogging it with Legacies before.

The Joys, which we entire should wed,  
Come deflour'd Virgins to our Bed.

Hope, *Fortune's* cheating Lottery!  
Where for one Prize, a hundred Blanks there be:  
Fond Archer, Hope! who tak'st thy Aim so far,  
That still, or short, or wide thy Arrows are.

Thin empty Cloud! which the Eye deceives  
With Shapes, that our own Fancy gives:

A Cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,  
But must drop presently in Tears.

Brother of Fear! More gaily clad!  
The merrier Fool o'th' two, but quite as mad!  
Sire of Repentance, Child of fond Desire!  
Thou blow'st the Chymicks and the Lovers Fire!  
Leading them still insensibly along,

By the strange Witchcraft of Anon!  
By thee, the one does changing Nature thro'  
Her endless Labyrinths pursue:  
And th'other chases Woman, while she goes  
More Ways and Turns than hunted Nature knows.

Hope with a goodly Prospect feeds the Eye,  
Shews from a rising Ground, Possession nigh:  
Shortens the Distance, or o'erlooks it quite:  
So easy 'tis to travel with the Sight!

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Faulcons, aim  
At objects in an airy Height;

*Dryd.*

But all the Pleasure of the Game,  
 Is afar off to view the Flight.  
 The worthless Prey but only shews  
 The Joy consist'd in the Strife:  
 What'er we take as soon we lose,  
 In *Homer's* Riddle, and in Life.  
 So whilst in fev'rish Sleeps we think,  
 We taste what waking we desire,  
 The Dream is better than the Drink,  
 Which only feeds the sickly Fire.  
 To the Mind's Eye things well appear  
 At distance, thro' an artful Glass;  
 Bring but the flatt'ring Object near,  
 They're all a senseless gloomy Mass.

Prior.

H O R S E. See the Centaur Cyllarus.

Upright he walks, on Pasterns firm and straight,  
 His Motions easy, prancing in his Gate;  
 The first to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood,  
 To pass the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling Wood:  
 Unfearful at empty Noises, lofty-neck'd,  
 Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd:  
 Sawny his Chest, and deep; his Colour grey,  
 Or Beauty dappled, or the brightest Bay:  
 White and Dun will scarce the Rearing pay.  
 The fiery Courser, when he hears from far  
 The spritely Trumpets, and the Shout of War,  
 \_ticks up his Ears, and trembling with Delight,  
 Finds his Place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd Fight:  
 On his right Shoulder his thick Main reclin'd,  
 Rattles at speed, and dances in the Wind.  
 His horny Hoofs are jetty black, and round;  
 His Chine is double: Starting, with a Bound,  
 Turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground.  
 From his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrils flow;  
 He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 The trembling Ground th'outrageous Coursers tear,  
 And, snorting, blow their Foam into the Air.  
 Their fervid Nostrils breathe out Clouds of Smoke,  
 And Flames of Fire from their hot Eye-balls broke;  
 With furious Hoofs o'er slaughter'd Heaps they fly,  
 And dash up bloody Rain amidst the Sky.



Reeking in Sweat, and smear'd with Dirt and Gore;  
They spurn the Sand, and thro' the Battel roar.

The wanton Courser thus, with Reins unbound,  
Breaks from his Stall, and beats the trembling Ground:  
Pamper'd and proud he seeks the wonted Tides,  
And laves, in Height of Blood, his shining Sides:  
His Head, now freed, he tosses to the Skies,  
His Mane, dishevel'd, o'er his Shoulders flies;  
He snuffs the Females in the distant Plain,  
And springs, exulting, to the Fields again.

Pleas'd with the martial Noise, he snuffs the Air,  
And smells the dusty Battel from afar;  
Neighs to the Captain's Thunder, and the Shouts of War. *Blac.*  
Swift as a Dove pursu'd, or Mountain Hind,  
His nimble Feet could overtake the Wind;  
Leave flying Darts, and swifter Storms behind. *Blac.*

As Eagles fleet,

And fierce in Fight, their Nostrils breath'd a Flame;  
O'er Fields of Death they whirl the rapid Car,  
And break the Ranks, and thunder thro' the War. *Pope Hor.*

Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace  
To dare the Shock, or urge the rapid Race. *Pope Hor.*  
Thus form'd for Speed, he challenges the Wind,  
And leaves the *Scythian* Arrow far behind.  
He scours along the Field with loosen'd Reins,  
And treads so light he scarcely prints the Plains. *Dryd. V.*

In such a Shape grim *Saturn* did restrain  
His heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with such a Mane:  
When half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,  
The Leacher gallop'd from his jealous Queen;  
Ran up the Ridges of the Rocks amain:  
And with shrill Neighings fill'd the neighb'ring Plain. *Dryd. V.*

Wanton with Life, and bold with native Heat,  
With thund'ring Feet he paws the trembling Ground,  
He strikes out Fire, and Spurns the Sand around;  
Does with loud Neighings make the Valley ring,  
And with becoming Pride his Foam around him fling.  
So light he treads, he leaves no Mark behind,  
As if indeed descended from the Wind;  
And yet so strong, he does his Rider bear,  
As if he felt no Burden but the Air.  
A Cloud of Smoke from his wide Nostrils flies,  
And his hot Spirits brighten in his Eyes.

At the shrill Trumpet's Sound he pricks his Ears;  
 With brave Delight surveys the glitt'ring Spears,  
 And covetous of War, upbraids the Cowards Fears. *Blac.* }  
 Freed from his Keepers thus, with broken Reins,  
 The wanton Courser prances o'er the Plains;  
 In the Pride of Youth o'erleaps the Mounds,  
 And snuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds:  
 He seeks his Wat'ring in the well-known Flood,  
 To quench his Thirst, and cool his fi'ry Blood;  
 He swims luxuriant in the liquid Plain,  
 And o'er his Shoulder flows his waving Mane:  
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his Head on high;  
 Before his ample Chest the frothy Waters fly. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 He sought the Coursers of the *Thracian* Race:  
 His Approach they toss their Heads on high,  
 And proudly neighing, promise Victory.  
 The Drifts of *Thracian* Snow were scarce so white,  
 Than Northern Winds in Fleetness match'd their Flight:  
 Precious Grooms stand ready by their Side;  
 Some with Combs their flowing Manes divide,  
 Others stroke their Chests, and gently sooth their Pride, }  
*(Dryd. Virg.)*  
 White were his Fetlocks, and his Feet before;  
 On his Front a snowy Star he bore. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
 With Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall;  
 I would say Eye, for he'd but one,  
 As most agree, tho' some say none.  
 He was well stay'd, and in his Gate  
 Preserv'd a grave majestick State:  
 At Spur or Switch no more he skipp'd,  
 Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whip'd;  
 And yet so fi'ry, he would bound,  
 As if he griev'd to touch the Ground;  
 That *Caesar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,  
 Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,  
 Was not by half so tender hoof'd!  
 Nor trod upon the Ground so soft:  
 And as that Beast would kneel or stoop  
 (Some write) to take his Rider up;  
 So *Hudibras's* ('tis well known)  
 Would often do to set him down,  
 His strutting Ribs on both Sides show'd  
 Like Furrows he himself had plow'd;

For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,  
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a Channel.  
 His draggling Tail hung in the Dirt,  
 Which on his Rider he would flirt;  
 Still as his tender Side he prick'd,  
 With arm'd Heel, or, with unarm'd, kick'd;  
 For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,  
 As wisely knowing, could he stir  
 To active Trot one Side of's Horse,  
 The other would not hang an-arse.

## H O R S E - R A C E .

The Signal giv'n by the shrill Trumpets Sound,  
 The Coursers start, and scour along the Ground:  
 So *Boreas* starting from his Northern Goal,  
 Sweeps o'er the Mountains to the adverse Pole:  
 His furious Wings the flying Clouds remove  
 From the blue Plains and spacious Wilds above:  
 Insulting o'er the Seas, he loudly roars,  
 And shoves the tumbling Billows to the Shores.  
 While for the Palm the straining Steeds contend,  
 Beneath their Hoofs the Grass does scarcely bend;  
 So long and smooth their Strokes, so swift they pass,  
 That the Spectators of the noble Race  
 Can scarce distinguish by their doubtful Eye,  
 If on the Ground they run, or in the Air they fly.  
 So when the Earth smiles with a Summer's Ray,  
 And wanton Swallows o'er the Valleys play,  
 I Sport each other they so swiftly chase,  
 Sweeping with easy Wings the Meadow's Face,  
 They seem upon the Ground to fly a Race.  
 O'er Hills and Dales the speedy Coursers fly,  
 And with thick Clouds of Dust obscure the Sky.  
 With clashing Whips the furious Riders tear  
 Their Coursers Sides, and wound th'afflicted Air.  
 On their thick Manes the stooping Riders lie,  
 Press forward, and would fain their Steeds outfly.  
 By Turns they are behind, by Turns before;  
 Their Flanks and Sides all bath'd in Sweat and Gore.  
 Such Speed the Steeds, such Zeal the Riders shew,  
 To reach bright Fame that swift before them flew.  
 Upon the last, with spurning Heels, the first  
 Cast Storms of Sand, and smothering Clouds of Dust;

The hindmost strain their Nerves, and snort and blow,  
 And their white Foam upon the foremost throw:  
 Eager of Fame, and of the promis'd Prize,  
 The Riders seize the Mark with greedy Eyes.  
 Now Hope dilates, now Fear contracts their Breast,  
 Alternately with Joy and Grief possess'd:  
 Thus far with equal Fate the Riders pass,  
 Uncertain who should conquer in the Race.  
 But now the Goal appearing, does excite  
 New Warmth, and calls out all their youthful Might;  
 They lash their Coursers Flanks with Crimson dy'd,  
 And stick their goaring Spurs into their Side.  
 Their native Courage, and the Rider's Stroke,  
 Exert their Force, the gen'rous Kind provoke.

Blac.

H O U N D S. See *Hunting*.H U N T I N G. See *Boar*. *Physick*. *Stag*.

Now Cancer glows with *Phœbus's* fiery Car,  
 The Youth rush eager to the Sylvian War,  
 Warm o'er the Lawns, the Forest-Walks surround,  
 Pounce the fleet Hart, and cheer the opening Hound,  
 Impatient Courser pants in ev'ry Vein,  
 And, pawing, seems to beat the distant Plain:  
 Hills, Vales and Floods appear already cross'd;  
 Ere he starts, a thousand Steps are lost.

Behold the bold Youth strain up the threat'ning Steep,  
 Rush thro' the Thickets, down the Valleys sweep,  
 Ring o'er their Coursers Heads with eager Speed,  
 And Earth rowls back beneath the flying Steed.

Pope.

Nor yet when moist *Arcturus* clouds the Sky,  
 The Fields and Woods their pleasing Toils deny:

Plains with well-breath'd Beagles we repair,  
 And trace the Mazes of the circling Hare:

And, taught by us, their Fellow-Beasts pursue,  
 To learn of Man each other to undo.

Pope.

Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds snowy fair,  
 As tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his Chair;  
 Match for Pards in Flight, in Grappling for the Bear.

(Dryd. *Pal.* & *Arc.*)

With Cries of Hounds thou may'st pursue the Fear  
 Flying Hares, or chase the fallow Deer;

Else from their desert Dens the bristled Rage

Boars, and beamy Stags in Toils engage.

Dryd. *Virg.*

To the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,

And smells his Footsteps in the tainted Dew;

The



The tedious Track unrav'ling by Degrees;  
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,  
Fir'd at the near Approach, he shoots away  
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

Thus the bold Hound, that gives the Lion Chace,  
With beating Bosom, and with eager Pace,  
Hangs on his Haunch, or fastens on his Heels,  
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels.  
A noble Pack, or to maintain his Chace,  
Or snuff the Vapour from the scented Grass.

I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,  
When in a Wood of *Crete* they bay'd the Boar  
With Hounds of *Sparta*. Never did I hear  
Such gallant Chiding; for, besides the Groves,  
The Skies, the Fountains, ev'ry Region near  
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard  
So musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder!  
My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* Kind;  
So flu'd, so fanded, and their Heads are hung  
With Ears that sweep away the Morning-Dew;  
Crook-knee'd, and Dew-lap'd like *Thessalian* Bulls;  
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,  
Each under each: A Cry more tunable  
Was never hollow'd to, nor chear'd with Horn. *(Night's Dream)*  
*Shak. Midsum.*

On Mountains will I chase  
Mix'd with the Wood-land Nymphs, the savage Race:  
Nor Cold shall hinder me with Horns and Hounds,  
To thrid the Thickets, or to leap the Mounds.  
And now, methinks, o'er steepy Rocks I go, *(Dryd. Virg.)*  
And rush thro' sounding Woods, and bend the *Parthian* Bow.

My Hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill Echo from the hollow Earth. *Shak. Taming*  
*(the Shrew)*

From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound;  
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

When thro' the Woods we chas'd the foaming Boar,  
With Hounds that open'd like *Thessalian* Bulls,  
Like Tygers flu'd, and fanded as the Shore,  
With Ears and Chests that dash'd the Morning Dew;  
Driv'n with the Sport, as Ships are toss'd in Storms,  
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course;  
Now sweeping o'er the Summit of a Hill,  
Now with a full Career came thund'ring down  
The Precipice, and sweat along the Vale.

*Lee Th*  
*N*

Now had they reach'd the Hills, and storm'd the Seat  
 Of salvage Beasts, in Dens, their last Retreat:  
 The Cry pursues the Mountain Goats; they bound  
 From Rock to Rock, and keep the craggy Ground:  
 Quite otherwise, the Stags, a trembling Train,  
 In Herds unfingled scour the dusty Plain,  
 And a long Chace in open View maintain.  
 The glad *Ascanius*, as his Courser guides,  
 Spurs thro' the Vale, and these, and those out-rides. *Dr. Virg.*

With well-breath'd Beagles you surround the Wood,  
 And often have you brought the wily Fox  
 To suffer for the Firstlings of the Flocks;  
 Chas'd ev'n amidst the Folds, and made to bleed,  
 Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous Deed. *Dryd.*

Th' impatient Grey-hound slip'd from far,  
 Bounds o'er the Glebe to course the fearful Hare;  
 He in her Speed does all her Safety lay,  
 And he with double Speed pursues the Prey;  
 Returns her at her sitting Turn, and licks  
 His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix.  
 He 'scapes, and for the neighbouring Covert strives,  
 And, gaining Shelter, doubts if yet he lives. *Dryd. Ovid.*

#### Chace of a S.T.A.G.

##### The youthful Train

With Horns and Hounds a Hunting-Match ordain,  
 And pitch their Toils around the shady Plain.

The Pack is fir'd, they snuff, they vent,  
 And feed their hungry Nostrils with the Scent:  
 'Twas of a well-grown Stag, whose Antlers rise  
 High o'er his Front, his Beams invade the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

##### The unexpected Sound

Dogs and Men his wakeful Ears does wound:  
 Start'd with the Noise, he scarce believes his Ear,  
 Calling to think th' Illusion of his Fear  
 And giv'n this false Alarm: But strait his View  
 Confirms that more than all his Fears is true.  
 Stray'd in all his Strength, the Wood beset,  
 Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met;  
 He calls to Mind his Strength, and then his Sped;  
 He wings his Heels, and then his armed Head;  
 He shuns those t'avoid, with this his Fate to meet,  
 Fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.

So fast he flies, that his renewing Eye  
Has lost the Chacers, and his Ears the Cry:  
Exulting, till he finds their nobler Sense  
Their disproportion'd Speed does recompence;  
Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose Scent  
Betray that Safety which their Swiftneſs lent.  
Next tries his Friends; among the baſer Herd,  
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,  
His Safety ſeeks: The Herd, unkindly wiſe,  
Or chaces him from thence, or from him flies;  
Like a declining Statesman, left forlorn  
To his Friends Pity, and Purſuers Scorn;  
With Shame remembers, when himſelf was one  
Of the ſame Herd, himſelf the ſame had done.  
Then to the Coverts, and the conſcious Groves,  
The Scenes of his paſt Triumphs and his Loves;  
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone,  
Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;  
And, like a bold Knight-Errand, did proclaim  
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame:  
And taught the Woods to echo to the Stream,  
His dreadful Challenge and his clashing Beam:  
Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife;  
So much his Love was dearer than his Life!  
Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath,  
Presents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.  
Weary'd, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt  
All Safety in Deſpair of Safety plac'd,  
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear  
All their Affaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.  
And now too late he wiſhes, for the Fight,  
That Strength he waſted in ignoble Flight:  
But when he ſees the eager Chace renew'd,  
Himſelf by Dogs, the Dogs by Men purſu'd,  
He ſtrait revokes his bold Reſolve, and more  
Repents his Courage than his Fear before;  
Finds that uncertain Ways unſafeſt are,  
And Doubt a greater Miſchief than Deſpair:  
Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,  
Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he ſhapes his Courſe;  
Thinks not their Rage ſo deſp'rate to eſſay  
An Element more mercileſs than they:  
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the Flood  
Quench their dire Thirſt; alas! they thirſt for Blood.

to tow'rd's the Ship the oar-finn'd Galleys ply,  
Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,  
stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare  
tempt the last Fury of extreme Despair.  
to fares the Stag among th' enraged Hounds,  
repels their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds:  
At length resigns his Blood,  
and stains the Crystal with a purple Flood.

*Denk!*

*Hunting the B O A R.*

Some spread around

the Toils; some search the Footsteps on the Ground;  
some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound,  
of Action eager, and intent in Thought,  
the Chiefs their honourable Danger sought.  
The Boar was rous'd, and sprung amain  
like Lightning sudden, on the Warriour Train:  
heats down the Trees before him, shakes the Ground,  
the Forest echoes to the crackling Sound:  
about the fierce Youth, and clamours ring around.  
all stood with their portended Spears prepar'd,  
with broad Steel Heads the brandish'd Weapons glar'd.  
the Beast, impetuous, with his Tusks aside  
deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide,  
all spend their Mouths aloof, but none abide.  
Hion threw the first, but miss'd his Mark,  
and struck his Bow-spear in a Maple's Bark;  
then Jason, and his Jav'lin seem to take,  
but fail'd with Over-force, and whizz'd above his Back:  
Opfus was next;  
he reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew.  
his chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames expire,  
and his red Eye-balls roll with living Fire.  
whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown  
amid the Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,  
so flies the Beast: The left Wing put to flight,  
the Chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the right;  
Opalamos and Pelagon he laid  
Dust, and next to Death, but for their Fellows Aid.  
Psimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,  
the fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,  
and cut the Nerves: The Nerves no more sustain  
the Bulk; the Bulk, unprop'd, falls headlong on the Plain.

L 5

*Against*



Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster grinds,  
 And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds.  
 Then trusting in his Arms, young *Othrys* found,  
 And ranch'd his Hip with one continu'd Wound.  
 And now both *Leda's* Twins, in act to throw,  
 Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the Foe;  
 Nor had they mis'd, but he to Thickets fled,  
 Conceal'd from aiming Spears, nor perview to the Steed.  
 But *Telamon* rush'd in, and hap'd to meet  
 A rising Root that held his fasten'd Feet;  
 So down he fell, whom sprawling on the Ground,  
 His Brother from the Wooden Gyves unbound.  
 Mean time the Virgin-Huntress was not slow  
 T' expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow;  
 Beneath his Ear the fasten'd Arrow stood,  
 And from his Wound appear'd the trickling Blood:  
 She blush'd for Joy, a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew;  
 They shout, the Shouting animates their Hearts,  
 And all at once employ their thronging Darts;  
 But out of Order thrown, in Air they join,  
 And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.  
 With both his Hands the proud *Ancæus* takes,  
 And flourishes his double-biting Ax;  
 Then forward to his Fate he took a Stride  
 Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd,  
 The Boar is doom'd; then stretch'd on Tip-toe stood,  
 Secure to make his empty Promise good.  
 But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,  
 And upwards rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.  
*Ancæus* falls; his Bowels from the Wound  
 Gush'd out, and clotted Blood distain'd the Ground.  
*Perithous*, no small Portion of the War,  
 Press'd on, and shook his Lance, his Jav'lin threw,  
 Hissing in Air th' unerring Weapon flew;  
 But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt  
 The Marks-man and the Mark, his Lance he fix'd.  
 Once more bold *Jafon* threw, but fail'd to wound  
 The Boar; and slew an undeserving Hound;  
 And thro' the Dog the Dart was nail'd to Ground.  
 Two Spears from *Meleager's* Hand was sent  
 With equal Force, but various in th' Event:  
 The first was fix'd in Earth, the second stood  
 On the Boar's bristled Back, and deeply drunk his Blood.

Now while the tortur'd Savage turns around,  
 And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,  
 The Wound's great Author, close at hand, provokes  
 His Rage, and plies him with redoubled Strokes;  
 Wheels as he wheels, and with his pointed Dart  
 Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.  
 Quick, and more quick, he spins in giddy Gires;  
 Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.  
 This Act, with Hands Heav'n-high, the friendly Band  
 Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victor's Hand.  
 Then all approach the Slain with vast Surprise,  
 Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies:  
 And scarce secure, reach out their Spears afar, (*Dryd. Ovid.*)  
 And blood their Points to prove their Partnership of War.

HUNTRESS.

Grace of the Woods! A Di'mond Buckle bound  
 Her Vest behind, which else had flow'd upon the Ground;  
 And shew'd her buskin'd Legs: Her Head was bare,  
 But for her native Ornament of Hair,  
 Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above:  
 Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love!  
 Her sounding Quiver on her Shoulder ty'd,  
 One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.  
 Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd  
 A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd  
 The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid. (*Dryd. Ovid.*)

A Huntress in her Habit, and her Mien;  
 Her Dress a Maid, her Air confess'd a Queen:  
 Bare were her Knees, and Knots her Garments bind,  
 Loose was her Hair, and wanton'd in the Wind: (*Virg.*)  
 Her Hand sustain'd a Bow, her Quiver hung behind. (*Dryd.*)

She cross'd the Lawn, or in the Forest stray'd,  
 A painted Quiver at her Back she bore,  
 Vary'd with Spots, a Linx's Hide she wore;  
 And at full Cry pursu'd the tusky Boar. (*Dryd. Virg.*)

Expert in the Chace,  
 In Woods and Wilds to wound the savage Race,  
 Diana taught her all her sylvan Arts,  
 To bend the Bow, and aim unerring Darts. (*Pope Hom.*)

HURRICANE.

As when two adverse Hurricanes arise,  
 Must'ring their stormy Forces in the Skies,

Of equal Fury, and of equal Force,  
 Against each other bend their rapid Course;  
 The Clouds their Lines extend in black Array,  
 And Front to Front a fearful War display.  
 Exploded Flames against each other fly,  
 And fiery Arches vault th'enlighten'd Sky:  
 Conflicting Billows against Billows dash; (flash;  
 Thunder 'gainst Thunder roars, Lightnings 'gainst Lightnings  
 Nor Flames, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Clouds will yield,  
 But equal Strength maintains a doubtful Field. Blac.

*HUSBAND and WIFE. See Marriage.*

Are we not one? Are we not join'd by Heav'n?  
 Each interwoven with the other's Fate?  
 Are we not mix'd like Streams of meeting Rivers,  
 Whose blended Waters are no more distinguish'd,  
 But roll into the Sea one common Flood? Rowe Fair Pen.

Force, and the Will of our imperious Rulers  
 May bind two Bodies in one wretched Chain;  
 But Minds will still look back to their own Choice.  
 So the poor Captive in a foreign Realm  
 Stands on the Shore, and sends his Wishes back  
 To the dear native Land from whence he came. Rowe Fair Pen.

We think it Merit blindly to believe  
 Those pious Falshoods we from Priests receive.  
 Faith is Religion's happy Lethargy;  
 The doubting Wife we brand with Heresy.  
 Husbands should more than the Religious strive,  
 Blindly to trust, and blindly to believe. D'Av. Circe.

What can be sweeter than our native Home?  
 Thither for Ease, and soft Repose we come.  
 Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life,  
 Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.  
 If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt;  
 None but an inmate Foe could force us out:  
 Clamours our Privacies uneasy make; (Dryd. Auren.  
 Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts forsake.

When Souls, that should agree to will the same,  
 To have one common Object for their Wishes,  
 Look diff'rent ways, regardless of each other,  
 Think what a Train of Wretchedness ensues!  
 Love shall be banish'd from the genial Bed;

The Nights shall all be lonely and unquiet ;  
And ev'ry Day shall be a Day of Cares.

*Rowe Fair Pen.*

What tho' some Fits of small Contest  
Sometimes fall out among the best ?  
That makes no Breach of Faith or Love,  
But rather (sometimes) serves t'improve :  
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace  
Is but between two Legs a Race ;  
In which both do their uttermost  
To get before, and win the Post ;  
Yet when they're at their Race's ends,  
They're still as kind and constant Friends :  
And to relieve their Weariness,  
By turns give one another Ease :  
So all the false Alarms of Strife  
Between the Husband and the Wife,  
And little Quarrels, often prove  
To be but new Recruits of Love :  
When those who're always kind or coy,  
In time must either tire or cloy.  
In all Amours a Lover burns  
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by Turns :  
And Hearts have been as oft with fullen,  
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stol'n :  
Then why should more bewitching Clamour  
Some Lovers not as much enamour ?  
For Discords make the sweetest Airs :  
And Curses are a Kind of Pray'rs.

*Hud.*

And yet of Marriage-Bands I'm weary grown ;  
I scorn all Ties, but those that are his own :  
I hate Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasy prove,  
For there's a God-like Liberty in Love !

*Dryd. Auren.*

Sure, of all Ills domestick are the worst :  
When we lay next us what we hold most dear,  
Like *Hercules*, in venom'd Shirts we wear,  
And cleaving Mischiefs.

*Dryd. Auren.*

Secrets of Marriage still are sacred held ;  
Their Sweet and Bitter by the Wife conceal'd.  
The Sins of Wives reflect on Husbands still ;  
And when divulg'd, proclaim they've chosen ill :  
The mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne  
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.

*Dryd. Auren.*



Men's Eyes are not so subtle to perceive  
 My inward Misery : I bear my Grief  
 Hid from the World. How am I wretched then ?  
 For ought I know, all Husbands are like me ;  
 And every Man I talk to of his Wife,  
 Is but a Well-Disssembler of his Woes,  
 As I am.

*Beau. Maid's Tragedy.*

Few know what Care a Husband's Peace destroys,  
 His real Cries, and his disssembled Joys.

*Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

With gaudy Plumes, and jingling Bells made proud,  
 The youthful Beast sets forth, and neighs aloud :  
 A Morning Sun his tinsel'd Harness gilds,  
 And the first Stage a down hill Green-sward yields.  
 But oh!

What rugged Ways attend our Noon of Life !  
 Our Sun declines ; and with what anxious Strife,  
 What Pains, we tug that gauling Load, a Wife !  
 All Coursers the first Heat with Vigour run,  
 But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won.

*Cong. Old Batch.*

## H Y P O C R I S Y.

Hypocrisy, the thriving'st Calling,  
 The only Saint's-Bell that rings all in :  
 In which all Churches are concern'd,  
 And is the easiest to be learn'd.  
 For no Degrees, unless th'employ it,  
 Can ever gain much, or enjoy it.  
 A Gift that is not only able  
 To domineer among the Rabble ;  
 But by the Law's impow'r'd to rout,  
 And awe the Greatest that stand out ;  
 Which few hold forth against, for fear  
 Their Hand should slip, and come too near :  
 For no Sin else, among the Saints,  
 Is taught so tenderly against.

Seeming Devotion does but gild a Knave,  
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave :  
 But where Religion does with Virtue join,  
 It makes a Hero like an Angel shine.

Yet few are truly by themselves express'd :  
 He that seems Virtuous, does but act a Part,  
 And shows not his own Nature, but his Art.

*How. Vesp.*

J A V E L I N.

She wrench'd the Jav'lin with her dying Hands;  
 But wedg'd within her Breast the Weapon stands:  
 The Wood she draws, the steely Point remains. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Pois'd in his lifted Arm, his Lance he threw;  
 The winged Weapon, whistling in the Wind,  
 Came driving on, nor miss'd the Mark design'd.  
 The Shield gave way: through treble Plates it went  
 Of solid Brass, of Linen trebly roll'd,  
 And three Bull-hides which round the Buckler fold.  
 All these it pass'd, resistless in the Course,  
 Transpierc'd his Thigh, and spent his dying Force. *Dr. Virg.*  
 His feeble Hand a Javelin threw,  
 Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it flew;  
 Just, and but barely, to the Mark it held,  
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen Shield. *Dryd. Virg.*

J E A L O U S Y.

The greater Care, the higher Passion shews:  
 We hold that dearest, we most fear to lose.  
 Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,  
 But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone:  
 And in those Climes, which most his Scorching know, (*Gran.*  
 He makes the noblest Fruits and Metals grow. *Dryd. Conq. of*  
 What Arts can blind a jealous Woman's Eyes?  
 Love the first Motion of the Lover hears,  
 Quick to presage, and ev'n in Safety fears. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Jealousy is a noble Crime;  
 'Tis the high Pulse of Passion in a Fever;  
 A sickly Draught, but shews a burning Thirst. *Dryd. Amphit.*  
 For Jealousy is but a kind  
 Of Clap, or Crincam of the Mind:  
 The natural Effect of Love,  
 As other Pains and Aches prove. *Hud.*  
 Ah! Why are not the Hearts of Women known?  
 False Women to new Joys unseen can move,  
 There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love:  
 All Goods besides by publick Marks are known, (*Gran. p. 2.*  
 But that we most desire to keep, has none. *Dryd. Conq. of*  
 No Sign of Love in jealous Men remains, (*of Gran. p. 2.*  
 But that which sick Men have of Life, their Pains. *Dryd. Conq.*  
 Small

Small Jealousies, 'tis true, inflame Desire,  
 The Great not fan, but quite put out the Fire. *Dryd. Auren.*  
 O Jealousy! thou raging Ill!  
 Why hast thou found a Place in Lover's Hearts?  
 Afflicting what thou can'st not kill, *(Alban.*  
 And pois'ning Love himself with his own Darts. *Dryd. Alb. &*  
 What State of Life can be so blest  
 As Love that warms a Lover's Breast?  
 Two Souls in one; the same Desire  
 To grant the Bliss, and to require.  
 But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,  
 'Tis Jealousy, thou Tyrant of the Mind!  
 All other Ills, tho' sharp they prove,  
 Serve to refine and perfect Love:  
 In Absence, or unkind Disdain,  
 Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain.  
 Thou art the Fire of endless Night, *(Trium.*  
 The Fire that burns, and gives no Light. *Dryd. Love*  
 What Tortures can there be in Hell  
 Compar'd to those fond Lovers feel,  
 When, doating on some Fair-one's Charms,  
 They think she yields them to their Rival's Arms?  
 As Lions, tho' they once were tame,  
 Yet if sharp Wounds their Rage inflame,  
 Lift up their stormy Voices, roar,  
 And tear the Keepers they obey'd before.  
 So fares the Lover, when his Breast  
 By jealous Frenzy is possess'd:  
 Forswears the Nymph for whom he burns,  
 Yet strait to her, whom he forswears, returns.  
 But when the Fair resolves his Doubt,  
 The Love comes in, the Fear goes out;  
 The Cloud of Jealousy's dispell'd,  
 And the bright Sun of Innocence reveal'd:  
 With what strange Raptures is he blest!  
 Raptures, too great to be express'd!  
 Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,  
 Who would not have the Sickness for the Cure? *Walsh*  
 Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart;  
 Attended on his Throne by all his Guard  
 Of furious Wishes, Fears, and nice Suspensions. *Osw. Orph*

Think

Think'st thou I'll make a Life of Jealousy;  
To follow still the Changes of the Moon  
With fresh Surmises? No, to be once in doubt,  
Is to be resolv'd. But yet, *Iago*;  
I'll see before I doubt: When I doubt, prove;  
And on the Proof there is no more but this,  
Away at once with Love or Jealousy.

If I do prove her Haggard,  
Tho' that her Jesses were my dear Heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind,  
To prey at Fortune.

Villain! be sure thou prove my Love a Whore;  
Be sure of it! give me the ocular Proof,  
Or by the Worth of my eternal Soul,  
Thou hadst much better have been born a Dog,  
Than answer my wak'd Wrath:

Make me to see it, or at least so prove it,  
That the Probation bear no Hinge, no Loop  
To hang a Doubt on, or Woe upon thy Life!  
If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more, abandon all Remorse,  
On Horror's Head Honour accumulate,  
To Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd,  
Or nothing can'st thou to Damnation add  
Greater than that.

Give me a living Reason she's disloyal,  
I'll have some Proof: My Name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's Visage, is now begrim'd and black  
On my own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,  
Poison or Fire, or suffocating Streams,  
I'll not endure it: Ill be satisfy'd.

It is impossible you should see this;

But yet, I say,  
Imputation and strong Circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the Door of Truth,  
Will give you Satisfaction, you may have it.  
Oh that the Slave had forty thousand Lives!  
He is too poor, too weak for my Revenge!

Now do I see 'tis true! Look here, *Iago*!  
My fond Love thus do I blow to Heav'n! 'Tis gone!  
My black Vengeance from the hollow Hell!  
Hold up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne



To tyrannous Hate! Swell, Bosom, with thy Fraught;  
 For 'tis of Aspicks Tongues. Like to the *Pontick* Sea,  
 Whose icy Current, and compulsive Course,  
 Ne'er knows retiring Ebb, but keeps due on  
 To the *Propon tick* and the *Hellepont*;  
 Ev'n so my bloody Thoughts, with violent Pace,  
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,  
 Till that a capable and a wide Revenge  
 Swallow them up.

Shak. Oth

Oh! you have done an Act,  
 That blots the Face, and Blush of Modesty;  
 Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose  
 From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,  
 And makes a Blister there: Makes Marriage-Vows  
 As false as Dicers Oaths. Oh such a Deed!  
 Heav'n's Face does glow at it.  
 Yea, this Solidity and compound Mass,  
 With trustful Visage, as against the Doom,  
 Is Thought-sick at the Act.

Shak. Ham

Thou art as honest  
 As Summer Flies are in the Shambles,  
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou Weed,  
 Who art so lovely fair, and look'st so sweet,  
 That the Sense akes at thee!  
 Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book  
 Made to write Whore upon? O thou publick Commoner!  
 I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,  
 That would to Cinders burn up Modesty,  
 Did I but speak thy Deeds.  
 Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks;  
 The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,  
 Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth,  
 And will not hear it.

Shak. Oth

Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name,  
 Let modest Matrons at thy Mention start;  
 And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,  
 Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,  
 And blots the noble Work.

Shak. Troil. &amp; Cr

Had it pleas'd Heav'n  
 To try me with Afflictions: Had they rain'd  
 All kinds of Sores and Shames on my bare Head,  
 Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,

Giv'n to Captivity me and my utmost Hopes;  
 I should have found in some Place of my Soul  
 A Drop of Patience. But alas! to make me  
 The fixed Figure for the Time of Scorn,  
 To point his slow and moving Figure at!  
 Yet could I bear that too! well! very well!  
 But there, where I had garner'd up my Heart,  
 Where either I must live, or bear no Life;  
 The Fountain from the which my Current runs,  
 Or else dries up: To be discarded thence,  
 Or keep it as a Cistern for foul Toads  
 To knot and gender in! Turn thy Complexion there,  
 Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd Cherubim,  
 here look grim as Hell.

*Shak. Othel.*

O! plague me, Heav'n, plague me with all the Woes  
 That Man can suffer! Root up my Possessions,  
 Ship-wreck my far-sought Ballast in the Haven,  
 Fire all my Cities, burn my Dukedoms down,  
 Let midnight Wolves howl in my desert-Chambers,  
 Lay the Earth yawn! shatter the Frame of Nature!  
 Let the wreck'd Orbs in Whirlwinds round me move!  
 But save me from the Rage of jealous Love!

*Lee Cas. Borg.*

For oh! what damned Minutes tells he o'er,  
 Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves?  
 And Doubts and Fears to Jealousies will turn,  
 The hottest Hell in which a Heart can burn.

*Cowli.*

How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind!  
 The shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling Wind;  
 And glitt'ring Swords the brightest Eyes will blind.  
 Yet when strong Jealousy inflames the Soul,

The Weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roul.

*Lee Alex.*

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;

Smile! and grant one reconciling Kifs:

Gods! she's kind, I'm Ecstasy all o'er!

My Soul's too narrow to contain my Blifs!

Thou pleasing-Torture of my Breast!

Sure thou wert form'd to plague my Rest!

Once both the Good and Ill you do, alike my Peace destroy,

Which kills me with Excess of Grief, that with Excess of Joy.

*Walsh.*

## I G N O R A N C E.

Seeing aright we see our Woes,  
Then what avails us to have Eyes?

From Ignorance our Comfort flows,

The only Wretched are the Wise.

*Ignorance*, *Discord's* Parent, by her stood,  
And from her Breast squeez'd Juice like blackish blood,  
Her hateful Offspring's most delicious Food.

A formidable Figure! black as Night!

That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight;

Exceeding fierce, but destitute of Sight.

A Crowd of howling Hell-hounds near her stay'd,

All hideous Forms! and her Commands obey'd.

*Contention*, *Zeal*, inexorable *Rage*,

And *Strife*, that wretched Men in Arms engage;

Various *Division*, *Malice*, deadly *Hate*,

That rend a Kingdom, and dissolve a State.

I M P R E C A T I O N S. See *Curse*.

Final Destruction seize on all the World:

Bend down, ye Heav'n's! and shutting round this Earth,

Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion;

Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curst Cinder,

And all us little Creepers in't, call'd Men,

Burn, burn to nothing! But let *Venice* burn

Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell

Ne'er to extinguish; and let Souls hereafter

Groan here in all those Pains which mine feels now.

Ah! that my Arms could both the Poles embrace,

And wrest the World's strong Pillars from their Base!

That all the crackling Frame might be disjoin'd,

And bury in its Ruin Human Kind.

That I could reach the Axle where the Pins are

Which bolt this Frame, that I might pull 'em out,

And pluck all into Chaos with my self!

Who would not fall with all the World about him? *Johns. Cal.*

Oh that, as oft I have at *Athens* seen

The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;

So now in very Deed I might behold

The pond'rous Earth, and all yon Marble Roof,

Meet like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind:

For all the Elements and all the Powers  
Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,  
Conspire the Rack of outcast *Oedipus*.  
Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night  
Shadow the Globe! May the Sun never dawn!  
The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb!  
And for a universal Rout of Nature,  
Thro' all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,  
May there not be a Glimpse, one starry Spark!  
But Gods meet Gods, and juggle in the Dark!  
That Jars may rise, and Wrath Divine be hurl'd,  
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World.

*Lee Oedip.*

Curst be the Hour that gave me Birth!  
Confusion and Disorder seize the World,  
To spoil all Trust and Converse among Men;  
Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,  
In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,  
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism;  
Till all Things move against the Course of Nature;  
Till Forms dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,  
And the Original of being lost.

*Otw Orph.*

Loosen'd Nature,  
Leap from its Hinges, sink the Props of Heav'n,  
And fall the Skies to crush the nether World. *Dryd. All for Love!*

I M P U D E N C E.

Get that great Gift and Talent, Impudence,  
Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence;  
Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,  
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate;  
Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,  
An Ass a Bishop; can vil't Blockhead rear  
To wear red Hats, and sit in porph'ry Chair:  
Tis Learning, Parts and Skill, and Wit and Sense,  
Worth, Merit, Honour, Virtue, Innocence.

*Oldb.*

For he that has but Impudence,  
To all Things has a fair Pretence;  
And put among his Wants but Shame,  
To all the World he may lay Claim.

*Hud.*



## I N C E S T.

Nature abhors

To be forc'd back again upon her self,  
And, like a Whirpool, swallow her own Streams. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Custom our native Royalty does awe,  
Promiscuous Love is Nature's eldest Law:  
For whosoever the first Lovers were,  
Brother and Sister made the second Pair;  
And doubled by their Love their Piety. *Dryd. Aurel.*

Then is it Sin? or makes my Mind alone  
Th'imagin'd Sin? for Nature makes it none.  
What Tyrant then these envious Laws began?  
Made not for any other Beast but Man:  
The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,  
The Horse may make his Mother-Mare a Bride.  
What Piety forbids the lusty Ram,  
Or more salacious Goat, to rut their Dam?  
The Hen is free to wed the Chick she bore,  
And made a Husband whom she hatch'd before.  
All Creatures else are of a happier Kind,  
Whom not ill-natur'd Laws from Pleasure bind,  
Nor thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace of Mind.  
But Man a Slave of his own making lives;  
The Fool denies himself what Nature gives.  
Too busy Senates, with an Over-care,  
To make us better than our Kind can bear,  
Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,  
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the Cause.  
Yet some wise Nations break the cruel Chains,  
And own no Laws but those which Love ordains;  
Where happy Daughters with their Sires are join'd,  
And Piety is doubly paid in Kind.

O that I had been born in such a Clime!  
Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the Crime.  
But whither would my impious Fancy stray!  
Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts away. *Dryd. Ovid.*

I N C O N S T A N C Y. See *Constancy*, *False*.

I never yet could see that Face  
Which had no Dart for me;  
From fifteen Years to fifty's Space  
They all victorious be.

Colour or Shape, good Limbs or Face,  
Goodness or Wit in all I find;

In Motion or in Speech a Grace:

If all fail, yet 'tis Woman-kind.

If tall, the Name of Proper slays;

If fair, she's pleasant as the Light;

If low, her prettiness does please;

If black, what Lover loves not Night?

The Fat, like Plenty, fills my Heart;

The Lean, with Love, makes me so too;

If straight, her Body's *Cupid's* Dart

To me; if crooked, 'tis his Bow.

Nay, Age it self does me to Rage incline,

And Strength to Women gives, as well as Wine.

He, who loves always one, why should we call  
Him constant, than the Man loves always all?

*Cowl,*

All my past Life is mine no more,

The flying Hours are gone,

Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,

Whose Images are kept in Store

By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not;

How can it then be mine?

The present Moment's all my Lot,

And that, as fast as it is got,

*Phyllis* is wholly thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,

False Hearts, and broken Vows;

If I by Miracle can be

This live-long Minute true to thee,

'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

*Rock,*

For as a *Pythagorean* Soul

Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish and Fowl;

And has a Smack of ev'ry one;

So Love does, and has ever done:

And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,

Takes strangely to the Vagabond;

'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,

Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first;

That after burns with Cold as much,

As Ice in *Greenland* does the Touch:

Melts

Melts in the Furnace of Desire,  
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;  
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,  
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.

Change is Fate, and not Design;  
Love, like us, must Fate obey:  
Since 'tis Nature's Law to change,  
Constancy alone is strange.

Inconstancy's the Plague, that first or last  
Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court-Disease. *Lee Mith*

### *I N F I R M A R Y.*

Immediately a Place

Before his Eyes appear'd, sick, noisom, dark:  
A Lazar-House it seem'd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all Diseased, all Maladies.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans: Despair  
Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his Dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd  
With Vows, as their chief Good and final Hope.

### *I N G R A T I T U D E.*

Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime. *Dryd. Don*

And in this thankless World the Givers  
Are envy'd ev'n by the Receivers:  
'Tis now the cheap and frugal Fashion,  
Rather to hide than pay the Obligation:  
Nay, 'tis much worse than so,  
It now an Artifice does grow,  
Wrongs and Outrages to do,  
Left Men should think we owe. *Consl.*

Fate ne'er strikes deep but when Unkindness joins:  
But there's a Fate in Kindness,

Still to be least return'd where most 'tis given. *Dryd. Sec. D*

So often try'd, and ever found so true,  
Has giv'n me Trust, and Trust has giv'n me Means  
Once to be false for all. *Dryd. Don*

He trusts us both! mark that! shall we betray him?  
A Master who reposes Life and Empire  
On our Fidelity? I grant he is a Tyrant:  
That hated Name my Nature most abhors;

More, as you say, has loaded me with Shame,  
 Ev'n with the last Contempt to serve *Sebastian*:  
 Yet more, I know he vacates my Revenge,  
 Which, but by this Revolt, I cannot compass.  
 But while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part  
 To fawn and yet betray, I should be his'd  
 And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.  
 Is not the Bread thou eat'st, the Robe thou wear'st,  
 Thy Wealth and Honour, all, the pure Indulgence  
 Of him thou would'st destroy?  
 And would his Creature, nay his Friend, betray him?  
 Why then no Bond is left on Human Kind;  
 Distrusts, Debates, immortal Strifes ensue;  
 Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;  
 All must be Rapine, Wars and Desolation,  
 When Trust and Gratitude no longer bind. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Both false and faithless!

Draw near, ye well-join'd Wickedness, ye Serpents,  
 Whom I have in my kindly Bosom warm'd,  
 Till I am stung to Death.

My whole Life

Has been a golden Dream of Love and Friendship;  
 But now I wake, I'm like a Merchant rouz'd  
 From soft Repose to see his Vessel sinking,  
 And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!  
 Who follow'd me but as the Swallow Summer,  
 Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,  
 Singing her Flatteries to my morning Wake;  
 But now my Winter comes, she spreads her Wings,  
 And seeks the Spring of *Cesar*. *Dryd. All for Love.*

[Said of *Cleopatra* by *Anthony*,

He has prophan'd the sacred Name of Friend,  
 And worn it into Vileness.  
 With how secure a Brow and specious Form  
 He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that Face  
 Was meant for Honesty; but Heav'n mis-match'd it,  
 And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's Pomp,  
 To make its Work more easy.

See how he sets his Countenance for Deceit,  
 And promises a Lye before he speaks. *Dryd. All for Love.*

[Said of *Dolabella* by *Anthony*.]



Two, two such!

Oh! there's no farther Name! Two such to me!  
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breast,  
Had no Desire, no Joy, no Life but you.  
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you  
In Dowry with my Heart: I had no Use,  
No Fruit of all, but you; a Friend and Mistress  
Was all the World could give. *Oh Cleopatra!*  
*Oh Dolabella!* how could you betray  
This tender Heart, which with an Infant Fondness  
Lay lull'd between your Bosoms, and there slept  
Secure of injur'd Faith? I can forgive  
A Foe, but not a Mistress and a Friend:  
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,  
Where Trust is greatest; and the Soul resign'd,  
Is stabb'd by her own Guards.

*Dryd. All for Love*

To break thy Faith,  
And turn a Rebel to so good a Master,  
Is an Ingratitude unmatch'd on Earth:  
The first revolting Angel's Pride could only  
Do more than thou hast done: Thou copy'st well,  
And keep'st the black Original in view.

*Rowe's Tamerlane*

#### I N N O C E N C E.

Virtue, dear Friend, needs no Defence;  
The surest Guard is Innocence:  
None knew, till Guilt created Fear,  
What Darts or poison'd Arrows were.  
Integrity undaunted goes  
Thro' *Libyan* Sands and *Scythian* Snows,  
Or where *Hydaspe's* wealthy Side  
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* Pride.

*Rosc. Henry*

A generous Fierceness dwells with Innocence,  
And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride.

*Dryd. Oedipus*

O that I had my Innocence again!  
My untouch'd Honour! but I wish in vain:  
The Fleece that has been by the Dyer stain'd,  
Never again its native Whiteness gain'd.

Happy the Innocent, whose equal Thoughts  
Are free from Anguish, as they are from Faults.

**I N S E C T S.** See *Creation.*

Thus when the Nile from Pharian Fields is fled,  
And seeks with ebbing Tides his antient Bed;  
The fat Manure with heav'nly Fire is warm'd,  
And crusted Creatures, as in Wombs, are form'd:  
These, when they turn the Glebe, the Peasants find  
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their Kind;  
Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth,  
One half alive, and one of lifeless Earth.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

**I N T E R E S T.**

Interest, ever join'd

With Fraud, unworthy of a noble Mind.  
Interest is the most prevailing Cheat;  
The sly Seducer both of Age and Youth,  
They study that, and think they study Truth.

*Pope Hor.*

Where Int'rest fortifies an Argument,  
Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's Assent; (*cf. Panth.*)  
Our Souls already warp'd receive an easy Bent. *Dryd. Hind.*

Int'rest, that bold Imposer on our Fate,  
That always to dark Ends mis-guides our Wills,  
And with false Happiness smooths o'er our Ills. *Osw. Don Carl.*

Int'rest makes all seem Reason that leads to it. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

All seek their Ends, and each would other cheat:

They only seem to hate, and seem to love,

But Int'rest is the Point on which they move:

Their Friends are Foes, and Foes are Friends agen,

And in their Turns are Knaves and honest Men:

The Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold;

Who bids most, for all Men would be sold, *Dryd. Amphit.*

**J O U S T S and Tournaments.** See *Battle. Duel. War.*

The Challenger with fierce Defy

Trumpet sounds, the Challeng'd makes Reply;

When Clangor rings the Field, resounds the vaulted Sky.

When Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Rest,

At the Helmet pointed or the Crest;

They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race,

Spurring, see decrease the middle Space.

A Cloud of Smoke envelops either Host,

And all at once the Combatants are lost:

Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,  
 Coursers with Coursers jousting, Men with Men.  
 As lab'ring in Eclipse a-while they stay,  
 Till the next Blast of Wind restores the Day:  
 They look a-new; the beauteous Form of Fight  
 Is chang'd, and War appears a grisly Sight.  
 Two Troops in fair Array one Moment show'd,  
 The next a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd;  
 Not half the Number in their Seats are found,  
 But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground,  
 The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield,  
 The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field.  
 The Knights unhors'd, on foot renew the Fight;  
 The glitt'ring Falchions cast a gleaming Light:  
 Hawberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound;  
 Out-spins the streaming Blood, and dyes the Ground.  
 The mighty Maces with such haste descend,  
 They break the Bones, and make the solid Armour bend:  
 This thrusts amid the Throng with furious Force:  
 Down goes at once the Horseman and the Horse:  
 That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,  
 And, floundring, throws the Rider o'er his Head:  
 One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes;  
 One with a broken Truncheon deals his Blows.  
 By Fits they cease; and leaning on the Lance,  
 Take Breath a-while, and to new Fight advance.  
 Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd  
 His utmost Force, for each forgot to ward.  
 The Head of this was to the Saddle bent,  
 That other backward to the Crupper sent.  
 Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous Blows  
 Fall thick and heavy when on foot they close:  
 So deep their Falchions bite, that ev'ry Stroke  
 Pierc'd to the quick; and equal Wounds they gave and took  
 Borne far asunder by the Tides of Men,  
 Like Adamant and Steel they meet agen.  
 So when a Tiger sucks the Bullock's Blood,  
 A famish'd Lion, issuing from the Wood,  
 Roars loudly fierce, and challenges the Food:  
 Each claims Possession, neither will obey,  
 But both their Paws are fasten'd on the Prey:

They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,  
The Swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive,  
*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Behold the noble Youths of Form Divine,  
Upon the Plain advancing in a Line;  
The Riders grace the Steeds, the Steeds with glory shine. }  
Thus marching on in military Pride,  
Shouts of Applause resound from Side to Side.  
Their Casques adorn'd with Laurel Wreaths they wear,  
Each brandishing aloft a Cornel Spear:  
Some at their Backs their gilded Quivers bore,  
Their Chains of burnish'd Gold hung down before.  
Three graceful Troops they form'd upon the Green; }  
Three graceful Leaders at their Head were seen;  
Twelve follow'd every Chief, and left a Span between.  
Th'unfledg'd Commanders, and their martial Train,  
First make the Circuit of the sandy Plain:

Then at the appointed Sign,  
Drawn up in beauteous Order, form a Line:  
The second Signal sounds; the Troop divides  
In three distinguish'd Parts, with three distinguish'd Guides.  
Again they close, and once again disjoin,  
A Troop to Troop oppos'd, and Line to Line:  
They meet, they wheel, they throw their Darts afar  
With harmless Rage, and well-dissembled War.  
Then in a Round the mingled Bodies run;  
Rallying they follow, and pursuing shun.  
Broken they break, and rallying they renew  
Other Forms the military Shew.  
At last, in Order, undiscern'd they join,  
And march together in a friendly Line.  
And, as the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old,  
With wand'ring Wave, and many a winding Fold,  
Involv'd the weary Feet, without Redress,  
In a round Error, which deny'd Recess;  
So fought the *Trojan* Boys in warlike Play,  
Turn'd, and return'd, and still a diff'rent way. *Dryd. Virg.*

*7 o r.*

Great Joys, as well as Sorrows, make a Stay;  
They hinder one another in the Croud,  
And none are heard, while all would speak aloud, *Cowl.*



Joy is in ev'ry Face without a Cloud:  
 As in the Scene of op'ning Paradise  
 The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being.  
 Pleas'd to be what they were, pleas'd with each other. *(Seb. Dryd. Don*

Resistless Floods of sudden Pleasure roll  
 Along his Veins, and break in on his Soul:  
 He sinks beneath the Pleasure of his Joy,  
 And *Joseph's* Life does almost his destroy. *Blac.*

A secret Pleasure trickles thro' my Veins;  
 It works about the Inlets of my Soul. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Now my Veins swell, and my Arms grasp the Poles,  
 My Breasts grow bigger with the vast Delight;  
 'Tis Length of Rapture, and an Age of Fury! *Lee Alex.*

Now by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,  
 I'm so o'erwhelm'd with Pleasure that I feel  
 A later Spring within my wither'd Limbs,  
 That shoots me out again. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Be gone, my Cares; I give you to the Winds,  
 Far to be borne; far from the happy *Altamont*;  
 Far from the sacred *Æra* of my Love:

A better Order of succeeding Days  
 Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all.

*Castilla* is the Mistress of the Year,  
 She crowns the Seasons with auspicious Beauty,  
 And bids ev'n all my Hours be good and joyful. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Be still my Sorrows! and be loud my Joys!  
 Fly to the utmost Circle of the Seas,  
 Thou furious Tempest that hast toss'd my Mind,  
 And leave no Thought but *Leonora* there.

What's this I feel a-boding in my Soul,  
 As if this Day were fatal? Be it so!  
 Fate shall have but the Leavings of my Love!

My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great:

The Lion, tho' he sees the Toils are set,  
 Yet pinch'd with raging Hunger, scours away,  
 Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day,

At Night, with fullen Pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey. *Dryd. Span. (Fry)*

She bids me hope! O Heavens! she pities me;  
 And Pity still fore-runs approaching Love,  
 As Lightning does the Thunder. Tune your Harps,  
 Ye Angels, to that Sound! and thou, my Heart,  
 Make room to entertain thy flowing Joys:

Hence all my Grievs, and ev'ry anxious Care,  
One Look, and one kind Glance can cure Despair. *Dr. Span. Fry.*

Am I then pity'd? I have liv'd enough!  
*Death*, take me in this moment of my Joy:

But when my Soul is plung'd in long Oblivion,  
Compare this one Thought, Let me remember Pity;  
And so deceiv'd, think all my Life was blest. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Oh you are so Divine, and cause such Fondness,  
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and fain would out,  
To make a Dance of Joy about your Feet!  
Such Ecstasy Life cannot carry long!

The Day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy  
Parts with such Fierceness on me, Night will follow. *Lee Alex.*

Know, be it known to the Limits of the World;  
Yet farther, let it pass your dazzling Roof,  
The Mansions of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf  
With everlasting Peals of thund'ring Joy!

For this News let Waters break their Bounds!  
Rocks, Valleys, Hills with splitting Jo's ring!

*Jocasta! Io Paan sing.* *Lee Oedip.*

Be this the gen'ral Voice sent up to Heav'n,  
And ev'ry publick Place repeat this Echo.

To Pomp and Triumph give this happy Day:

Let Labour cease; set out before your Doors

The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,

With Laurels crown'd: With Laurel wreath your Posts,

And strew with Flow'rs the Pavement. Let the Priests

Present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine, *(Love.)*

And call the Gods to join with you in Gladness: *Dryd. All for*

Let Mirth go on: Let Pleasure know no Pause,

Let fill up ev'ry Minute of this Day. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

But oh! the Joy, the mighty Ecstasy

Seiz'd thy Soul at this Discovery!

Speechless and panting at my Feet you lay,

And short-breath'd Sighs told what you could not say:

A thousand times my Hands with Kisses press'd,

And look'd such Darts as none could e'er resist:

But we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine,

New Joys fill'd theirs, new Love and Shame fill'd mine. *Behm.*

My charm'd Ears ne'er knew

Sound of so much Rapture, so much Joy:

Not Voices, Instruments, nor warbling Birds,

Not Winds, nor murm'ring Waters join'd in Consort;  
 Not tuneful Nature, nor th'according Spheres  
 Utter such Harmony, as when my *Selima*  
 With down-cast Looks and Blushes said, *I love.* *Rome Tamerl*

Oh the dear Hour in which you did resign!  
 When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,  
 And in a Kiss you said, your Heart was mine!  
 Thro' each returning Year may that Hour be  
 Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity.  
 Gay be the Sun that Hour in all his Light;  
 Let him collect the Day to be more bright;  
 Shine all that Hour, and all the rest be Night! *Cong.*

There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,  
 But should have smil'd that Hour thro' all his Care, (*Mourn. Bride*)  
 And shook his Chains in Transport and rude Harmony. *Cong.*

Oh my Soul's Joy!  
 If after ev'ry Tempest come such Calm,  
 May the Winds blow till they have waken'd Death;  
 And let the lab'ring Bark climb Hills of Seas,  
*Olympus* high, and duck again as low  
 As Hell's from Heav'n. If it were now to die,  
 'Twere now to be most happy! for I fear  
 My Soul has her Content so absolute,  
 That not another Comfort, like to this,  
 Succeeds in unknown Fate. *Shak. Othello*

Some strange Reverse of Fate must sure attend  
 This vast Profusion, this Extravagance  
 Of Heav'n to bless me thus! 'Tis Gold so pure,  
 It cannot bear the Stamp without Allay. *Dryd. Don Se*

Mine is a Gleam of Bliss too hot to last;  
 Watry it shines, and will be soon o'ercast. *Dryd. Aure*

For, as Extremes are short of Ill and Good,  
 And Tides at highest Mark regorge the Flood:  
 So Fate, that could no more improve their Joy,  
 Took a malicious Pleasure to destroy. *Dryd. Sig. & G*

*Weeping for Joy.*

My plenteous Joys,  
 Wanton in Fulness, seek to hide themselves  
 In Drops of Sorrow. *Shak. Mac*

I cannot speak; Tears so obstruct my Words,  
 And choak me with unutterable Joy. *Otm. Cai. M*

Then into Tears of Joy the Father broke;  
Each in his longing Arms by turns he took,  
Panted and paus'd, and thus again he spoke. *Dryd. Virg.*

My Joy stops at my Tongue;  
But it has found two Channels here for one,  
And bubbles out above. *Dryd. All for Love.*

*I S I S.*

Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,  
And yellow Sheaves her shining Temples grac'd:  
A Mitre for a Crown, she wore on high,  
The Dog, and dappled Bull were waiting by.  
*Osiris*, fought along the Banks of Nile,  
The silent God, the sacred Crocodile:  
And last a long Procession moving on  
With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon. *Dryd. Ovid.*

*The Fortunate I S L A N D S.*

The happy Isles, where endless Pleasures wait,  
Are styl'd by tuneful Bards, *The Fortunate*.  
Eternal Spring with smiling Verdure here  
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.  
From crystal Rocks transparent Riv'lets flow;  
The Rose still blushes, and the Vi'lets blow.  
The Vine undress'd her swelling Clusters bears;  
The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olives cheers:  
Blossoms and Fruit at once the Citron shows,  
And, as she pays, discovers still she owes;  
And the glad Orange courts the am'rous Maid  
With golden Apples, and a filken Shade.  
No Blast e'er discompose the peaceful Sky;  
The Springs but murmur, and the Wings but sigh.  
The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,  
And warbling Dirges die on ev'ry Note.  
Where *Flora* treads, her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,  
Shaking rich Odors from his purple Wings:  
And Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs, and Jess'min Groves  
Chaunt their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.  
Mild Seasons, rising Hills, and silent Dales,  
Cool Grottos, silver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,  
In this blest Climate all the circling Year prevail. *Gar.*



## JUNO. !

Great Queen of gathering Clouds,  
 Whose Moisture fills the Floods:  
 Great Queen of nuptial Rites,  
 Whose Pow'r the Soul unites,  
 And fills the genial Bed with chaste Delights. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

For *Juno* ties

The nuptial Knot, and makes the Marriage-Joys. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Majesty of Heav'n! The Sister Wife of *Jove*. *Dryd. Virg.*

## JUPITER.

O Thou, whose Thunder rends the clouded Air,  
 Who in the Heav'n of Heav'ns hast fix'd thy Throne,  
 Supream of Gods! unbounded, and alone! *Pope Hom.*

O first and greatest Pow'r whom all obey,  
 Who high on *Ida*'s holy Mountain sway. *Pope Hom.*  
 Th' inviolable King. *Pope Hom.*

The Pow'r, whose high Command  
 Is unconfin'd; who rules the Seas and Land;  
 And tempers Thunder in his awful Hand. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Th' imperial God,  
 Who shakes Heav'n's Axle with his awful Nod. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Who rous

The radiant Stars, and Heav'n and Earth controuls. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Pow'r immense! Eternal Energy!  
 The King of Gods and Men; whose awful Hand  
 Disperses Thunder on the Seas and Land,  
 Disposing all with absolute Command. *Dryd. Virg.*

The mighty Thund'rer, with majestick Awe,  
 Then shook his Shield, and dealt his Bolts around,  
 And scatter'd Tempests on the teeming Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

So *Jove* decrees, resistless Lord of all!  
 At whose Command whole Empires rise or fall:  
 He shakes the feeble Prop of human Trust;  
 And Towns and Armies humbles to the Dust. *Pope Hom.*

So when of old *Jove* from the *Titans* fled,  
*Ammon*'s rude Front his radiant Face bely'd,  
 And all the Majesty of Heav'n lay hid:  
 At length by Fate to Pow'r Divine restor'd,  
 His Thunder taught the World to know its Lord; (*Tamerl.*  
 The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd. *Rowe*)

So *Jove* look'd down upon the War of Atoms,  
 And rude tumultuous *Chaos*, when as yet

Fair Nature, Form, and Order had not Being;  
 But Discord and Confusion troubled all.  
 Calm and serene upon his Throne he sate,  
 Fix'd there by the eternal Law of Fate:  
 Safe in himself, because he knew his Pow'r,  
 And, knowing what he was, he knew he was secure. *Rowe Ulyss.*

*J U S T I C E.* See *King.*

Of all the Virtues, Justice is the best;  
 Valour, without it, is a common Pest:  
 Pyrates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,  
 Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd:  
 'Tis our Complexion makes us chaste or brave;  
 Justice from Reason, and from Heav'n we have:  
 All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood;  
 That in the Soul, and gives the Name of Good:  
 Justice the Queen of Virtues!

*Wall.*

Justice, tho' she is painted blind,  
 Is to the weaker Side inclin'd,  
 Like Charity; else Right and Wrong  
 Could never hold it out so long.

*Hud.*

Justice gives Sentence many times  
 On one Man for another's Crimes.  
 As lately 't happen'd in a Town,  
 Where liv'd a Cocker, and but one;  
 That out of Doctrine could cut Use,  
 And mend Mens Lives, as well as Shoes:  
 This precious Brother having slain,  
 In Times of Peace an *Indian*,  
 The mighty *Tottipottimoy*  
 Sent to our Elders an Envoy;  
 Complaining sorely of the Breach  
 Of League, held forth by Brother *Patch*,  
 Against the Articles in Force,  
 Between two Churches, his and ours.  
 For which he crav'd the Saints to render  
 Into his Hands, or hang th'Offender.  
 But they, maturely having weigh'd,  
 They had no more but him o'th' Trade;

(A Man

(A Man that serv'd 'em in a double  
Capacity, to teach and cobble)  
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do  
The *Indian Hogan Mogan* too  
Impartial Justice, in his Stead did  
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.

Hud.

So *Justice*, while she winks at Crimes,  
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

Hud.

## K I N D N E S S.

Kindness has resistless Charms,  
All things else but weakly move;  
Fiercest Anger it disarms,  
And clips the Wings of flying Love.  
Beauty does the Heart invade;  
Kindness can alone persuade:  
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,  
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.  
Kindness can Indiff'rence warm,  
And blow that Calm into a Storm.

Roch.

Escher.

K I N G. See *Emperor. Tyrant. Usurper:*

## A Monarch's Crown

Golden in Shew, is but a Crown of Thorns;  
Brings Dangers, Troubles, Cares, and sleepless Nights;  
To him who wears the Regal Diadem;  
When on his Shoulders each Man's Burden lies:  
For therein lies the Office of a King,  
His Honour, Virtue, Merit, and chief Praise,  
That for the Publick all his Weight he bears.

Milt.

Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their Beams around,  
Pleas'd to be seen, while Glory's Race they run:  
Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.

Luxurious Kings are to their People lost;

They live like Drones, upon the publick Cost. *Dryd. Aureng.*

Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People. *Dr. Don Sebastian.*

Some Kings the Name of Conquerors assum'd;

Some to be Great, some to be Gods presum'd:

But boundless Pow'r, and arbitrary Lust,

Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just:

They shunn'd the Praise this God-like Virtue gives,

And fear'd a Title that reproach'd their Lives.

Dryd.

Princed

Princes by Disobedience get Command,  
And by new-quell'd Rebellions firmer stand:  
Till by the boundless Offers of Success,  
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd Happiness.

How.

Oh polish'd Perturbation ! Golden Care !  
That keeps the Ports of Slumber open wide  
To many a watchful Night ! O Majesty !  
When thou dost pinch thy Bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich Armour, worn in Heat of Day,  
That scalds with Safety.

Shak. Hen. 4.

A Crown, whate'er we give, is worth the Cost. Dryd. Conq.

How wretchedly he rules, (of Gran.

That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools ! Otw. Don Carl.

What's Royalty, but Pow'r to please my self ?

And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,

And my own Slaves the Sovereigns.

Weak Princes flatter when they want the Pow'r

To curb their People : Tender Plants must bend ;

But when a Government is grown to Strength,

Like some old Oak, tough with its armed Bark,

It yields not to the Tug, but only nods,

And turns to fullen State.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,

Which Time wears off, and mellows into Right ;

And Pow'r, which in one Age is Tyranny,

Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

All After-Acts are sanctify'd by Pow'r.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Unbounded Pow'r, and Height of Greatness, give

To Kings that Lustre which we think divine ;

The Wise, who know 'em, know they are but Men,

Nay, sometimes weak ones too : The Croud indeed,

Who kneel before the Image, not the God,

Worship the Deity their Hands have made.

Rowe Amb. Step.

He's in Possession ! so Diseases are :

Should not a ling'ring Fever be remov'd,

Because it long has rag'd within my Blood ?

Do I rebel, when I would thrust it out ?

What ! shall I think the World was made for one,

And Men are born for Kings, as Beasts for Men,

Not for Protection, but to be devour'd ?

Mark those who doat on Arbitrary Pow'r,

And you shall find them either hot-brain'd Youth,



Or needy Bankrupts, servile in their Greatness,  
And Slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest.  
O Baseness! to support a Tyrant-Throne,  
And crush your free-born Brethren of the World! *Dry. Span. Fry.*

Those Kings, who rule with limited Command,  
Have Player's Sceptres put into their Hand.  
Pow'r has no Balance! one Side still weighs down, (*of Gran.*)  
And either hoists the Commonwealth or Crown. *Dryd. Cong.*  
Force only can maintain

The Pow'r that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain. *Cowl.*  
Sov'reigns, ever jealous of their State,

Forgive not those whom once they mark for Hate:  
Ev'n tho' th'Offence they seemingly digest,  
Revenge, like Embers, rak'd within their Breast,  
Bursts forth in Flames, whose unresisted Pow'r  
Will seize th'unwary Wretch, and soon devour. *Dryd. Hom.*

The Thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,  
The Walks of muffled Gods; sacred Retreat,  
Where none but whom they please t'admit approach. *Dryd.*

The Thoughts of Princes dwell in sacred Privacy,  
Unknown and venerable to the Vulgar;  
And like a Temple's innermost Recesses,  
None enter to behold the hallow'd Mysteries,  
Unbidden of the God that dwells within. *Rowe Amb. Step.*

*Sebastian* was a Man

Above Man's Height, ev'n tousing to Divinity;  
Brave, pious, gen'rous, great and liberal;  
Just as the Scales of Heav'n that weigh the Seasons:  
He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd.  
His Goodness was diffus'd to Human Kind,  
He was the Envy of his neighb'ring Kings;  
For him their fighting Queens despis'd their Lords,  
And Virgin Daughters blush'd when he was nam'd. *Dry. Don Seb.*

#### K I S S I N G.

She gather'd humid Kisses, as she spoke, *Dryd. Lucr.*  
She brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his;  
At which he whisper'd Kisses back on hers. *Dryd. All for Love.*  
She printed melting Kisses as she spoke:  
Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,  
When they give up their Souls too with their Breath. *Old*  
Balmy as Cordials that recover Souls;

Chaste as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers. *Lee Jun. Brut.*

They pour'd a Storm of Kisses thick as Hail. *Dryd. W. of*

I felt the while a pleasing kind of Smart, *(Bash's Tale.*

The Kifs went tingling to my very Heart :

When it was gone, the Sense of it did stay,

The Sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all Day,

Like Drops of Honey, loth to fall away. *Dryd. Mar. a-la-mode,* }

They kifs'd with such a Fervour,

And gave such furious Earnest of their Flames,

That their Eyes sparkled, and their mantling Blood

Flew flushing o'er their Faces.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

How I could dwell for ever on those Lips!

Oh I could kifs 'em pale with Eagerness!

So soft, by Heav'n ! and such a juicy sweet,

That ripen'd Peaches have not half the Flavour. *Dryd. Amphit.*

The Nectar of the Gods to them is tasteless. *Dryd. Amphit.*

Such Heat and Vigour shall our Kisses bear,

As if, like Doves, we did engender there :

No Bound, no Rule my Pleasure shall endure,

In Love there's none too much an *Epicure*.

Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul ;

I'll kifs thee thro', I'll kifs thy very Soul.

*Cowl.*

Then thus we'll lie, and thus we'll kifs,

Thus, thus, improve the lasting Bliss :

There is no Labour here, no Shame ;

The solid Pleasure's still the same :

Never, oh! never to be done,

When Love is ever but begun.

*Old.*

As am'rous, and fond, and billing,

As *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling.

*Hud.*

# K I T E.

Thus the spreading Kite

That smells the slaughter'd Victim from on high,

Flies at a Distance, if the Priests are nigh,

And sails around, and keeps it in her Eye. *Add. Ovid.*

# K N I G H T - E R R A N T.

Th'antient Errant Knights

Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fight,

And cut whole Giants into Fitters,

To put them into am'rous Twitters:

Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,  
 Until their Gallants were half kill'd:  
 But when their Sides were drubb'd so fore,  
 They durst not woo one Combat more,  
 The Ladies Hearts began to melt,  
 Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt:  
 So Spanish Heroes, with their Lances,  
 At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies;  
 And he acquires the noblest Spouse,  
 That widows greatest Herds of Cows.

*The End of the First Volume.*



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